THE

# HISTORY
AND
# ADVENTURES
OF THE RENOWNED
# DON QUIXOTE.

943

*TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF*

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR's LIFE.
BY
DR. SMOLLETT.

*IN FIVE VOLUMES.*

VOL. III.

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THE

# ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

# DON QUIXOTE.

## PART I. BOOK IV.

### CHAPTER XIV.

*The Continuation of the Captive's Adventures.*

‘BEFORE fifteen days had elapſed, our renegado had purchaſed a ſtout veſſel, capable of containing thirty perſons at leaſt; and to ſecure what he had done with a favourable pretext, he made a voyage to a place called Sargel, about thirty leagues from Algiers, towards the coaſt of Oran, where there is a great traffic of dried figs; and he made two or three trips of this kind in company with the Tagarin Moor already mentioned. The Moors of Arragon are in Barbary called Tagarians, and thoſe of Grenada go by the name of Mudajares; though theſe laſt are in the kingdom of Fez called Elches, being the people whom the king chiefly uſes in his wars. I ſay, then, in every paſſage, the renegado brought his bark to an anchor in a ſmall creek, within two bow-ſhots of Agimorato's garden, and there purpoſely employed himſelf and his Mooriſh rowers in practiſing the Zala,* or attempted that in jeſt which he intended to execute in earneſt. He went frequently to Zoraydo's garden, on pretence of aſking fruit, which he always received from her father, though he did not know him; but, although, as he afterwards owned, he wanted to ſpeak with Zorayda, and tell her that he was the perſon appointed by me to carry her off to the land of the Chriſtians, that ſhe might be ſatisfied, and ſecure of his fidelity; he never had an opportunity



* Zala, or Sala, is the Mooriſh ſalutation.

of executing his deſign; for the Mooriſh women avoid the ſight of their own countrymen and the Turks, unleſs when they are commanded to appear by their parents and huſbands: though they talk and converſe with Chriſtian captives even more freely than decency allows. I ſhould have been very much concerned had he ſpoke with her, becauſe it would perhaps have given her great uneaſineſs to ſee renegades intruſted with the affair; but God, who ordained all for the beſt, gave him an opportunity of fulfilling his well-meaning intention.

'Perceiving how ſecurely he traded to and from Sargel, and anchored when, where, and how he pleaſed, his partner ſubmitting to his direction in all things; and that I being ranſomed, there was nothing wanted but ſome Chriſtians to row; he deſired me to pick out thoſe who ſhould accompany me, excluſive of my friends who were ranſomed, and beſpeak them for the Friday following, which he had appointed for the day of our departure. Seeing him thus determined, I ſpoke to a dozen of Spaniards, all of them able-bodied rowers, and people who could eaſily get out of the city; and indeed it was no ſmall difficulty to find ſo many at that conjuncture; for no fewer than twenty gallies being then out upon the cruize, almoſt all the rowers were employed; ſo that I ſhould not have found thoſe I have mentioned, had not their maſter ſtaid at home that ſummer to finiſh a veſſel which he had on the ſtocks. All I ſaid to them was, that next Friday, in the evening, they ſhould ſlily ſlip out of the city one by one, and betake themſelves to Agimorato's garden, where they ſhould wait my coming; and I directed every one by himſelf, if he ſhould meet with other Chriſtians at the rendezvous, to ſay nothing, but that I had ordered him to wait for me in that place.

'This point being ſettled, another precaution ſtill more neceſſary remained untaken; this was to advertiſe Zorayda of the ſituation of our affairs, that ſhe might be prepared and guarded againſt ſurprize at our ſudden

aſſault,

aſſault, before ſhe could think it poſſible that the Chriſtian bark was arrived. Reſolved therefore to ſee and ſpeak with her if poſſible one day before our departure, I went to the garden on pretence of gathering ſome herbs, and the firſt perſon I met was her father, who ſpoke to me in a language uſed through all Barbary, and even at Conſtantinople, between the captives and the Moors: it is neither Arabick nor Caſtilian, nor indeed peculiar to any nation, but a mixture of different tongues, by which we may make ſhift to underſtand each other. I ſay, he aſked in this ſort of jargon who I was, and what I wanted in his garden? I anſwered, that I was a ſlave belonging to Arnaute Mami, who I knew to be an intimate friend of his, and that I wanted a few herbs for a ſallad. In conſequence of this anſwer, he enquired whether or not I was to be ranſomed; and what my maſter demanded for my freedom? And while we were thus converſing together, the fair Zorayda came out into the garden. She had already perceived me from a window of the houſe; and as the Mooriſh women make no ſcruple of ſhewing themſelves to Chriſtians, with whom, as I have already obſerved, they are not at all ſhy, ſhe without any heſitation walked towards the place where I was ſtanding with her father, who no ſooner ſaw her, than he called at a diſtance, deſiring her to come up. It would be a difficult taſk for me at preſent to deſcribe the exceeding beauty, the genteel mien, the gay and rich ornaments with which my beloved Zorayda then preſented herſelf before mine eyes: I ſhall only obſerve, that the pearls about her beauteous neck and ears out-numbered the hairs of her head. On her ancles, which were bare, according to the cuſtom of the country, ſhe wore carcaxes (by which name the bracelets for the feet are called in the Moriſco language) of the pureſt gold, ſet with ſuch a quantity of diamonds, that ſhe afterwards told me her father valued them at twenty thouſand ducats; and thoſe ſhe wore upon her wriſts were of equal richneſs. The pearls, though in ſuch a vaſt number, were extremely

fine; for the greatest pride and magnificence of the Moorish women lie in pearls and embroidery; consequently there is a greater quantity of pearls and seed-pearl in Barbary than in all the other nations of the world; and Zorayda's father had the reputation of possessing the greatest number and the best in Algiers, together with a fortune of two hundred thousand Spanish crowns, of all which she who is now mine was once mistress. Whether with the assistance of all these ornaments she appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after the great fatigues she has undergone; for it is well known that the beauty of some women hath its days and seasons, and is diminished or increased according to the circumstances that happen; being improved or impaired, nay, often totally destroyed, by the passions of the mind. In short, she approached in all the pomp of dress, and all the excess of beauty; at least to me she seemed the most beautiful creature I had ever seen; which circumstance, joined to the obligation I lay under, made me look upon her as an angel sent from heaven for my delight and deliverance. When she came up, her father told her, in their own language, that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaute Mami, and had come for a sallad; upon which she took up the discourse, and, in that jumble of languages before-mentioned, asked if I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself? I answered that I was already ransomed, and that she might see in what esteem I was with my master by the sum he received for my freedom, which was no less than fifteen hundred sultanins. To this observation she replied, "Truly, if thou hadst belonged to my father, he should not have parted with thee for twice the sum; for you Christians always dissemble, and call yourselves poorer than you really are, with a view of imposing upon the Moors."—"That may be sometimes the case, Madam," said I; "but I adhered to the truth in bargaining with my master, and will deal honestly with all mankind." She then asked how

soon

ſoon I intended to depart: and I anſwered, " To-morrow, I believe: there is a French ſhip in the harbour to ſail in the morning, and I have ſome thoughts of taking my paſſage on board of her."—" Had not you better ſtay till the arrival of a veſſel from Spain?' ſaid Zorayda, " than truſt yourſelf with the French, who are no good friends of your's?"—" No, Madam," anſwered I; " though, as there is a Spaniſh ſhip expected, if ſhe arrives immediately, I believe I ſhall wait for her; but it is more likely that I ſhall ſail to-morrow; for the deſire I have to ſee myſelf in my native country with thoſe I love, is too ſtrong to let me wait for any other convenience, let it be ever ſo good." Without doubt," ſaid Zorayda, " thou art married in thy own country, and therefore deſirous of being with thy wife?"—" I am not yet wedded," I replied; " but under promiſe of being married at my return." " And is the woman beautiful to whom thou haſt pledged thy faith?" ſaid ſhe. So beautiful," anſwered I, " that, to compliment her, and tell thee the truth, ſhe is the exact reſemblance of thyſelf."

' Her father laughed heartily at this declaration, ſaying, " Truly, Chriſtian, ſhe muſt be very handſome indeed, if ſhe reſembles my daughter, who is the moſt beautiful woman in this kingdom: look at her, and thou wilt ſee whether or not I ſpeak truth."

' In the greateſt part of this converſation, Agimorato ſerved as interpreter for his daughter, he being better acquainted with this ſpurious language, which, though ſhe underſtood a little in conſequence of its being much ſpoke among the Moors, ſhe explained her meaning by ſigns oftener than by words.

' While we were engaged in this and other ſuch converſation, a Moor ran towards us, crying aloud, that four Turks, having got through the pales, or leaped over the garden-wall, were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe, At this information the old man and Zorayda ſtarted; for the Moors are commonly, and, as it were, naturally, afraid of the Turks, eſpecially

the ſoldiers, who are ſo inſolent and imperious to their Mooriſh ſubjects, that they treat them worſe than if they were ſlaves. Accordingly, the father ſaid to Zorayda, " Daughter, retire to the houſe, and lock thyſelf up, while I go and talk to thoſe dogs; and thou Chriſtian," (turning to me,) " gather thy herbs, and depart in peace; and Ala ſend thee ſafe into thy own country!" I made my obeiſance, and he went in ſearch of the Turks, leaving me alone with Zorayda, who pretended to go homeward, according to her father's deſire; but no ſooner was he out of ſight, among the trees of the garden, than ſhe came back, with her eyes drowned in tears, ſaying, " Amexi, Chriſtiano, amexi!" the ſignification of which addreſs is, " Thou art going away, Chriſtian, thou art going away!" " Yes, Madam," anſwered I, " but by no means without you: on the next Jama expect me, and be not afraid when you ſee us; for we certainly ſhall go to the land of the Chriſtians." I made ſhift to expreſs myſelf in ſuch a manner, that ſhe underſtood this, and every thing elſe that I ſaid; and throwing her arm about my neck, began to walk towards the houſe, with a ſlow and faultering pace: but it pleaſed fortune, which might have proved very unlucky, had not Heaven otherwiſe ordained, that while we walked in this attitude, with her arm about my neck, we were obſerved by her father, on his return from having ſent away the Turks; and we immediately perceived ourſelves diſcovered. Nevertheleſs, Zorayda, prompted by her diſcretion and preſence of mind, would not take her arm from my neck: but, on the contrary, coming cloſer to me, let her head drop upon my boſom; and her knees ſunk under her, as if ſhe was fainting; while I ſeemed to ſupport her with a ſort of ſtrained civility.

' The father, ſeeing his daughter in this ſituation, ran towards us with great concern, and aſked what was the matter: but ſhe making no reply, " Doubtleſs," ſaid he, " ſhe hath fainted with the fright occaſioned by the inſolence of thoſe dogs." Then, taking her out of my

arms,

DON QUIXOTE.

Zorayda, discovered by her Father in the arms of the Captive.

Painted by T. Kirk. Vide Vol. III p. 8 Engraved by [illegible]

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arms, he ſupported her in his own; while ſhe, fetching a deep ſigh, the tears ſtill continuing in her eyes, repeated, "Amexi, Chriſtiano, amexi!—Begone, Chriſtian, begone."—"There is no neceſſity for the Chriſtian's departure," ſaid the father; "he hath done thee no harm: and as the Turks are gone already, be not diſturbed: thou haſt no cauſe to be uneaſy; for, as I have already ſaid, the Turks, at my entreaty, went out as they had come in." "Indeed, Sir," ſaid I, "they have diſcompoſed her very much, as you obſerve; but, ſince ſhe deſires me to go, I will not ſtay to give offence. Peace be with you! I will, with your permiſſion, return to this garden for herbs, if they ſhould be wanted; for my maſter ſays there are none better to be found in any other place." "Thou mayeſt come as often as thou wilt," anſwered Agimorato. "What my daughter ſays, is not out of reſentment againſt thee or any other Chriſtian; but, inſtead of bidding the Turks begone, ſhe applied the words to thee, or elſe thought it was time for thee to go and gather thy herbs." I then took leave of them both; and ſhe, as if her ſoul had been rent from her body, went away with her father; while I, on pretence of culling my ſallad, went round the whole garden at my pleaſure, obſerving all the entries and outlets, together with the ſtrength of the houſe, and every convenience that might tend to facilitate our purpoſe.

'Having thus reconnoitered, I went and communicated my obſervations to the renegado and the reſt of my companions, longing eagerly for the hour of ſeeing myſelf in peaceable poſſeſſion of the bleſſing which fortune preſented in the beauteous and charming Zorayda. At length the intervening time elapſed, and the long-wiſhed-for day and period arrived, when all of us, following the order and plan which had been often canvaſſed, and at laſt ſettled, after the moſt mature deliberation, our deſires were happily accompliſhed. On the Friday after I had ſpoke with Zorayda, Morrenago, which was the renegade's name, anchored his bark, at

night-fall, oppoſite to the place where my charming miſtreſs reſided; and the Chriſtians, who were to row, in conſequence of my directions, lay already concealed in different corners, all around the place, waiting for me with impatience, joy, and deſire of attacking the veſſel which was in view; for they were ignorant of our confederacy with the renegade, and believed that they muſt win and maintain their liberty by force of arms, in killing all the Moors who belonged to the bark; wherefore, as ſoon as I and my companions appeared, thoſe who were hid came and joined us immediately, about the time when the city gates were ſhut, ſo that not a ſoul was to be ſeen in the fields. Being all met together, we were in ſome doubt whether we ſhould go immediately for Zorayda; or firſt of all ſecure the Mooriſh rowers belonging to the bark. While we heſitated on this point, the renegado arriving, aſked what we waited for; obſerving, that now was the time, the Moors being altogether unguarded, and the greateſt part of them actually aſleep. We told him the ſubject of our doubt; upon which he aſſured us, that it was of the greateſt conſequence to make ourſelves firſt maſters of the bark, a precaution which might be eaſily taken, without running the leaſt hazard, and then we could go in queſt of Zorayda with greater ſecurity. His advice was unanimouſly approved; and therefore, without farther delay, we followed him as guide to the veſſel, into which he leaped, and drawing a ſcymitar, called in the Mooriſh language, "Let none of you ſtir on pain of death." The Chriſtians were at his back in an inſtant; while the Moors, being naturally puſillanimous, hearing their maſter talk in this manner, were ſeized with conſternation; and as there were few or no arms on board, ſuffered themſelves, without the leaſt reſiſtance, to be fettered by the Chriſtians, who performed this office with infinite dexterity and diſpatch, threatening to put them all to the ſword, if any one of them ſhould raiſe his voice, or attempt to make the leaſt noiſe.

'This

'This ſcheme being executed, we left one half of our number to guard them, and with the reſt, uſing the renegado ſtill as our guide, went to Agimorato's garden door, which fortunately opened with as much eaſe as if it had not been locked; ſo that, without being perceived, we proceeded to the houſe with great ſilence and compoſure. The adorable Zorayda, who ſtood waiting for us at a window, no ſooner perceived people at the door, than ſhe aſked, with a low voice, if we were Nazarini? which in their language ſignifies Chriſtians. I replied in the affirmative, deſiring her to come down. When ſhe knew my voice, ſhe made no delay, but, without anſwering one ſyllable, came down in a moment, opened the door, and appeared ſo beautiful and richly dreſſed, as to ſurpaſs all deſcription. Tranſported at the ſight, I took her hand, and kiſſed it moſt devoutly; the renegado and my two companions did the ſame; and the reſt, though ignorant of the occaſion, followed our example, thinking we expreſſed our thanks and acknowledgments to her as the inſtrument of our deliverance. The renegado aſked, in the Moriſco tongue, if her father was in the houſe: and ſhe aſſuring him, that he was a ſleep in his own apartment; "Then it will be neceſſary," ſaid Morrenago, "to wake and carry him off, together with every thing of value, in this agreeable habitation." "Touch not my father," ſaid ſhe; "for take my word for it there is nothing valuable in this houſe but what I have ſecured, which is enough to make you all rich and happy: ſtay a little, and thou ſhalt ſee."

'So ſaying, ſhe went back into the houſe, proteſting ſhe would immediately return, and deſiring us to make no noiſe. I then aſked the renegade what had paſſed between them; and when he told me, charged him to do nothing that ſhould be diſagreeable to Zorayda, who ſoon returned with a coffer ſo full of golden crowns, that ſhe could ſcarce ſupport the weight. But our evil fortune ordained that her father ſhould wake in the interim, and hear a noiſe in the garden; upon which he

ſtarted

ſtarted up, and running to the window, no ſooner perceived that we were all Chriſtians, than he began to bawl in Arabic, with vaſt vociferation, Chriſtians! Chriſtians! Thieves! thieves!" and his cries threw us all into the utmoſt terror and confuſion. However, the renegado ſeeing the danger we were in, and how much it imported him to atchieve the enterprize without being detected, ran up to Agimorato, with infinite agility, being accompanied with ſome others of our company, as I could not leave Zorayda, who by this time had fainted in my arms; in ſhort, thoſe who entered the houſe managed him ſo well, that in a moment they brought him down with his hands tied, and an handkerchief in his mouth, to hinder him from crying, threatening all the while, that if he preſumed to ſpeak, it would coſt him his life. His daughter covered her eyes, that ſhe might not ſee her father in that condition; while he was aſtoniſhed at ſight of her, little thinking how willingly ſhe had put herſelf in our power; and our feet being then more neceſſary than our hands, we, with great induſtry and diſpatch, returned to the veſſel, where we were expected with impatience by thoſe we had left, who had began to fear we had met with ſome miſchance.

'Before two hours of the night had elapſed, we were all ſafe on board, where we untied the hands of Zorayda's father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth; though the renegado commanded him again to be ſilent, on pain of death. Seeing his daughter alſo in our power, he began to ſigh moſt bitterly, more eſpecially as he perceived her lie quietly in my arms, without reſiſting, complaining, or the leaſt appearance of conſtraint; but he was fain to hold his tongue, leſt the renegado ſhould put his repeated threats into execution. Zorayda now ſeeing us embarked, and on the point of manning the oars, while her father and the other Moors remained fettered as priſoners among us, bade the renegado deſire, in her name, that I would be ſo good as to diſmiſs the Moors, and ſet her father at liberty;

for

for ſhe would rather throw herſelf into the ſea, than behold a parent, who loved her ſo much, dragged into captivity on her account. Morrenago having made me acquainted with her requeſt, I conſented to the propoſal; but he ſaid it was by no means expedient, becauſe, ſhould we leave them there, they would inſtantly alarm both town and country; ſo that ſome light frigates would be ſent out in purſuit of us, and then we ſhould be ſo beſet, both by ſea and land, that it would be impoſſible for us to eſcape: he propoſed, therefore, to ſet them at liberty on the firſt Chriſtian land he ſhould make. We were all of the ſame opinion, which was alſo embraced by Zorayda, to whom he imparted the reaſons which hindered us from complying immediately with her deſire: then each of our valiant rowers laid hold of his oar with joy, ſilence, and alacrity, and recommending ourſelves to the protection of God, we took our departure, directing our courſe towards the iſland of Majorca, which was the neareſt Chriſtian land; but, the north wind beginning to blow, and the ſea becoming rough, it was impoſſible to ſteer our courſe, and we were obliged to row along ſhore towards Oran, not without great apprehenſion of being diſcovered from the town of Sargel, which lies upon that coaſt, about ſixty miles from Algiers: we were alſo afraid of meeting, in thoſe parts, with ſome of the gallies which frequently come thither from Tetuan to trade; though each of us ſingly, and all of us together, preſumed, that if we could fall in with a merchant-veſſel not fitted out or manned for a corſair, far from loſing our liberty again, we ſhould make ourſelves maſters of a ſhip in which we might perform our voyage with more ſecurity. While we were thus coaſted along, Zorayda lay with her head in my boſom, that ſhe might not ſee her father in diſtreſs; and I could hear her imploring Lela Marien to aſſiſt us in our deſign.

'When we had rowed about thirty miles, day breaking, diſcovered that we were about three gun-ſhots diſtant from the ſhore of a deſart country, where not a
ſoul

ſoul appeared to detect us; but, for all that, we plied hard to get a little farther off to ſea, which was now ſomewhat calmer; and having made about two leagues, directed the men to row by turns, that we might refreſh ourſelves with the proviſions, of which we had plenty in the bark; but the rowers ſaid, it was then no time to be idle, and deſired the reſt to bring them victuals, which they would eat while at work, proteſting that they would by no means quit their oars: this hint was accordingly taken, and a freſh gale ſpringing up, we were obliged to lay aſide our oars, and make ſail directly for Oran; for it was impoſſible to follow any other courſe. All this was done with great expedition; we ſailed at the rate of eight miles in an hour, without any other dread than that of falling in with ſome corſair. We ordered ſome victuals to be given to the Moors, who were conſoled by the renegado's telling them, that they were not ſlaves, and ſhould have their freedom with the firſt opportunity: the ſame declaration he made to Zorayda's father, who anſwered, "I might expect any other favour from your generoſity and courteous behaviour. O Chriſtians! but you muſt not think me ſo ſimple as to believe you will give me my freedom; for you would never have run ſuch riſk in depriving me of it, with a view of reſtoring it ſo liberally; eſpecially when you know who I am, and the advantage you may reap from my ranſom, which, if you will now propoſe, I here promiſe to pay your utmoſt demand, for myſelf and this unhappy daughter, or for her alone, who is the better part of my ſoul!"

'So ſaying, he wept with ſuch bitterneſs, as moved us all to compaſſion, and obliged Zorayda to lift up her eyes; when ſeeing the tears trickle down from his aged cheeks, ſhe was melted, and riſing from the place where I ſupported her, went to embrace her father; then joining her face to his, the two uttered ſuch a tender lamentation, as drew tears of ſympathy from the eyes of almoſt all thoſe who heard it: but, when Agimorato perceived her ſo gayly dreſſed, with all her jewels

jewels about her, he ſaid with ſome ſurpriſe, in their language, " What is the meaning of this finery, my child ? Laſt night, before this terrible misfortue happened, I ſaw thee in thy ordinary and common dreſs; but now, though thou hadſt neither time, nor any happy tidings to ſolemnize with ſuch ornaments and finery, I ſee thee decked in all the richeſt apparel I could contrive or beſtow upon thee, while fortune was much more favourable than at preſent! Anſwer me in this particular, at which I am more concerned and ſurpriſed, than at the miſhap which hath befallen us ?" The renegado interpreted to us all that the Moor ſaid to his daughter, who made no anſwer to his queſtion ; but when he ſaw on one ſide of the bark the coffer in which ſhe uſed to keep her jewels, which he knew he had left at Algiers, when he moved to his country houſe, he was ſtill more confounded, and aſked how that caſket had fallen into our hands, and what it contained. To this queſtion the renegado replied, without waiting for Zorayda's anſwer ; " You need not weary yourſelf, Signior, in putting ſo many queſtions to your daughter ; for I can ſatisfy you in one word : know, then, that Zorayda is a Chriſtian ; that ſhe hath filed off our chains, and converted our captivity into freedom ; that ſhe came hither of her own accord, and is now, I believe, as well ſatisfied with her preſent condition as one delivered from darkneſs to light, from death to life, and from affliction to triumph." " Daughter !" cried the Moor, " is that which he affirms true ?" " Yes," replied Zorayda. " That thou art actually a Chriſtian, and the very perſon who hath put thy father into the hands of his enemies ?" reſumed the old man. " I am a Chriſtian, 'tis true," ſaid Zorayda ; " but not the perſon who reduced you to this ſituation ; for my deſire never extended ſo far as either to leave or render you unhappy, my ſole intention being to provide for my own welfare." " And how haſt thou provided for it, my child ?" replied the father. " Put that queſtion to

Lela Marien," said she, "who will inform you better than I can."

'Scarce had these words reached the ears of Agimorato, than, with incredible agility, he darted himself headlong into the sea; where, without all doubt, he must have perished, had not his large entangling robes helped to keep him afloat. Zorayda shrieking, begged we would save her father; upon which we all exerted ourselves, and laying hold of his upper garment, pulled him on board, already half drowned, and deprived of all sensation; when she was so much affected with his condition, that she uttered a most tender and doleful lamentation over him, as if he had been actually dead. Having turned him upon his face, a great quantity of water ran out of his mouth, and he recovered the use of his senses in the space of two hours, during which the wind shifting, we were driven towards the shore, and by main dint of rowing kept from running a-ground; but, by good fortune, we arrived in a creek formed by a small cape or promontory, known among the Moors by the name of Cava Rumia, which signifies, the wicked Christian woman; there being a tradition among them, that Cava,* on whose account they lost their possessions in Spain, is interred in that place; for Cava, in their language, implies a wicked woman, and Rumia signifies Christian: so that they look upon it as a bad omen, when they are obliged, by necessity, to drop anchor here; and, except in cases of emergency, they never attempt it: though to us it was by no means the shelter of a wicked woman, but a secure harbour in stormy weather. Having placed centinels on shore, without quitting our oars, we made another meal of what the renegado had provided; and prayed heartily to God and the blessed Virgin, to favour and assist us, in

* Cava, or Caba, daughter of Count Julian, Count of Ceuta, was violated by Roderic, king of Spain; and, in order to revenge this injury, the father called the Saracens into this kingdom, in the year 712.

in bringing ſuch a fortunate beginning to a happy conclusion. We then determined, at the intreaty of Zorayda, to ſet her father and the Moors, whom we had fettered, on ſhore, becauſe ſhe had not reſolution enough, nor could her tender diſpoſition endure to ſee her parent and countrymen in the condition of captives: we accordingly promiſed to gratify her deſire at our departure, ſince we ran no riſk in ſetting them at liberty in that uninhabited place.

' Our prayers were not ſo vain as to be rejected by Heaven, that ſent a favourable wind and a ſmooth ſea, inviting us to proceed with alacrity in the voyage we had undertaken. This we no ſooner perceived, than unbinding the Moors, we put them all on ſhore, one by one, to their no ſmall aſtoniſhment: but, when we came to diſmiſs Zorayda's father, who by this time had recovered the entire uſe of his ſenſes, "Chriſtians," ſaid he, "do you think that bad woman rejoices at my freedom through filial piety? No ſurely! but merely to be rid of the check which ſhe would receive from my preſence, in ſeeking to gratify her vicious deſires. Do not imagine that ſhe hath been induced to change her religion, becauſe ſhe believes that the Chriſtian faith is preferable to ours. No; ſhe hath apoſtatized, becauſe ſhe underſtood that, in your country, ſhe might indulge her looſe inclinations more freely than in her own." Then turning to Zorayda, while I and another Chriſtian held him faſt, that he might not commit ſome deſperate action, he ſaid, "O infamous wretch, and ill-adviſed maiden! what blindneſs and diſtraction hath prompted thee to put thyſelf in the power of theſe dogs, who are all our natural foes? Curſed be the hour in which thou waſt engendered! and curſed be the gaiety and indulgence in which I brought thee up?"

' Perceiving that there was no likelihood of his ending his exclamations for ſome time, I preſently ſet him on ſhore; where he proceeded with his reproaches, imprecations, and complaints, imploring the mediation of Mahomet with Ala, to confound, overwhelm, and

destroy us: and when we had sailed out of hearing, we could perceive him act his despair, pulling his beard, and rolling himself upon the ground; nay, once he raised his voice in such a manner, that we could distinctly hear him pronounce, "Return, my beloved daughter! return to the shore; I forgive all that is past: leave with these men the money which they already have in their possession, and return to comfort thy disconsolate father, who, if thou forsakest him, will lie down and breathe his last upon this barren sand!" This pathetic address was heard by Zorayda, who lamented his affliction with the utmost sensibility, though she could make no other reply than this: "Ala grant, my dear father, that Lela Marien, who was the cause of my conversion, may console you in your distress! Ala knows I could not do otherwise than I have acted, and that these Christians owe nothing to any particular good-will I bore them; for if I had not assisted and accompanied them in their escape, but remained at home with you, it would have been impossible for me, in consequence of the earnest solicitations of my own soul, to execute that which, in my opinion, is as righteous as it is infamous and wicked in yours." But these words never reached the ears of her father, whom by this time we could not perceive: I therefore endeavoured to console my amiable mistress; while the rest were intent upon our voyage, which was so much favoured by a fair wind, that we laid our account with being next day on the coast of Spain.

'But, as good fortune seldom comes pure and single, unattended and unpursued by some troublesome and unexpected circumstance, it was ordained by Heaven, (perhaps, in consequence of the curses imprecated by the Moor upon his daughter; for such curses are to be dreaded, let the parent be what he will:) I say, Heaven ordained, that when we were a good way off at sea, with a flowing sheet, three hours of the night being already spent, the oars lashed up, because the fair wind made it unnecessary to use them, and the moon shining

with

with remarkable brightneſs; we perceived a large round veſſel, with all her ſails out, ſteering a little upon the wind, right athwart our hauſe, and ſo near that we were obliged to ſhorten ſail, that ſhe might not run foul of us, while ſhe clapped her helm a-weather that we might have time paſs: thoſe upon deck hailed us, aſking who we were, whence we came, and whither bound; but, as they ſpoke in French, the renegado ſaid, "Let no man anſwer; theſe are French privateers, who make prize of every thing that falls in their way."

'Thus cautioned, we made no reply, but ſailed on, leaving the ſhip a little to windward; when all of a ſudden, they diſcharged two pieces of cannon, loaded, in all appearance, with chain ſhot: for one of them cut away our maſt in the middle, which, with the ſail, fell overboard into the ſea; and the other coming a moment after, took us amidſhips, and laid the ſide of the bark entirely open, without doing any other miſchief. Seeing ourſelves going to the bottom, we began to cry aloud for aſſiſtance, beſeeching the people in the ſhip to ſave us from periſhing: then they brought to, and hoiſting out their boat or pinnace, it was inſtantly manned by a dozen of Frenchmen, well armed with their muſkets, and lighted match, who rowing up to us, and ſeeing how few we were, as alſo that our bark was on the point of foundering, took us in; obſerving that this misfortune had happened, becauſe we had been ſo uncivil as to refuſe an anſwer to their hail: while the renegado, without being perceived, took up the coffer in which Zorayda's treaſure was contained, and threw it into the ſea. In ſhort, we went on board with the French; who, when they had informed themſelves of every thing we could impart, for their purpoſe; as if they had been our enemies, plundered us of all that we had, taking from Zorayda the very bracelets ſhe wore upon her ancles. But their behaviour to her gave me the more anxiety, as I was afraid that, after having pilfered all her rich and precious jewels, they would proceed to rob her of that which was of greater value,

and which ſhe herſelf eſteemed infinitely more than all the reſt: but the deſires of thoſe people extend no farther than to money, and with that they can never ſatiate their avarice, which then engroſſed them ſo much, that they would even have robbed us of the wretched garments we wore in our captivity, if they could have applied them to any ſort of uſe; nay, ſome among them propoſed to wrap us all together in a ſail, and throw us into the ſea; becauſe they intended to trade in the ports of Spain, under pretence of being Bretons; and if they carried us thither alive, their depredation would be diſcovered, and themſelves chaſtiſed accordingly. But the captain, who had with his own hands rifled my beloved Zorayda, ſaid, he was ſatisfied with the prize he had got, and reſolved to touch at no port in Spain, but paſs the Straits of Gibraltar in the night, or take the beſt opportunities of ſo doing that ſhould occur, and return to Rochelle, from whence he had ſailed on the cruize; they therefore agreed to give us their boat, with what neceſſaries we ſhould want, to finiſh the little that remained of our voyage: this promiſe they actually performed the next day, at a ſmall diſtance from the Spaniſh coaſt, at ſight of which, all our poverty and vexation vaniſhed from our remembrance, as if we had never endured them; ſuch is the tranſport occaſioned by liberty regained! It might be about noon when we were put into the boat, with two caſks of water, and ſome biſcuit; and the captain, moved to compaſſion at the diſtreſs of the lovely Zorayda, gave her to the amount of forty crowns in gold, and would not ſuffer his ſoldiers to ſtrip her of the cloaths which ſhe now wears: ſo that, at parting, inſtead of complaining of the hard uſage we met with, we thanked them kindly for the benefit we had received at their hands. They ſteered right before the wind for the Straits, while we, without minding any other compaſs than that of the land that appeared a-head, plied our oars ſo vigorouſly, that at ſun-ſet we were near enough to conclude, that we could eaſily reach the ſhore before

the

the night ſhould be far advanced; but that night being dark, without any moonſhine, and every body on board ignorant of the coaſt, ſome of our company judged it unſafe to row aſhore, while others inſiſted upon our running that hazard, even if we ſhould land among rocks, or in ſome uninhabited part of the country, that we might be ſecured from the juſt apprehenſion of meeting with ſome rovers from Tetuan, who are frequently in the beginning of the night in Barbary, and in the morning on the Spaniſh coaſt, where having taken a prize, they return the ſame day, and ſleep at home in their own houſes. Of theſe contrary opinions, we choſe that of rowing gently towards the ſhore, with intent, if the ſmoothneſs of the ſea would permit, to land at the firſt convenient place. In conſequence of this reſolution, a little before midnight we arrived at the foot of a huge and lofty mountain, though not ſo rocky towards the ſea but that there was a little ſpace left for commodious landing. The boat being run aſhore, and all of us diſembarked, we kiſſed the ground, and, with tears of unutterable joy, returned ſincere thanks to our gracious Lord, for his unparalleled protection vouchſafed to us in the voyage: then we took out the proviſion, and dragging her on ſhore, aſcended a vaſt way up the mountain; not being as yet able to quiet our apprehenſions, or perſuade ourſelves, though it actually was ſo, that the ſoil we trod was Chriſtian ground. The day broke much later than we could have wiſhed, and about this time we gained the ſummit of the mountain; purpoſing to look from thence for ſome village or ſhepherd-huts; but, although we viewed the whole country around, we could neither diſcern village, houſe, highway, path, nor the leaſt trace of human footſteps. Nevertheleſs, we determined to penetrate farther into the country, ſince it could not be long before we ſhould diſcover ſome perſon who would give information; but what gave me the greateſt concern was, to ſee Zorayda travelling on foot among the flinty rocks; for though I ſometimes took her on my ſhoulders, ſhe was much

more fatigued with ſeeing me weary, than refreſhed by finding herſelf exempted from walking, and therefore would not allow me to take any more trouble of that kind, but proceeded with infinite chearfulneſs and patience, while I led her by the hand all the way.

'In this manner we had gone about a quarter of a league, when our ears were ſaluted by the ſound of a ſmall ſheep-bell, which was a ſure ſign of a flock's being ſomewhere not far off; looking therefore attentively to diſcover it, we perceived a young ſhepherd, ſitting with great compoſure at the root of a cork-tree, ſmoothing a ſtick with his knife. When we called to him he raiſed his head, and ſtarted nimbly up; and, as we afterwards underſtood, the renegade and Zorayda, who where in Mooriſh dreſs, being the firſt objects that preſented themſelves to his eyes, he thought all the corſairs of Barbary were upon him, and running with incredible ſwiftneſs into a wood that grew near the place where he was, he began to cry as loud as he could bawl, "The Moors! The Moors are landed! The Moors! The Moors! To arms, to arms!" Theſe exclamations threw us all into a perplexity; but reflecting that his cries would alarm the country, and that the cavalry of the coaſt would immediately come and ſee what was the matter; it was agreed, that the renegade ſhould pull off his Turkiſh robes, and put on a ſlave's jacket, with which one of our company accommodated him, though he himſelf remained in his ſhirt. This being done, we recommended ourſelves to God, and followed the ſame road which we ſaw the ſhepherd take, expecting every moment to ſee ourſelves ſurrounded by the cavalry of the coaſt. Neither were we deceived in our expectations; for in leſs than two hours, having croſſed thoſe thickets, and entered a plain on the other ſide, we deſcried about fifty horſemen riding briſkly towards us, at a hand-gallop, upon which we halted until they ſhould come up: but when they arrived, and, inſtead of the Moors they came in queſt of, beheld ſo many poor Chriſtian captives, they were utterly con-

founded;

founded; and one of them aſked if we were the people who had been the occaſion of a ſhepherd's calling to arms. I anſwered in the affirmative; and being deſirous of telling him who we were, whence we came, and what had happened to us, one of our company knew the horſeman who accoſted us, and, without giving me time to ſpeak another word, ſaid, "Thanks be to God, gentlemen, for having conducted us to ſuch an agreeable part of the country; for, if I am not miſtaken, the ground we now tread belongs to Valez Malaga; and, if the years of my captivity have not impaired my remembrance, you, Signior, who aſk that queſtion, are Pedro Buſtamante, my uncle."

'Scarce had the captive pronounced theſe words, when the cavalier threw himſelf from his horſe, and ran to embrace the young man; ſaying, "Dear nephew of my life and ſoul! I now recollect thee; thy ſuppoſed death has been mourned by myſelf, my ſiſter, thy mother, and all thy relations, who are ſtill alive; for Heaven hath been pleaſed to ſpare their lives, that they might enjoy the pleaſure of ſeeing thee again. I knew thou waſt at Algiers; and, from the information of thy habit, and that of all your company, I gueſs you have made a miraculous eſcape." "Your conjecture is true," replied the young man, "and we ſhall have time to recount the particulars." As ſoon as the horſemen underſtood we were Chriſtian captives, they alighted, and each of them made a tender of his horſe to carry us to the city of Valez Malaga, which was about a league and a half from the place where they found us. Some of them went to bring the boat round to the city, after we had told them where ſhe lay; others took us up behind them; and Zorayda rode with the Chriſtian's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, being appriſed of our arrival by one of the troopers who had puſhed on before: not that they were ſurprized at the ſight of the captives freed, or Moors in captivity, for the inhabitants on that coaſt are accuſtomed to ſee great numbers of both; but they were amazed at the beauty

of

of Zorayda, which was at that inſtant in full perfection; the fatigue of her journey, co-operating with the joy ſhe felt in ſeeing herſelf in a Chriſtian country, without the fear of being loſt, having produced ſuch a bloom upon her countenance, that, unleſs I was then prejudiced by my affection, I will venture to ſay, the world never produced, at leaſt I had never ſeen, a more beautiful creature.

'We went directly to church, to make our acknowledgments to God for his mercies; and as ſoon as Zorayda entered, ſhe ſaid, ſhe perceived ſome faces that reſembled Lela Marien: we told her theſe were the images of the bleſſed Virgin; and the renegado, as well as he could, informed her of their ſignification, that ſhe might adore them, as if each was actually the perſon of Lela Marien, who had ſpoke to her; ſo that, having naturally a good underſtanding, with a docile and diſcerning diſpoſition, ſhe eaſily comprehended what he ſaid upon the ſubject. From thence they conducted us to our lodgings in different families of the town; the renegado, Zorayda, and I, being invited by the Chriſtian who eſcaped with us to the houſe of his father, who was moderately provided with the good things of this life, and treated us with the ſame affection he expreſſed for his own ſon. Six days we tarried at Valez, during which the renegado having informed himſelf of what was neceſſary for him to do, went to the city of Grenada, there, by means of the holy inquiſition, to be re-admitted into the boſom of our moſt ſacred church: the reſt of our company departed, each for his own home; leaving Zorayda and me by ourſelves, deſtitute of every thing but the few crowns which ſhe received from the courteſy of the French corſair. With part of theſe I bought the animal on which ſhe arrived at the inn, and hitherto have cheriſhed her with the affection of a parent, and the ſervice of a ſquire, without uſing the prerogative of a huſband; we are now upon the road to the place of my nativity, to ſee if my father be ſtill alive, and if either of my brothers has been more

fortunate

fortunate than myself; though, as Heaven hath made Zorayda my companion for life, fortune could not have possibly bestowed upon me any other favour which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience with which she bears the inconveniencies attending poverty, and the zeal she manifests to become a Christian, is so great and extraordinary, as to raise my admiration, and engage me to serve her all the days of my life; but the pleasure I take in this office, and in the prospect of seeing her mine, is disturbed and perverted, by reflecting that possibly in my own country I shall not find a corner in which I can shelter the dear object of my love; and that time or death may have made such alterations in the fortune and lives of my father and his other children, that I shall scarce meet with a soul that knows me.

'This, gentlemen, is the substance of my story: whether or not it be agreeable and uncommon, I leave to the decision of your better judgment; assuring you, that I wish I could have related it more succinctly; though the fear of tiring you hath made me suppress a good number of circumstances.'

## CHAP. XV.

*Of what farther happened at the Inn, with many other Particulars worthy to be known.*

HERE the captive left off speaking; and Don Fernando said to him, 'Really, Signior Captain, the novelty of your strange adventures is equalled by your agreeable manner of relating them. Your whole story is uncommon, surprizing, and full of incidents that keep the hearers in admiration and suspence; and such is the pleasure we have received from it, that though the narration should have continued till to-morrow morning, we should rejoice at your beginning it anew.'

When this compliment was passed, Cardenio, and all the rest of the company, offered to serve him to the utmost of their power, with such affectionate and sincere expressions of friendship, that the captain was extremely well

well satisfied of their good-will. Don Fernando, in particular, promised, that if he would go home with him, his brother the marquis should stand god-father to Zorayda; and that he, for his part, would accommodate him in such a manner, that he should return to the place of his nativity with that authority and ease to which he was intitled by his birth and merit. The captive thanked him in the most courteous manner, but declined accepting any of his generous offers.

It was now night, when a coach arrived at the inn, attended by some men on horseback, who demanded lodging; and the landlady made answer, that there was not in the whole house an handful of room unengaged. 'Be that as it will,' said one of the horsemen, who had entered the gate, 'there must be some found for my lord judge.' At mention of that name the hostess was disturbed, saying, 'Signior, the greatest difficulty is my want of beds; but if his lordship hath brought one along with him, as I suppose he hath, he is very welcome to come in: I and my husband will quit our apartment to accommodate his worship.' 'Be it so,' said the attendant. By this time a person had alighted from the coach, who, by his garb, immediately shewed the nature of his rank and office; for his long robe, with high sleeves tucked up, plainly distinguished him to be a judge, as the servant had affirmed. He led by the hand a young lady seemingly sixteen years of age, dressed in a riding suit, and so sprightly, beautiful, and genteel, as to raise the admiration of all who beheld her: so that those who had not seen Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zorayda then present, would have thought it a very difficult task to find another woman of equal beauty. Don Quixote seeing the judge and the young lady as they entered, pronounced, with great solemnity, 'Your worship may securely enter and recreate yourself in this castle, which, though narrow and inconvenient, there is no narrowness and inconvenience in this world, but what will make room for arms and letters, especially if they have for their guide and conductor such beauty as

that

that which accompanies the letters of your worſhip, in the perſon of that amiable young lady, to whom, not only caſtles ought to be open and unfold their gates, but alſo rocks divide and mountains bow their heads at her approach. Enter, I ſay, this paradiſe, where you will find ſtars and ſuns to accompany that heaven which you have brought hither. Here you will find arms in perfection, and beauty in exceſs!'

The judge marvelled greatly at this addreſs of the knight, whom he earneſtly conſidered, no leſs ſurprized at his figure than his words, without knowing what reply to make, ſo much was he confounded at both; when he was relieved by the appearance of Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zorayda; who, upon hearing the news of their arrival, and the landlady's deſcription of the young beauty, had come out to welcome and receive her: the beauteous ladies of the inn welcomed this beauteous damſel; while Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, paid their compliments to the judge, in the moſt civil and polite terms. He was more and more aſtoniſhed at what he ſaw and heard, though he could eaſily perceive that his fellow-lodgers were perſons of rank and conſequence: but the mien, viſage, and figure of Don Quixote, baffled all his conjectures. Compliments having thus paſſed on all ſides, and the conveniencies of the inn being duly conſidered, it was agreed, as before, that all the ladies ſhould ſleep together in the fore-mentioned apartment, and the men ſit in another room to guard them. The judge was very well ſatisfied that his daughter (for ſuch the young maiden was) ſhould lodge with the other ladies, ſhe herſelf willingly conſenting to the propoſal; and what with part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, and the half of that which the judge brought along with him, they made ſhift to paſs the night more agreeably than they expected.

The captive, who, from the firſt moment he beheld the judge, felt his heart throb with a ſort of intimation that this was his own brother, aſked of one of the ſervants

vants that attended him, his maſter's name, with the place of his nativity. The footman replied, that his name was the licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma; and born, as he had been informed, in the mountains of Leon. This information, together with what he himſelf had before obſerved, confirmed him in the opinion, that he was his brother, who by his father's advice had followed his ſtudies. Tranſported with this diſcovery, he called aſide Don Fernando, the curate, and Cardenio, to whom he imparted the affair, and aſſured them that the judge was his own brother, by the ſervant's report, ſo far on his way to the Weſt Indies, in quality of ſupreme judge of Mexico. He underſtood alſo by the ſame canal, that the young lady was his daughter, whoſe birth had coſt the mother her life; and that he was very much enriched by his wife's fortune, which had been ſettled on the children of the marriage. The captive therefore conſulted them about the method he ſhould take to make himſelf known, or rather to be aſſured before-hand whether upon the diſcovery his brother would be aſhamed of his poverty, or receive him with the bowels of affection. 'Leave that taſk to my conduct, Signior Captain,' ſaid the curate; 'though there is all the reaſon in the world to believe that you will meet with a brotherly reception; for the virtue and prudence that appear in his courteous demeanor give no indications of his being proud and unnatural, but rather declare that he knows how to conſider the accidents of fortune in the right point of view.' 'Nevertheleſs,' replied the captain, 'I would not willingly diſcloſe myſelf of a ſudden, but prepare him by ſome round-about inſinuation.' 'I have already told you,' anſwered the curate, 'that I will manage the affair to your mutual ſatisfaction.' By this time, the cloth being laid,* and every body ſat down to table, except the captive and the ladies, who ſupped in their own apartment, the curate addreſſed himſelf to the judge, ſaying,

'I

* This is the ſecond time they have ſat down to ſupper in one night.

'I had once a comrade of your lordſhip's name at Conſtantinople, where I was a ſlave for many years. He was one of the braveſt ſoldiers and beſt officers in the Spaniſh infantry, but his misfortunes were equal to his valour and ability.' 'Dear Sir,' cried the judge, 'what was that officer's name?—'He was called Ruy Perez de Viedma,' replied the prieſt, and a native of ſome town in the mountains of Léon. He told me a circumſtance that happened between his father, two brothers, and himſelf, which, had it not been affirmed by a perſon of his veracity, I ſhould have looked upon as one of thoſe tales which old women tell by the fire-ſide in winter; for he ſaid his father divided his eſtate equally among his three ſons, whom he at the ſame time enriched with advice more ſalutary than any that ever Cato gave. This I know, the choice he made of going into the army ſucceeded ſo well, that in a few years, by his gallant behaviour, and without any other aſſiſtance than that of his extraordinary virtue, he roſe to be captain of foot, and ſaw himſelf in the ſtraight road of becoming a field officer very ſoon: but there, where he had reaſon to expect the ſmiles of fortune, ſhe proved moſt unkind; he having loſt her, with his liberty, on that glorious day of the battle at Lepanto, in which it was found by ſo many Chriſtians. I was taken in the goleta; and, after various viciſſitudes, we happened to be fellow-ſlaves at Conſtantinople, from whence he was tranſported to Algiers, where he met with one of the ſtrangeſt adventures that ever was known.'

Then the curate briefly recapitulated the ſtory of Zorayda, to which the judge liſtened with more attention than ever he had yielded on the bench.* But the prieſt brought it no farther than the period when the French corſairs plundered the Chriſtians who were in the bark, deſcribing the poverty and diſtreſs to which they had



* A judge in Spaniſh is called *Oyder*, i. e. *Hearer*; and the original, literally tranſlated, is, 'The hearer was never ſo much an hearer before.'

reduced his comrade and the beautiful Moor; and obſerving that he did not know what farther befel them, nor whether they had arrived in Spain, or been carried into France.

The captain ſtood at ſome diſtance behind, liſtening to what the curate ſaid, and obſerving the emotions of his brother; who, ſeeing that the curate had made an end of his ſtory, uttered a profound ſigh, ſaying, while the tears guſhed from his eyes, 'O, Signior! if you knew how nearly I am concerned in what you have related, you would not wonder at theſe tears, which, in ſpite of all my fortitude and diſcretion, trickle from mine eyes. That valiant captain whom you have mentioned is my father's eldeſt ſon, who being more brave and noble-minded than my youngeſt † brother and me, choſe the honourable exerciſe of arms, which was one of the three paths propoſed by our father in his advice, as you ſeem to have been informed by your companion in adverſity. I followed that of letters, in which God hath been pleaſed to reward my diligence with that ſtation which you ſee I now maintain: my younger brother is at preſent in Peru, ſo rich, that his remittances to my father and me have made large amends for the ſmall ſum he carried with him at firſt; and even enabled the old gentleman fully to indulge his liberal diſpoſition, empowering me alſo to proſecute my ſtudies with more honour and decency, until I acquired the power I now enjoy. My father is ſtill alive, though daily pining with the deſire of hearing from his eldeſt ſon, and putting up petitions to Heaven inceſſantly, that his own eyes may not be cloſed for ever until he ſhall have ſeen thoſe of his firſt-born in life. What gives me a great deal of ſurprize is, that a perſon of his diſcretion ſhould, in the midſt of ſuch trouble and affliction, or even in his proſperity, omit writing to his father; for if he, or either of us, had known his ſituation, he ſhould

† Cervantes ſeems to have forgot that the judge was the youngeſt of the three brothers, the ſecond having gone to the Indies.

ſhould have had no occaſion to wait for the miracle of the cane in obtaining his liberty; but at preſent the uncertainty of his fate gives me the greateſt concern, as it is doubtful whether thoſe French have ſet him at liberty, or taken away his life to conceal their robbery. This apprehenſion will convert the joy and ſatisfaction with which I undertook my journey into melancholy and deſpondence.—O my dear brother! would to Heaven I knew where thou art, that I might go and free thee from all trouble and affliction, though at the expence of my own! Who ſhall carry the news of thy being alive to our aged father, that, although thou art ſhut up in the deepeſt dungeon of Barbary, thou mayeſt be delivered by my brother's riches and my own!—O generous and lovely Zorayda! who ſhall requite thy benevolence to my brother, be preſent at the regeneration of thy ſoul, and aſſiſt at the nuptials which would afford ſuch pleaſure to us all!'

Theſe and many other exclamations the judge pronounced with ſuch ſymptoms of ſorrow at the news he had received of his brother, that all the hearers ſympathized with him in the expreſſions of his grief. The curate, ſeeing every thing ſucceed to his own expectation, and the captain's deſire, was unwilling to protract the judge's anguiſh, and the impatience of the whole company; ſo riſing from the table, and going into the other apartment, he led out Zorayda, who was followed by Lucinda, Dorothea, and the young lady lately arrived; then, taking in his other hand the captain, who ſtood waiting to ſee what he intended, he went into the room, where the judge and the reſt of the gentlemen ſat, and preſenting them both, said, 'Dry your tears, my lord judge, and enjoy the completion of your wiſh; behold your worthy brother, and virtuous ſiſter-in-law: this is Captain Viedma, and that the beautiful Moor who behaved to him ſo generouſly in his diſtreſs: the French corſairs have reduced them to this extremity, that you may have an opportunity of diſplaying the liberality of your noble breaſt.' The

The captain ran to embrace his brother, who kept him off with both hands fixed on his ſhoulders, that he might conſider him the more attentively; but no ſooner did he recollect his features, than he flew into his arms, and ſhed a flood of tears of joy, while the greateſt part of thoſe who were preſent wept in concert at the affecting ſcene. The expreſſions of both the brothers, and their mutual demonſtrations of affection, are, I believe, ſcarce to be conceived, much leſs deſcribed. They briefly recounted their adventures to each other, and manifeſted the genuine flame of fraternal affection. There the judge embraced Zorayda, making a tender of all his wealth; there he commanded his daughter to receive her with open arms; there the mutual careſſes of the beautiful Chriſtian and lovely Moor renewed the tears of the whole company; there Don Quixote ſilently obſerved theſe ſurprizing accidents, which he wholly attributed to the chimeras of knight-errantry; there it was concerted that the captain and Zorayda ſhould return to Seville with his brother, from whence they could advertiſe their father of the liberty and arrival of his ſon; that the old gentleman, being ſtill able to undertake ſuch a journey, might come and be preſent at the baptiſm and nuptials of his daughter-in-law; as it would be impoſſible for the judge to go far out of his way, becauſe he was informed, that in a month the flota would ſet ſail from Seville for New Spain; and it would be extremely inconvenient for him to loſe his paſſage. In ſhort, the whole company were exceedingly rejoiced at the captive's good fortune; and two-thirds of the night being already exhauſted, they agreed to retire and repoſe themſelves during the remaining part of it; while Don Quixote undertook to guard the caſtle from the aſſaults of any giant or wicked adventurer that might poſſibly covet the vaſt treaſure of beauty which it contained. Thoſe of his acquaintance thanked him for his courteous offer, and afterwards gave an account of his ſtrange diſorder to the judge, who was not a little diverted with the detail of his extravagance.

travagance. Sancho Panza alone was diſtracted at their ſitting up ſo late; though, in point of lodging, he was better accommodated than all the reſt; for he made his bed of the furniture of his aſs, which coſt him ſo dear, as will hereafter be ſeen.

The ladies having retired to their apartment, and every other perſon diſpoſed of himſelf as tolerably as he could, Don Quixote went out to keep guard at the caſtle gate, according to his promiſe; and a little before morning, the ladies were ſerenaded by a voice ſo clear and well tuned, as to attract the attention of them all, eſpecially of Dorothea, who was awake, and lay in the ſame bed with Donna Clara de Viedma, the judge's daughter. Nobody could imagine who the ſinger was, the voice being ſingle, and unaccompanied by any inſtrument, and ſeeming to come ſometimes from the ſtable, and ſometimes from the court-yard. While they liſtened with equal ſurprize and attention, Cardenio came to the door, ſaying, 'You that are not aſleep, take notice, and you will hear the voice of a mule-driver, who chaunts moſt enchantingly.' When Dorothea told him that they had heard it already, he went away; while ſhe, employing her whole attention, when he began to ſing again, could plainly diſtinguiſh the following words.

## CHAP. IV.

*The agreeable Story of the young Muleteer, with many other ſtrange Incidents that happened in the Inn.*

I.

'TOSS'D in a ſea of doubts and fears,
'Love's hapleſs mariner I ſail,
'Where no inviting port appears,
'To ſcreen me from the ſtormy gale.

II.

'At diſtance view'd, a chearing ſtar
'Conducts me thro' the ſwelling tide;
'A brighter luminary far
'Than Palinurus e'er deſcry'd.

III.

'My ſoul, attracted by its blaze,
'Still follows where it points the way,
'And while attentively I gaze,
'Conſiders not how far I ſtray.

IV.

'But female pride, reserv'd and shy,
'Like clouds that deepen on the day,
'Oft shroud it from my longing eye,
'When most I need the genial ray.

V.

'O lovely star, so pure and bright!
'Whose splendour feeds my vital fire;
'The moment thou deny'st thy light,
'Thy lost adorer will expire!'

Here the musician pausing, Dorothea thought it was a pity Clara should not hear such an excellent voice; therefore, by gently jogging she waked her, saying, 'I ask pardon, my dear Clara, for disturbing you, but 'my intention in so doing, was to regale you with one 'of the best voices that ever you heard. Clara being still half asleep, did not at first understand what she said, which, at her desire, Dorothea repeated; and the young lady listened accordingly; but scarce had she heard two lines of the song, which was now resumed, when she began to tremble as violently as if she had been seized with a severe fit of the ague, saying, while she hugged Dorothea, 'Ah! dear lady of my life and soul, why did you wake me? The greatest favour that fortune could at present bestow, would be to keep both my eyes and ears fast shut, that I might neither see nor hear that unfortunate musician.'—'What do you mean, my dear child?' answered Dorothea; 'consider what you say; he that sings is a young muleteer!'—'Ah, no!' replied Clara; 'he is a young gentleman of great fortune, and so much master of my heart, that unless he quits it of his own accord, it shall remain eternally in his possession.' Dorothea was surprized at this passionate declaration of such a young creature, who seemed to have so much more sensibility than could be expected from her tender years; and said to her, 'Truly, Donna Clara, you talk in such a manner that I do not understand you. Pray explain yourself, and tell me the meaning of those expressions, about fortune and heart, and that musician whose voice hath thrown you into such disorder: but say no more at present; for I would not, by attending to your transports, lose the pleasure of hearing the singer, who

who now ſeems to be tuning his voice, and preparing to give us another ſong.'—' With all my heart,' ſaid Clara, ſtopping her ears with her fingers, to the farther admiration of Dorothea, who, liſtening attentively, heard the muſician proceed in theſe words:

I.

' ASPIRING Hope, thou, unconfin'd,
' Purſu'ſt th' imaginary path,
' Thro' woods, and rocks, and waves combin'd,
' Defying danger, toil, and death.

II.

' No laurel ſhall adorn his brow,
' No happineſs the ſluggard crown;
' Who tamely can to fortune bow;
' And ſlumber on th' inglorious down.

III.

' The joys unmatch'd, beſtow'd by love,
' Can never be too dearly priz'd;
' For undeny'd examples prove,
' What's cheaply bought, is ſoon deſpis'd.

IV.

' Succeſs, by the conſenting fair,
' Is oft to perſeverance given;
' Then wherefore ſhould my ſoul deſpair
' Of mounting from this earth to heaven!'

Here the voice ended, and Clara's ſighs beginning afreſh, kindled Dorothea's curioſity to know the cauſe of ſuch agreeable muſic and grievous lamentation; ſhe therefore now deſired to hear what her bed-fellow had before proffered to impart. Then Clara, fearful of being overheard by Lucinda, crept cloſe to Dorothea, and applying her mouth to her ear, ſo that ſhe could ſecurely ſpeak without being perceived, ' Dear Madam,' ſaid ſhe, ' that ſinger is the ſon of an Arragonian gentleman, who is lord of two towns, and when at court lives oppoſite to my father's houſe; and although our windows are covered with canvas in winter, and lattices in ſummer, I know not how this young gentleman, while he proſecuted his ſtudies, got ſight of me, either at church or ſomewhere elſe; and, in ſhort, being ſmitten, diſcloſed his paſſion from the windows of his own apartment, by ſo many tears and ſignificant expreſſions, that I believed him ſincere, and even loved him in my turn,

without knowing the nature of my own deſires. Among other ſigns, he made that of joining his hands, giving me to underſtand that he would take me to wife; and though I ſhould have been extremely glad to comply with that propoſal, as I was alone and motherleſs, I had nobody to conſult, and therefore let it reſt, without granting him any any other favour, except (when his father and mine were abroad) that of lifting up the canvas or lattice, that he might have a more perfect view of my perſon; and this condeſcenſion always tranſported him ſo much, that I was afraid he would have run ſtark mad with joy. In the midſt of this commerce, the time of my father's departure drew near, of which being informed, though not by me, for I never had an opportunity of telling him, he fell ſick, as I underſtand, of grief, ſo that when we ſet out I could not ſee him, as I wiſhed, to indulge one parting look; but, having travelled two days, juſt as I entered the place at which we lodged laſt night, I perceived him ſtanding at the gate, diſguiſed ſo naturally in the habit of a muleteer, that it would have been impoſſible for me to know him, had not his image been deeply imprinted on my ſoul. The ſight of him filled me with joy and ſurprize; and he gazed upon me by ſtealth, unperceived by my father, from whom he always conceals his face when he croſſes the road before me, or is obliged to appear at the inns where we lodge. Knowing, therefore, who he is, and that he travels on foot, undergoing ſo much hardſhip and fatigue for love of me, I am half dead with grief and anxiety, and whereſoever he ſets his feet, there I fix my pitying eyes. I know not what he intends by thus following me, nor how he could manage to eſcape from his father, who loves him tenderly, becauſe he has no heir but him; and the young gentleman deſerves all his affection, as you will perceive when you ſee him. I can moreover aſſure you, what he ſings is the product of his own head; for I have been told that he is a great ſcholar, and an excellent poet: every time I behold him, or hear him ſing, I ſtart and tremble from head to foot,

being afraid that he will be known by my father, and thus our mutual love be discovered; for, though I never spoke to him in my life, my passion is so violent, that without him, I shall not be able to live. This, dear Madam, is all I can say concerning that musician, whose voice hath given you such pleasure, and is alone sufficient to convince you that he is not a muleteer, but the lord of towns and hearts, as I have described him.'

'Enough, Donna Clara,' said Dorothea, kissing her with great affection; 'say no more, but wait with patience till the approach of a new day, when I hope in God to manage matters so well as to bring such a virtuous beginning to an happy end.'—'Ah, Madam!' replied the young lady, 'what happy end can be expected, seeing his father is a man of such rank and fortune, that he would think me unworthy to be the servant, much less the wife, of his son! and as to marrying him without my own father's consent, I would not do it for the whole universe. All I desire is, that the young gentleman would return; perhaps his absence, and the length of the journey we have undertaken, will alleviate the uneasiness I at present feel, though I must own I believe that remedy will have small effect. I cannot conceive what the deuce is the matter with me; nor how this same love got entrance into my heart, considering how young we both are; for I really believe we are of the same age; and my father says, that till Michaelmas next, I shall not be sixteen.' Dorothea could not help laughing at these innocent observations of Donna Clara; to whom she said, 'Let us sleep, my dear, during the little that I believe remains of the night; God will grant us a new day, and, if my skill fails me not, every thing will succeed to our wish.'

They accordingly went to rest, and a general silence prevailed over the whole house, in which there was not a soul awake, except the innkeeper's daughter and her maid Maritornes, who by this time being acquainted with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, and knowing that he was then without the gate, keeping guard

guard in arms and on horſeback, determined to play ſome trick upon him, or at leaſt divert themſelves in liſtening to his folly.

The inn chancing to have no window nor opening towards the field, but a hole through which they took in their ſtraw, this pair of demi ladies * there took their ſtation; and obſerved Don Quixote, who ſat on horſeback, leaning upon his lance, and breathing from time to time ſuch profound and doleful ſighs, as ſeemed to tear his very ſoul; they likewiſe heard him pronounce, in a ſoft, complacent, and amorous tone, ‘ O my dear miſtreſs, Dulcinea del Toboſo! thou perfection of beauty, ſcope and ſum total of diſcretion, cabinet of good humour, depoſitory of virtue, and laſtly, the idea of all that is uſeful, chaſte, and delectable in this life! in what art thou at preſent employed? Art thou reflecting upon thy captive knight, who voluntarily ſubjects himſelf to ſuch dangers, with the ſole view of ſerving thee? Give me ſome information of my love, thou three-faced luminary! who now, perhaps, with envious eyes, beholdeſt her walking through ſome gallery of her ſumptuous palace, or leaning over ſome balcony, revolving in her mind, how, without impairing the delicacy of her honour, ſhe may aſſuage the torments that this heart endures on her account; how ſhe may crown my ſufferings with glory; my care with comfort; in fine, my death with new life, and my ſervice with reward; and thou ſun, who by this time muſt be buſy in harneſſing thy ſteeds to light the world, and enjoy the ſight of her who is the ſovereign of my ſoul, I entreat thee to ſalute her in my behalf; but, in thy ſalutation, beware of touching her amiable countenance, elſe I ſhall be more jealous of thee than ever thou waſt of that nimble ingrate, who made thee ſweat ſo much along the plains of Theſſaly, or banks of Peneus, for I do not remember through which thou ran'ſt, ſo jealous and enamoured.’

*In the original demi-donzellas, equivalent to the modern term, demireps

So

So far had the knight proceeded in this piteous exclamation, when the inn-keeper's daughter whiſpered ſoftly, 'Sir knight, will your worſhip be pleaſed to come this way?' Hearing this invitation, he lifted up his eyes, and by the light of the moon, which was then in full ſplendour, perceived them beckon to him from the ſtraw-hole, which he miſtook for a window adorned with gilded bars, ſuitable to the grandeur of ſuch a magnificent caſtle as the inn appeared; then his crazy imagination inſtantly ſuggeſted, as before, that the beauteous damſel, daughter of the conſtable, being captivated by his perſon, intended again to ſolicit his love. On this ſuppoſition, that he might not ſeem diſcourteous or ungrateful, he turned Rozinante, and riding up to the hole, no ſooner perceived the two laſſes, than he ſaid, 'I am extremely concerned, moſt beautiful lady, that you have fixed your amorous inclinations where it is impoſſible they ſhould meet with that return which is due to your rank and qualifications; but you ought not to impute your diſappointment to any fault in me, whom love hath rendered incapable of yielding my heart to any other but her, who at firſt ſight took abſolute poſſeſſion of my ſoul. Pardon my refuſal, honoured Madam: and retire to your apartment, without ſeeking to explain your ſentiments more fully, that I may not appear inſenſible or ungrateful; and if your love can find in me the power of giving you any other ſort of ſatisfaction, you may freely command my ſervice; for I ſwear by that abſent and amiable enemy of mine, to gratify your wiſh immediately; even if you ſhould deſire to have a lock of Meduſa's hair, which was altogether compoſed of ſnakes, or the rays of the ſun confined in a phial.'

'Sir knight,' anſwered Maritornes, 'my lady has no occaſion for either of theſe things.'—'What then is your lady's pleaſure, diſcreet duenna?' reſumed the knight. 'Only the favour of one of your beautiful hands,' replied Maritornes, 'with which ſhe may, in ſome meaſure, indulge the longing deſire that brought

her

her to the ſtraw-hole, ſo much to the danger of her reputation, that if ſhe ſhould be detected by her father, the firſt ſlice of his indignation would coſt her an ear at leaſt.'—'I would fain ſee him take that liberty,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'but he will take care to refrain from any ſuch acts of barbarity, unleſs he has a mind I ſhould bring him to the moſt calamitous exit that ever happened to a father, for having laid violent hands upon the delicate members of his enamoured daughter.'

Maritornes concluding that he would certainly grant the requeſt, and having already determined on what ſhe was to do, ran down to the ſtable, and laid hold of the halter belonging to Sancho's aſs, with which ſhe inſtantly returned, juſt when Don Quixote had made ſhift to ſet is feet on the ſaddle that he might reach the gilded window, at which he imagined the wounded damſel was ſtanding: preſenting therefore his hand, 'Receive, Madam,' ſaid he, 'that hand, or rather that chaſtiſer of all evil-doers: receive, I ſay, that hand, which was never touched by any other woman, not even by her who is in poſſeſſion of my whole body. I do not preſent it to be kiſſed; but that you may contemplate the contexture of its nerves, the knittings of the muſcles, the large and ſwelling veins, from whence you may conjecture what ſtrength muſt reſide in the arm to which it belongs.'—'That we ſhall ſee preſently,' ſaid Maritornes; who, having made a running knot on the halter, fixed it upon his wriſt, and deſcending from the hole, made faſt the other end to the bolt of the hay-loft door. The knight feeling the roughneſs of this bracelet, ſaid, 'Your ladyſhip ſeems to raſp rather than to claſp my hand; do not treat it ſo cruelly; for it is not to blame for what you ſuffer from my inclination; nor is it juſt that ſuch a ſmall part ſhould bear the whole brunt of your indignation; conſider, that one who is ſuch a friend to love, ought not to be ſo attached to revenge.'

All theſe expoſtulations of Don Quixote were uttered in vain; for as ſoon as Maritornes had tied him up, ſhe and her companion, ready to expire with laughter, left him

him faſtened in ſuch a manner, that it was impoſſible for him to get looſe: thus, while he ſtood on Rozinante's back, with his whole arm thruſt up into the ſtraw-hole, and faſt tied to the bolt of the door, he was in the utmoſt apprehenſion and dread, that if his horſe ſhould make the leaſt motion to either ſide, he muſt loſe his ſupport, and the weight of his whole body hang by one arm, ſo that he durſt not venture to ſtir; though he might have expected, from the patience and peaceful diſpoſition of Rozinante, that he would ſtand motionleſs for a whole century. In ſhort, finding himſelf thus tucked up, and the ladies vaniſhed, he imagined that the whole had been effected by the power of enchantment, which he had experienced once before in that ſame caſtle, when he was belaboured by the enchanted Moor of a carrier; and curſed, within himſelf, his want of conduct and diſcretion, in entering a ſecond time that fortreſs in which he had fared ſo ill at firſt; it being a maxim among knights-errant, that when they prove an adventure without ſucceſs, they conclude it is reſerved for another, and therefore think it unneceſſary to make a ſecond trial. Nevertheleſs, he pulled with intention to diſengage his arm, but he was ſo well ſecured, that all is efforts were ineffectual: true, it is, he pulled with caution, that Rozinante might not be diſturbed; and though he had a longing deſire of ſitting down upon the ſaddle again, he found that he muſt either continue in his preſent upright poſture, or part with his hand: then he began to wiſh for the ſword of Amadis, againſt which no enchantment could prevail; then curſed his fortune; then exaggerated the loſs which the world would ſuſtain, while he remained enchanted, as he firmly believed himſelf to be; then he reflected anew upon his beloved Dulcinea del Toboſo; then he called to his truſty ſquire Sancho Panza, who, ſtretched upon the pann.l of the aſs, and buried in ſleep, at that inſtant, retained no remembrance of the mother that bore him; then he implored the aſſiſtance of the two ſages, Lirgando and Alquiſe; then he invoked his good

friend Urganda, for ſuccour in his diſtreſs; and, in fine, the morning found him in that ſituation, ſo diſtracted and perplexed, that he roared aloud like a bull, without expecting that the day would put an end to this diſaſter, which he thought would be eternal, believing himſelf actually enchanted: and this opinion was confirmed, by his ſeeing that Rozinante ſcarce offered to ſtir; for he was perſuaded, that in this manner, without eating, drinking, or ſleeping, he and his horſe would continue until the evil influence of the ſtars ſhould paſs over, or ſome other ſage of ſuperior ſkill diſengage them from their enchantment.

But for once he was miſtaken in his calculation; for day had ſcarce began to draw, when four men on horſeback arrived at the inn, well mounted, and accoutred with carbines hanging at their ſaddle bows: the knight perceiving from the place, where, in ſpite of his misfortune, he ſtill kept guard, that they thundered for entrance at the gate, which was ſtill ſhut, called in an arrogant and haughty tone, 'Knights or ſquires, or whoſoever you are, you have no buſineſs to make ſuch a noiſe at the gate of this caſtle; for it is very plain, that either the people within are aſleep, or unaccuſtomed, at theſe hours, to open the fortreſs, which you cannot enter before the ſun riſe. Retire, therefore, and wait until the day be farther advanced, and then we ſhall ſee whether or not you have any title to be admitted.'

'What the devil ſort of a fortreſs or caſtle is this, that we muſt obſerve ſuch ceremony!' ſaid one of the company: 'if you are the innkeeper, order ſomebody to open the door; we are all travellers, and only want to bait, that we may forthwith proceed on our journey, for we are in haſte.'—'Gentlemen,' replied Don Quixote, 'do you think I reſemble an innkeeper?'—'I don't know what you reſemble,' anſwered the other; 'but this I know, that you talk nonſenſe in calling this inn a caſtle.'—'A caſtle it is,' cried the knight, 'and one of the beſt in this province; nay, at this very inſtant, it contains thoſe who have wore crowns on their heads,

and wielded ſceptres in their hands.' 'Or rather the reverſe,' ſaid the traveller; 'that is, the ſceptre on the head, and crown in the hand:* but perhaps there may be within ſome company of ſtrollers, who frequently wear theſe crowns and ſceptres you mention; for otherwiſe, in ſuch a ſorry inn, without any ſort of noiſe or ſtir, I cannot believe that any perſons of ſuch note would lodge.'—'You know little of the world,' replied Don Quixote, 'ſince you are ſo ignorant of the events that happen in knight-erranty.'

The other horſemen being tired with this dialogue that paſſed between the knight and their companion, began again to knock and ball with ſuch vociferation, that the landlord and all the perſons in the inn waking, roſe to ſee who called ſo furiouſly: about this time one of the horſes belonging to the travellers drew near, and ſmelled at Rozinante, who, ſad and melancholy, with his ears hanging down, ſtood ſupporting his outſtretched maſter without ſtirring; but at length, being made of fleſh, though he ſeemed to have been carved out of a block, he was ſenſible of the civility, and turned about to repay the compliment to the courteous ſtranger; and ſcarce had he moved one ſtep, when both his maſter's feet ſlipping from the ſaddle, he would have tumbled to the ground, had he not hung by his arm, which endured ſuch torture in the ſhock, that he verily believed it was cut off by the wriſt, or torn away by the ſhoulder. He was ſuſpended ſo low, that the tops of his toes almoſt touched the ground; a circumſtance that increaſed his calamity: for feeling how little he wanted of being firmly ſuſtained, he ſtretched and fatigued himſelf with endeavouring to ſet his feet upon the ground; like thoſe wretches, who, in undergoing the ſtrappado, being hoiſted up a very little ſpace, increaſe their own torment by their eager efforts to lengthen their bodies, miſled by the vain hope of reaching the ground.



* Alluding to the delinquents, who were branded and marked with theſe figures.

## CHAP. XVII.

### *A Continuation of the ſurprizing Events that happened in the Inn.*

DON Quixote actually made ſuch a hideous outcry, that the innkeeper opened the door, and ran out to ſee what was the matter; while the ſtrangers that remained without were no leſs aſtoniſhed at his bellowing. Maritornes being alſo waked by the ſame noiſe, conjectured what might be the caſe, and going ſtraight to the hayloft, without being perceived, untied the halter that ſuſtained him, ſo that the knight came to the ground in ſight of the landlord and ſtrangers, who running up, aſked what was the matter with him, and wherefore he cried ſo violently? Without anſwering one word, he looſed the tether from his wriſt, and riſing up, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and making a pretty large circuit in the field, returned at a half gallop, pronouncing with great emphaſis, 'If any perſon whatever ſayeth that I have juſtly ſuffered enchantment, I here, with the permiſſion of my Lady Princeſs Micomicona, give him the lye, challenge and defy him to ſingle combat.'

The travellers were amazed at his words; but their aſtoniſhment abated when the innkeeper told them who Don Quixote was, obſerving, that they ought not to mind what he did, becauſe he was diſordered in his brain: they then aſked if he had ſeen a youth about fifteen years of age, dreſſed like a young muleteer, with ſuch and ſuch marks, giving an exact deſcription of Donna Clara's lover. The landlord anſwered, there were ſo many people in his houſe, that he could not poſſibly diſtinguiſh the perſon for whom they enquired; but one of them perceiving the judge's coach, 'He muſt certainly be here,' ſaid he; 'for this is the coach which they ſay he followed: let one of us ſtay at the door, and the reſt go in to ſearch for him; it will alſo be proper that one go round the whole houſe, to prevent his eſcaping over the yard wall.' This plan being agreed upon

upon, two of them entered the inn, another remained at the door, and the fourth rode round the houſe to reconnoitre; while the landlord obſerving every thing that paſſed, could not conceive the meaning of all this care and diligence, although he believed they were in ſearch of the youth they had deſcribed. By this time it was clear day-light, and upon that account, as well as in conſequence of Don Quixote's roaring, all the company were awake, and got up, eſpecially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had ſlept very little that night; the firſt being diſturbed and alarmed by reflecting that her lover was ſo near, and the other kept awake by the deſire of ſeeing this pretended muleteer.

Don Quixote ſeeing that none of the travellers took the leaſt notice of him, or made any anſwer to his defiance, was tranſported with rage and vexation; and if he could have recollected any law of chivalry, authorizing a knight-errant to undertake another enterprize while he was under promiſe and oath to abſtain from any adventure until that in which he was engaged was already atchieved, he would have aſſaulted them all together, and forced them to reply, contrary to their inclination: but thinking it was neither expedient nor juſt to begin a new enterprize until he had re-eſtabliſhed the princeſs Micomicona on her throne, he choſe to be ſilent, waiting to ſee the effects of that diligence practiſed by the new comers, one of whom found the youth they came in queſt of ſleeping by the ſide of a muleteer, and little dreaming that any body was in ſearch of him, much leſs that he was in any danger of being diſcovered. The man, however, ſhook him by the arm, ſaying, 'Truly, Signior Don Lewis, this is a very ſuitable dreſs for one of your quality, and the bed in which you now lie extremely well adapted to the tenderneſs and delicacy in which your mother brought you up.'

The youth rubbed his ſleepy eyes, and looking ſtedfaſtly at the perſon who held him by the arm, no ſooner perceived that he was one of his father's ſervants, than he was ſo much ſurprized and confounded, that for a

good while he could not ſpeak one word; while the domeſtic proceeded, ſaying, 'At preſent, Don Lewis, there is nothing elſe to be done but to exert your patience, and return home, if you are not reſolved that your father and my lady ſhall viſit the other world; for nothing elſe can be expected from their anxiety at your abſence.'—'How did my father get notice that I travelled this road, and in this habit? ſaid Don Lewis. 'A ſtudent,' replied the ſervant, 'to whom you imparted your intention, was ſo much moved by the ſorrow that took poſſeſſion of your parents the moment you was miſſed, that he diſcloſed your ſcheme to your father, who inſtantly diſpatched four of his domeſtics in ſearch of you; and we are all here, at your ſervice, infinitely rejoiced that we have an opportunity of returning ſpeedily, and carrying you back to the longing eyes of thoſe by whom you are ſo much beloved.'—That may depend upon my own will, and the appointment of Heaven,' ſaid the young nobleman. 'What ſhould you will, or Heaven ordain, but your immediate return, which indeed you cannot poſſibly avoid?'

All this converſation was overheard by the muleteer with whom Don Lewis lay, who got up immediately, and going to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the ladies, who were already dreſſed, told them how the man called his fellow-ſervant, Don, and communicated every thing that paſſed between them concerning the domeſtic's propoſal of conducting him home again, and the youth's refuſal to comply with his deſire. This information, together with the knowledge of that ſweet voice with which Heaven had endowed him, excited in all the company a deſire of knowing more particularly who he was, and even of aſſiſting him, ſhould they offer any violence to his inclination: for this purpoſe, therefore, they repaired to the place where he ſtill ſtood talking and diſputing with his father's ſervant. At the ſame time, Dorothea coming out of her apartment, followed by Donna Clara, in the utmoſt confuſion called Cardenio aſide, and briefly related to him the ſtory of the muſician

cian and the judge's daughter; and he in his turn informed her of what paſſed on the arrival of his father's ſervants. This he ſpoke not ſo ſoftly but that he was overheard by Clara, who was ſo much affected at the news, that if Dorothea had not ſupported her ſhe would have fallen to the ground; but Cardenio deſired them to retire into their apartment, ſaying, he would endeavour to ſet every thing to rights; and they accordingly followed his advice. Meanwhile, the four perſons who had come in queſt of Don Lewis ſtood round him in the inn, perſuading him to return without loſs of time, and conſole his melancholy father; but he aſſured them he could by no means comply with their requeſt until he had finiſhed an affair upon which his honour, life, and ſoul, depended. Then the domeſtics began to be more urgent, proteſting they would in no ſhape return without him; and declaring that if he would not go willingly, they would be obliged to carry him off by force. 'That you ſhall never do,' replied Don Lewis, 'unleſs you carry me off dead: and indeed you may as well kill me, as carry me off in any ſhape.'

Moſt of the people in the houſe were now gathered together to hear the diſpute, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companion, the judge, curate, barber, and Don Quixote, who thought it was no longer neceſſary to guard the caſtle. Cardenio being already acquainted with the young man's ſtory, aſked what reaſon the domeſtics had to carry off the youth contrary to his own inclination. 'Our motive,' replied one of the four, 'is to retrieve his father's life, which is in danger of being loſt on account of this young gentleman's abſence.' To this declaration Don Lewis anſwered, 'There is no reaſon why I ſhould here give an account of my affairs; I am free, and will return if I pleaſe; otherwiſe none of you ſhall compel me into your meaſures.'—'Your honour will, I hope, hear reaſon,' ſaid the ſervant; 'or if you ſhould not, it will be enough for us to execute our errand, as we are in duty bound.'

Here

Here the judge desiring to know the whole affair from the bottom, the man having lived in the same neighbourhood, knew him, and replied, 'My Lord Judge, don't you know that young gentleman is your neighbour's son, who hath absented himself from his father's house, in a dress altogether unbecoming his quality, as your lordship may perceive?' Then the judge looking at him more attentively, recollected his features, and embracing him said, 'What a frolic is this, Don Lewis? or what powerful cause hath induced you to come hither in a garb so ill suited to your rank and fortune?' The tears gushing into the young man's eyes, he could not answer one word to the judge, who desired the four domestics to make themselves easy, for all would be well; then taking Don Lewis by the hand, he led him aside, and asked again the cause of his coming in that manner.

While he was employed in this and other questions, they heard a great noise at the inn door, occasioned by two men who had lodged all night in the house, and who seeing every body intent upon knowing the business of the four last comers, resolved to march off without paying their reckoning; but the innkeeper, who minded his own affairs more than those of any other person, stopped them on the threshold, demanded his money, and upbraided them with their evil intention, with such abusive language, as provoked them to answer by dint of fists, which they began to employ so dexterously, that the poor landlord found himself under the necessity of calling aloud for assistance. His wife and daughter seeing nobody so idle, consequently so proper for the purpose, as Don Quixote, the damsel addressed him in these words: 'Sir knight, I beseech your worship, by the valour which God hath given you, to go to the assistance of my poor father, whom two wicked men are now beating to a jelly.' To this request the knight replied, with great leisure, and infinite phlegm, 'Beautiful young lady, I cannot at present grant your petition, being restricted from intermeddling with any other adventure, until I shall have accomplished one in which my

my honour is already engaged; all that I can do for your ſervice is this, run and deſire your father to maintain the combat as well as he can, and by no means allow himſelf to be overcome, until I go and aſk permiſſion of the princeſs Micomicona, to ſuccour him in his diſtreſs; and if I obtain it, be aſſured that I will reſcue him from all danger.'—' Sinner that I am!' cried Maritornes, who was then preſent, before your worſhip can obtain that permiſſion, my maſter will be in the other world.'—' Allow me, Madam' anſwered Don Quixote, ' to go and ſolicit the licence I mention, which, if I obtain, I ſhall not make much account of his being in the other world, from whence I will retrieve him, though all its inhabitants ſhould combine to oppoſe me; at leaſt I ſhall take ſuch vengeance on thoſe who have ſent him thither, as will give you full and ample ſatisfaction.'

So ſaying, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, begging, in the manner and ſtile of knight-errantry, that her highneſs would be pleaſed to give him permiſſion to run and aſſiſt the conſtable of the caſtle, who was at that time involved in a very grievous diſaſter. The princeſs having very graciouſly granted his requeſt, he braced on his target, unſheathed his ſword, and ran to the gate, where the two gueſts ſtill continued pummelling the landlord; but as ſoon as he beheld them, he ſtopped ſhort, as if ſuddenly ſurprized; and when Maritornes and her miſtreſs aſked him what hindered him from giving aſſiſtance to their maſter and her huſband, ' I am hindered,' anſwered the knight, ' by a law, which will not permit me to uſe my ſword againſt plebeians; but call hither my ſquire Sancho, for to him it belongs, and is peculiar, to engage in ſuch vengeance and defence.'

This tranſaction happened on the very field of battle, while kicks and cuffs were dealt with infinite dexterity, to the no ſmall prejudice of the innkeeper's carcaſe, and the rage of his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, who were half diſtracted at ſeeing the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the diſtreſs of their lord and maſter. But

let us here leave him awhile, for he ſhall not want one to aſſiſt him; or elſe, let him ſuffer with patience, and hold his tongue as becomes thoſe who raſhly undertake adventures which they have not ſtrength to atchieve; and let us retreat backwards, about fifty yards, to ſee what anſwer Don Lewis made to the judge, whom we left enquiring the cauſe of his travelling on foot in ſuch a mean habit. The youth, ſqueezing both his hands with great eagerneſs, in token of the exceſſive grief that wrung his heart, and ſhedding a flood of tears, replied to this queſtion, 'Dear Sir, I can give you no other reaſon, but that from the firſt moment that fortune made us neighbours, and Heaven ordained that I ſhould ſee Donna Clara, your daughter and my delight, I, that inſtant, made her miſtreſs of my heart; and if your inclination, my real lord and father, does not oppoſe my happineſs, this very day ſhe ſhall be my lawful wife; for her I forſook my father's houſe, and diſguiſed myſelf in this manner, with a reſolution to follow whitherſoever ſhe ſhould go, directing my views towards her, like the arrow to it's mark, and the needle to the pole; though ſhe knows no more of my paſſion than what ſhe may have underſtood from the tears which, at a diſtance, ſhe hath often ſeen me ſhed. You yourſelf, my lord, know the rank and fortune of my father, whoſe ſole heir I am. If you think that a motive ſufficient for venturing to make me perfectly happy, receive me immediately as your ſon; and though my father, prompted perhaps by other views, ſhould be diſobliged at the bleſſing which I have choſen for myſelf, it is in the power of time to work greater changes and alterations than human prudence can foreſee.'

Here the enamoured youth left off ſpeaking, and the judge remained in the utmoſt ſuſpenſe; not only admiring the diſcretion with which Don Lewis had diſcloſed his paſſion, but alſo finding himſelf perplexed about the reſolution he was to take, in ſuch a ſudden and unexpected affair. He therefore made no other reply for the preſent, but to deſire he would make himſelf eaſy, and

detain

detain his ſervants a day longer, that he might have time to conſider what ſteps it would be moſt proper to take for the ſatisfaction of all concerned. Don Lewis kiſſed his hands by force, and even bathed them with his tears; a circumſtance ſufficient to melt a heart of marble, much more that of the judge, who, being a man of prudence, had already conceived all the advantages of ſuch a match for his daughter; though he wiſhed it could be effected, if poſſible, with the conſent of the young man's father, who, he knew, had ſome pretenſions to a title for his ſon.

By this time peace was re-eſtabliſhed between the innkeeper and his two lodgers, who being perſuaded by the arguments and exhortations, more than by his threats, had paid their reckoning to the laſt farthing; and the ſervants of Don Lewis waited the reſult of the judge's advice, together with their maſter's reſolution; when the devil, who is ever watchful, ſo ordered matters that the barber ſhould juſt then enter the inn, that very barber from whom Don Quixote had retrieved Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza taken the furniture of his aſs, which he had exchanged for his own. This individual ſhaver, as he led his beaſt to the ſtable, perceived Sancho employed in mending ſomething that belonged to the pannel, and knowing him at firſt ſight, aſſaulted the ſquire in a trice, crying, 'Ha! Don thief, I have caught you at laſt. Reſtore my baſon and pannel, with all the furniture you have ſtole from me.'

Sancho ſeeing himſelf ſo ſuddenly attacked, and hearing the reproachful language of his antagoniſt, with one hand laid faſt hold on the pannel, and with the other beſtowed upon the barber ſuch a ſlap in the face, as bathed his whole jaws in blood. But for all that, he would not quit the pannel which he had alſo ſeized; on the contrary, he raiſed his voice ſo high as to alarm the whole company, and bring them to the ſcene of contention, crying, 'Juſtice! help in the king's name! this robber wants to murder me, becauſe I endeavour to recover my own property.'—'You lye,' anſwered the

ſquire,

ſquire, 'I am no robber; my Lord Don Quixote won theſe ſpoils fairly in battle.' The knight coming up along with the reſt, beheld with infinite ſatisfaction his ſquire ſo alert in offending and defending, and looking upon him from thenceforward as a man of valour, reſolved in his heart, to have him dubbed with the firſt opportunity, confident that on him the order of knighthood would be very well beſtowed. Among other things alledged by the barber in the courſe of the fray, 'Gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'that pannel belongs as much to me as my ſoul belongs to God; for I know it as well as if it had been produced by my own body; and though I had all the mind in the world, my aſs, which is now in the ſtable, would not ſuffer me to tell a falſhood; ſince you will not take my word, pray go and try it upon his back, and if it does not fit him to a hair, I ſhall give you leave to call me the greateſt liar upon earth. Beſides, the very ſame day on which they took my pannel, they alſo robbed me of a new braſs baſon, never hanſelled, which coſt me a good crown.'

Don Quixote hearing this, could contain himſelf no longer, but interpoſed between the combatants, whom he parted, and depoſiting the pannel on the ground, to be publicly viewed until the truth ſhould appear, addreſſed himſelf thus to the ſpectators: 'Gentlemen, you may now clearly and manifeſtly perceive how this honeſt ſquire errs in his judgment, by calling that a baſon, which was, is, and ſhall be, Mambrino's helmet; a piece of armour which I won in fair and open battle, and now poſſeſs by the juſt laws of conqueſt. With regard to the pannel, I will not intermeddle; all that I can ſay of the matter is, that my ſquire Sancho having aſked permiſſion to take the trappings of that coward's horſe, and adorn his own with them, I gave him leave, and he took them accordingly; though I can give no other reaſon for their being now converted into a pannel, but that ſuch transformations frequently happen in the events of chivalry: yet, as a confirmation of what I ſay,

ſay, run, friend Sancho, and bring hither the helmet, which this honeſt man calls a baſon.'

'Fore God!' anſwered Sancho, 'if your worſhip has no better proof of our honourable doings than what you mention, Mambrino's helmet will turn out a baſon, as certainly as this honeſt man's trappings are tranſmographied into a pannel.' 'Do what I order,' replied the knight; 'ſure I am every thing in this caſtle cannot be conducted by enchantment.' Sancho went accordingly, and fetched this baſon, or helmet of Mambrino, as his maſter called it, which Don Quixote taking in his hand, ſaid, 'behold, gentlemen, with what face this plebeian can affirm that this is a baſon, and not the helmet I have mentioned: now, I ſwear by the order of knighthood I profeſs, that this is the individual helmet which I took from him, without the leaſt addition or diminution.' 'Without all manner of doubt,' ſaid Sancho; 'for ſince my maſter won it, to this good hour, he hath uſed it but in one battle, when he delivered thoſe miſchievous galley-ſlaves; and if it had not been for that ſame baſon-helmet, he could not have come off ſo well: for there was a deadly ſhower of ſtones rained upon his pate in that ſtorm."

## CHAP. XVIII.

*The Deciſion of the Doubts concerning Mambrino's Helmet and the Pannel; with a full and true Account of many other Adventures.*

"GENTLEMEN," ſaid the barber, 'pray favour me with your opinion concerning what is affirmed by theſe gentlefolks, who ſo obſtinately maintain that this is not a baſon, but a helmet!" 'And if any one affirms to the contrary,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will make him ſenſible that he lies, if he be a knight; and if a plebeian, that he lies a thouſand times.' His own townſman, who was preſent all the while, being well acquainted with the knight's humour, reſolved to encourage him in his extravagance, and carry on the joke for the diverſion of the company; with this view he

he addressed himself to the other shaver, saying, 'Mr. Barber, or whosoever you are, you must know that I am of the same profession; I have had a certificate of my examination these twenty years; and know very well all the instruments of the art, without excepting one. I was, moreover, a soldier in my youth, consequently can distinguish an helmet, a morrion, and a casque with its beaver, together with every thing relating to military affairs; I mean the different kinds of armour wore by soldiers in the field: I say, under correction, and still with submission to better judgment, that the object now in dispute, which that worthy gentleman holds in his hand, is not only no barber's bason, but also, as far from being one as black is from white, or falshood from truth. I likewise aver, that though it is an helmet, it is not entire.' 'You are certainly in the right,' said Don Quixote, 'for it wants one half, which is the beaver.'

The curate, who by this time understood the intention of his friend, seconded his asseveration, which was also confirmed by Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions; and the judge himself would have bore a part in the jest, had he not been engrossed by the affair of Don Lewis; but that earnest business kept him in such perplexity of thought, that he could give little or no attention to the joke that was going forward.

'Good God!' cried the barber, with amazement, 'is it possible that so many honourable persons should pronounce this bason to be a helmet! an assertion sufficient to astonish a whole university, let it be never so learned. Well, if that bason be an helmet, I suppose the pannel must be a horse's trappings too, as this gentleman says.' 'To me it seems a pannel,' replied the knight; 'but, as I have already observed, I will not pretend to decide whether it be the pannel of an ass, or the furniture of a steed.' 'Don Quixote has no more to do but speak his opinion,' said the curate; 'for, in affairs of chivalry, all these gentlemen, myself, and even the ladies, yield to his superior understanding.'

'By

'By Heaven! gentlemen,' cried the knight, 'so many ſtrange accidents have happened to me, twice that I have lodged in this caſtle, that I will not venture poſitively to affirm the truth of any thing that may be aſked relating to it; for I imagine that every thing in this place is conducted by the power of enchantment. The firſt time I paſſed the night in this place, I was harraſſed extremely by an enchanted Moor that reſides in the caſtle, while Sancho was almoſt as roughly handled by ſome of his attendants; and this very night I was ſuſpended by one arm for the ſpace of two hours, without knowing how or wherefore I incurred that misfortune. For me, therefore, to give my opinion in a caſe of ſuch perplexity, would be a raſh deciſion: with regard to the helmet, which they ſay is a baſon, I have already expreſſed my ſentiments; but dare not give a definitive ſentence, by declaring whether that be a pannel or a horſe's furniture; that I leave to the judgment of the good company, who not being knights, as I am, perhaps are not ſubjected to the enchantments of this place; but, enjoying their faculties clear and undiſturbed, can judge of theſe things as they really and truly are, not as they appear to my imagination.'—'Doubtleſs,' replied Don Fernando, 'Signior Don Quixote manifeſts his own prudence, in obſerving that to us belongs the determination of this affair, which, that it may be the better founded, I will in private take the opinions of this good company one by one, and then openly declare the full reſult of my enquiry.'

To thoſe who are acquainted with the knight's humour, this propoſal afforded matter of infinite diverſion; but the reſt being ignorant of the joke, looked upon it as a piece of downright madneſs: this was particularly the opinion of the domeſtics belonging to Don Lewis, which was even eſpouſed by himſelf and three travellers juſt arrived, who ſeemed to be troopers of the holy brotherhood, as indeed they were; but he that almoſt ran diſtracted was the barber, whoſe baſon was, even in his own ſight, transformed into Mambrino's helmet,

while he expected every moment that his pannel would be certainly declared the rich trappings and furniture of a horſe. Every body laughed to ſee Don Fernando going about with great gravity collecting opinions in whiſpers, that each might privately declare whether that jewel, about which there had been ſuch obſtinate diſputes, was the pannel of an aſs, or the furniture of a ſteed. Having received the anſwers of all thoſe who knew Don Quixote, he pronounced aloud, ' Truly, honeſt friend, I am quite tired with aſking ſo many opinions: for every one to whom I put the queſtion, affirms it is downright diſtraction to call this a pannel, which is certainly the furniture of a horſe, and that too of an excellent breed. Therefore, you muſt e'en have patience: for, in ſpite of you, and the teſtimony of your aſs to boot, an horſe's furniture it muſt remain, as you have failed ſo egregiouſly in the proof of what you alledge.' ' May I never taſte the joys of Heaven!' cried the tranſported barber, ' if you are not all deceived; and ſo may my ſoul appear before God, as this appears to me, a mere pannel, and not the furniture of an horſe! but thus might overcomes*——I ſay no more; neither am I drunk, being freſh and faſting from every thing but ſin.'

The company laughed as heartily at the ſimplicity of the barber as the extravagance of the knight, who, upon this deciſion, ſaid, ' Nothing now remains, but that every one ſhould take his own again; and may St. Peter bleſs what God beſtows.'† One of the four ſervants belonging to Don Lewis now interpoſed, ſaying, ' If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot perſuade myſelf that people of ſound underſtanding, ſuch as all this company are or ſeem to be, ſhould venture to ſay and affirm that this is no baſon, nor that a pannel; yet ſeeing this is both ſaid and affirmed, I conceive there muſt be ſome myſtery in thus inſiſting upon a thing ſo contrary

* The original would be more literally tranſlated, by ſaying, ' The law's meaſure is the king's pleaſure.'

† A bridal benediction.

contrary to truth and experience; for, by God!' (an oath he ſwore with great emphaſis,) 'all the people on earth ſhall never make me believe that this is not a barber's baſon, or that not the pannel of an he-aſs.'— 'Why not of a ſhe-aſs?' ſaid the curate. 'That diſtinction makes no difference,' ſaid the ſervant; 'nor has it any concern with the diſpute, which is occaſioned by your ſaying that it is not a pannel at all.'

At the ſame time, one of the troopers, who had entered, and been witneſs to the quarrel and queſtion, could no longer contain his choler and diſpleaſure at what he heard; and therefore ſaid, in a furious tone, 'If that is not a pannel, my father never begat me; and he that ſays, or ſhall ſay, the contrary, muſt be drunk.' 'You lie, like an infamous ſcoundrel!' replied Don Quixote; who, lifting up his lance, which he ſtill kept in his hand, aimed ſuch a ſtroke at the trooper's ſkull, that if he had not been very expeditious in ſhifting it, he would have been ſtretched at full length upon the ground, on which the weapon was ſhivered to pieces: the reſt of the troop, ſeeing their companion ſo roughly handled, raiſed their voices, crying for help to the holy brotherhood: the innkeeper being of that fraternity, ran in for his tipſtaff and ſword, and eſpouſed the cauſe of his brethren; the domeſtics ſurrounded Don Lewis, that he might not eſcape in the ſcuffle; the barber, ſeeing the houſe turned topſy-turvey, laid hold again of the pannel, which was at the ſame time ſeized by Sancho; Don Quixote attacked the troopers ſword-in-hand; Don Lewis called to his ſervants to leave him, and go to the aſſiſtance of Cardenio and Don Fernando, who had ranged themſelves on the ſide of Don Quixote; the curate exhorted, the landlady ſcreamed, the daughter wept, Maritornes blubbered, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda perplexed, and Donna Clara fainted away. The barber pummelled Sancho, who returned the compliment; one of the ſervants preſuming to ſeize Don Lewis by the arm, that he might not run away, the young gentleman gave him ſuch a ſlap in the face as

bathed all his teeth in blood; the judge exerted himſelf in his defence. Don Fernando having brought one of the troopers to the ground, kicked his whole carcaſe to his heart's content: the landlord raiſed his voice again, roaring for help to the holy brotherhood: ſo that the whole inn was a ſcene of lamentation, cries, ſhrieks, confuſion, dread, diſmay, diſaſter, back ſtrokes, cudgelling, kicks, cuffs, and effuſion of blood. In the midſt of this labyrinth, chaos, and compoſition of miſchief, Don Quixote's imagination ſuggeſted that he was all of a ſudden involved in the confuſion of Agramonte's camp, and therefore pronounced with a voice that made the whole inn reſound, 'Let every man forbear, put up his ſword, be quiet and liſten, unleſs he be weary of his life.'

On hearing this exclamation, all the combatants pauſed, while he proceeded thus: 'Did not I tell you, gentlemen, that this caſtle was enchanted, and doubtleſs inhabited by a whole legion of devils? as a proof of which, you may now perceive with your own eyes how the diſcord and mutiny in Agramonte's camp is tranſlated hither: behold, in one place, we fight for a ſword; in another, for a horſe; in a third, for an eagle; and in a fourth, for a helmet; in ſhort, we are all by the ears together, for we know not what. Advance, therefore, my lord judge, and Mr. Curate, and in the perſons of Agramonte and king Sobrino, re-eſtabliſh peace among us; for, by Almighty God! it were wicked and abſurd, that perſons of our importance ſhould be ſlain in ſuch a frivolous cauſe.'

The troopers, who did not underſtand the knight's ſtile, and found themſelves very ſeverely treated by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified; but it was otherwiſe with the barber, who, in the ſcuffle, had loſt both his pannel and beard: Sancho, who, like a faithful ſervant, minded the leaſt hint of his maſter, willingly obeyed, and the ſervants of Don Lewis were fain to be quiet, ſeeing how little they had got by concerning themſelves in the fray; the inn-

keeper alone insisted upon their chastising the insolence of that madman, who was every moment throwing the whole house into confusion; at length the disturbance was appeased, the pannel remained as a horse's furniture till the day of judgment, the bason as a helmet, and the inn as a castle, in Don Quixote's imagination.

Every thing being thus amicably composed by the persuasion of the judge and priest, the servants of Don Lewis began again to press him with great obstinacy to set out with them for his father's house immediately; and while he expostulated with them, the judge consulted with Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, about what he should do on this occasion; imparting to them the declaration Don Lewis had made: at last it was agreed that Don Fernando should tell the servants who he was, and express a desire that Don Lewis should accompany him to Andalusia, where his brother the marquis should entertain him according to his rank and merit; for he well knew the young gentleman was fixed in the determination of being cut to pieces rather than return to his father at that time. The domestics being informed of Don Fernando's quality, and understanding the resolution of Don Lewis, determined amongst themselves that three of them should return, and give the father an account of what had happened, while the fourth should attend the young gentleman, until they should either come back for him, or know his father's pleasure.

In this manner was that accumulation of quarrels appeased by the authority of Agramonte and prudence of King Sobrino; but the enemy of concord and rival of peace being thus foiled and disappointed, and seeing how little fruit he had reaped from the labyrinth of confusion in which he had involved them, determined to try his hand once more, and revive discord and disturbance anew; and these were the means he practised for this purpose: the troopers, apprized of the quality of those with whom they had been engaged, were fain to

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be quiet, and retreat from the fray, concluding that whatever might happen they would have the worſt of the battle; but one of them, who had been pummelled and kicked by Don Fernando, recollected that, among other warrants for apprehending delinquents, he had one againſt Don Quixote, iſſued by the holy brotherhood, on account of his having ſet the galley-ſlaves at liberty, as Sancho had very juſtly feared: this coming into his head, he was reſolved to aſſure himſelf whether or not the knight's perſon agreed with the deſcription, and pulling out of his boſom a bundle of parchment, he ſoon found what he ſought, and beginning to ſpell with great deliberation (for he was by no means an expert reader) between every word he fixed his eyes upon the knight, whoſe phyſiognomy he compared with the marks ſpecified in the warrant, and diſcovered beyond all doubt that he was the very perſon deſcribed; no ſooner was he thus convinced, than putting up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, he with his right ſeized Don Quixote ſo faſt by the collar that he could ſcarce fetch his breath, roaring aloud, 'Help, in the name of the holy brotherhood; and that you may ſee my demand is juſt, read that warrant for apprehending this highwayman.'

The curate, upon peruſing the warrant, found what the trooper ſaid was true, and that the deſcription exactly agreed with the perſon of Don Quixote, who, ſeeing himſelf ſo unworthily treated by ſuch a ragamuffin, was incenſed to the higheſt degree, ſo that every bone in his body trembled with rage; and he made ſhift to faſten on the trooper's throat with both hands ſo violently, that if his companions had not come to his aſſiſtance, he would have quitted his life before the knight had quitted his hold. The innkeeper being obliged to ſuccour his brethren, ran immediately to their aſſiſtance; his wife ſeeing her huſband re-engaged in the quarrel, exalted her voice anew; Maritornes and the daughter ſqualled in concert, imploring Heaven and the byſtanders for help: Sancho perceiving what paſſed, 'By the

the Lord!' cried he, 'what my maſter ſays about the enchantments of this caſtle is certainly true; for it is impoſſible to live an hour in quiet within its walls.'

Don Fernando parted the knight and trooper, to their mutual ſatisfaction; unlocking their hands, which were faſt clinched in the doublet-collar of the one, and the wind-pipe of the other; but for all that, they did not ceaſe demanding their priſoner, and the aſſiſtance of the company, in binding and delivering him to their charge, agreeable to the ſervice of the king, and the order of the holy brotherhood, in whoſe behalf they repeated their demand of favour and aſſiſtance, to ſecure that felon, robber, and thief. Don Quixote ſmiled at hearing theſe epithets, and with much compoſure replied, 'Come hither, ye vile and baſe-born race! do you call it the province of an highwayman to looſe the chains of the captive, and ſet the priſoner free! to ſuccour the miſerable, raiſe the fallen, and relieve the diſtreſſed? Ah! infamous crew! whoſe low and grovelling underſtanding renders you unworthy that Heaven ſhould reveal to you the worth that is contained in knight-errantry, or make you ſenſible of your ſin and ignorance, in neglecting to revere the very ſhadow, much more the ſubſtance, of any knight. Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers; ye robbers, licenſed by the holy brotherhood; and tell me what ignorant wretch he was, who ſigned a warrant of caption againſt ſuch a knight as me? Who did not know that we are exempted from all judicial authority, and that a knight's own ſword is his law, he being privileged by his valour, and reſtricted only by his will and pleaſure? Who was the blockhead, I ſay, who does not know, that no gentleman's charter contains ſo many rights and indulgencies as adhere to a knight-errant, the very day on which he is dubbed, and devotes himſelf to the painful exerciſe of arms? What knight-errant ever paid tax, toll, cuſtom, duty, or exciſe? What taylor ever brought in a bill for making his cloaths? What governor ever made him pay for lodging in his caſtle?

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What king did ever neglect to ſeat him at his own table? What damſel ever reſiſted his charms, or refuſed to ſubmit herſelf entirely to his pleaſure and will? And, in fine, what knight-errant ever was, is, or will be, whoſe ſingle valour is not ſufficient to annihilate four hundred troopers, ſhould they preſume to oppoſe him?'

## CHAP. XIX.

*In which is concluded the notable Adventure of the Troopers; with an Account of the ſurprizing Ferocity of our worthy Knight Don Quixote.*

WHILE Don Quixote harangued in this manner, the curate was employed in perſuading the troopers, that he was a man diſordered in his judgment, as they might perceive both by his words and actions, and therefore they ought not to proceed any farther in the affair; for even if they ſhould apprehend him, he would ſoon be diſmiſſed as a perſon *non compos*. To this obſervation the man who had the warrant replied, that it was not his buſineſs to judge of Don Quixote's madneſs, but to obey the orders of his ſuperiors; and that if he was apprehended once, they might diſcharge him three hundred times over, if they would. 'For all that,' ſaid the prieſt, 'you muſt not carry him off at preſent; nor do I believe he will ſuffer himſelf to be ſo treated.'

In ſhort, the curate talked ſo effectually, and the knight himſelf acted ſuch extravagancies, that the troopers muſt have been more mad than he, if they had not plainly perceived his defect; therefore they thought proper to be ſatisfied, and even performed the office of mediators betwixt the barber and Sancho Panza, who ſtill maintained the fray with great animoſity; for the troopers, as limbs of juſtice, brought the cauſe to an arbitration, and decided it in ſuch a manner as left both parties, if not fully ſatisfied, at leaſt in ſome ſort content with the determination, which was, that the pannels ſhould be exchanged, but the girths and halters remain as they were. With regard to Mambrino's helmet,

met, the curate, unperceived by Don Quixote, took the barber aside, and paid him eight rials for the bason, taking a receipt in full, that cleared the knight from any suspicion of fraud from thence forward, for ever, Amen.

These two quarrels, which were of the greatest importance of any that happened, being luckily composed, it remained that three of the servants belonging to Don Lewis should return, and the fourth accompany his master to the place whither Don Fernando intended to conduct him; and as good-luck and favourable fortune had already began to quell the spirits of discord, and smooth all difficulties, in behalf of the lovers and heroes in the inn, they were resolved to proceed in such a laudable work, and bring every thing to a happy conclusion; for the domestics were satisfied with what Don Lewis proposed; a circumstance that gave such pleasure to Donna Clara, that every body who beheld her face might have discerned the joy of her soul. Zorayda, though she did not well understand the incidents she had seen, was sorrowful and gay by turns, according as she perceived the company affected, particularly her Spaniard, upon whom her eyes and heart were always fixed. The innkeeper, who took particular notice of the full satisfaction which the barber had received from the curate, demanded payment of Don Quixote of the reckoning, as well as for the damage he had done to the bags, and the loss of his wine; swearing that neither Rozinante nor Sancho's ass should stir from the stable, until he should be satisfied to the last farthing *. The curate pacified the landlord, and Don Fernando paid the bill, although the judge very frankly offered to take that upon himself. In this manner universal concord was restored; so that the inn no longer represented the disorder

* It were to be wished, for the honour of Spanish innkeepers, that Cervantes had caused mine host to restore Sancho's wallet, which he had detained on the day of the blanketting; as such restitution would have increased the general satisfaction.

disorder in Agramonte's camp, but rather the peace and quiet that reigned in the time of Octavius Cæsar; and this blessing was generally ascribed to the laudable intention and great eloquence of the priest, together with the incomparable generosity of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote now finding himself freed and disentangled from so many broils in which both he and his squire had been involved, thought it high time to proceed on his journey, in order to finish that great adventure to which he had been summoned and chosen: he therefore, with determined purpose, went and fell upon his knees before Dorothea, who refusing to hear him in that posture, he rose in obedience to her will, and expressed himself in this manner: 'It is a common proverb, beauteous princess, that diligence is the mother of success; and in many important causes, experience hath shewn that the assiduity of the solicitor hath brought a very doubtful suit to a very fortunate issue. But the truth of this maxim is no where more evinced than in war, where activity and dispatch anticipate the designs of the enemy, and obtain the victory before he has time to put himself in a posture of defence. This I observe, most high and excellent princess, because, in my opinion, our stay in this castle is unprofitable and prejudicial, as we may one day perceive, when it is too late; for who knows but, by means of secret and artful spies, your enemy, the giant, may get notice that I am coming to destroy him; and taking the opportunity of our delay, fortify himself in some impregnable castle, against which all my diligence, and the strength of my indefatigable arm, will not avail? Wherefore, most noble princess! let us, as I have already observed, prevent his designs by our activity, and set out immediately, in the name of good fortune, which your highness shall not long sigh for, after I shall have come within sight of your adversary.'

Here the knight left off speaking, and with great composure expected the answer of the beautiful infanta; who,

who, with a moſt princely air, and in a ſtile perfectly well-ſuited to his addreſs, replied in this manner: 'I thank you, Sir Knight, for the deſire you expreſs to aſſiſt me in my neceſſity, like a true knight, whoſe duty and province it is, to ſuccour the fatherleſs and diſtreſſed; and Heaven grant that your deſire and my expectation may be fulfilled, that you may ſee there are grateful women upon earth. With regard to my departure, let it be as ſpeedy as you pleaſe: my will is altogether included in yours; diſpoſe of me, therefore, according to your own pleaſure; for ſhe who hath once inveſted you with the charge and defence of her perſon, and ſolely depends upon your valour for being re-eſtabliſhed on her throne, would act prepoſterouſly in ſeeking to contradict what your prudence ſhall ordain.'—'In the name of God, then,' cried Don Quixote, 'ſince a princeſs humbles herſelf thus before me, I will not let ſlip the opportunity of raiſing her up, and placing her upon the throne of her anceſtors. Let us depart immediately; for the deſire of ſeeing you reſtored, the length of the journey, and the common reflection, that "delays are dangerous," act as ſpurs upon my reſolution; and ſince Heaven hath not created, nor hell ever ſeen, an object that could ſtrike me with terror and conſternation—Go, Sancho, ſaddle Rozinante, prepare the queen's palfrey, and get ready your own aſs, while we take leave of the conſtable and theſe noble perſonages, and ſet forward on our journey, without loſs of time.'

Here Sancho, who was preſent all the time, ſhook his head, ſaying, 'Ah, maſter, maſter! there are more tricks in town than you dream of; with ſubmiſſion to the honourable lappets be it ſpoken.'—'What tricks can there be either in town or city, that can redound to my diſcredit, raſcal?' cried the knight. 'Nay, if your worſhip be in a paſſion,' replied the ſquire, 'I will keep my tongue within my teeth, and not mention a ſyllable of what, as a truſty ſquire and faithful ſervant, I am bound to reveal to my maſter.'—'Say

what thou wouldſt,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'ſo thy words have no tendency to make me afraid; for, in being ſuſceptible of fear, thou ſheweſt the baſeneſs of thy own character, as I, in being proof againſt all ſorts of terror, preſerve the dignity of mine.'—'As I am a ſinner to God,' cried Sancho, 'that is not the caſe; but this I know for truth and poſitive certainty, that this lady, who calls herſelf queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother; for if ſhe were what ſhe pretends to be, ſhe would not be nuzzling into a corner with one of this company, at every ſnatch of an opportunity.'

Dorothea's face was overſpread with a bluſh at theſe words of Sancho; for, ſooth to ſay, her huſband Don Fernando had ſeveral times, as he thought unperceived, made free with her lips, as earneſt of that reward his affection deſerved; and in ſo doing, he was obſerved by Sancho, who thought that ſuch condeſcenſion in her looked more like the behaviour of a courtezan than that of ſuch a mighty princeſs; ſo that ſhe neither could nor would anſwer one word to this charge, but ſuffered him to proceed in theſe words: 'This, dear maſter, I make bold to mention; becauſe, if, after we have travelled the Lord knows how far, and paſſed many weary days and bitter nights, he that is taking his recreation in this inn ſhould gather the fruit of all our labour; we need not be in ſuch a perilous hurry to ſaddle Rozinante, prepare the palfrey, and get ready the aſs; but had better remain in peace where we are; and, as the ſaying is, While we enjoy our meal, let every harlot mind her ſpinning-wheel."

Gracious Heaven! what a torrent of indignation entered the breaſt of Don Quixote, when he heard theſe indecent expreſſions of his ſquire: ſuch, I ſay, was the rage that took poſſeſſion of his faculties, that, with a faltering voice and ſtammering tongue, while his eyes flaſhed lightning, he exclaimed, 'O villainous, inconſiderate, indecent and ignorant peaſant! thou foul-mouthed, unmannerly, inſolent, and malicious ſlan-

derer! dareſt thou utter ſuch language againſt theſe honourable ladies in my preſence? dareſt thou entertain ſuch diſgraceful and audacious ideas in thy confuſed imagination? Get out of my ſight, monſter of nature, depoſitory of lies, cupboard of deceit, granary of knavery, inventor of miſchief, publiſher of folly, and foe to that reſpect which is due to royalty; go, nor preſume to ſee my face again, on pain of my higheſt diſpleaſure!' So ſaying, he pulled up his eyebrows, diſtended his cheeks, looked round him, and with his right foot ſtamped violently upon the floor, in conſequence of the wrath that preyed upon his entrails.

Sancho was ſo ſhrunk and terrified at theſe words and furious geſtures, that he would have been glad, if the earth had opened that inſtant under his feet and ſwallowed him up; and not knowing what elſe to do, he ſneaked off from the preſence of his incenſed maſter: but the diſcreet Dorothea, who was ſo well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, in order to appeaſe his indignation, accoſted him thus: "Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, let not your wrath be kindled by the nonſenſe which your good ſquire hath uttered, for, perhaps, he might have had ſome ſort of reaſon for what he ſaid; and as from his good underſtanding and Chriſtian conſcience, he cannot be ſuſpected of a deſign to bear falſe witneſs againſt any perſon whatever, it is to be ſuppoſed, and indeed I firmly believe, that every thing in this caſtle, as you, Sir Knight, have obſerved, being conducted by means of inchantment, Sancho, through that diabolical medium, muſt have ſeen what he affirms, ſo much to the prejudice of my honour and reputation.'—'I ſwear by Almighty God!' cried Don Quixote, 'that your highneſs hath hit upon the true cauſe! and the eyes of that poor ſinner, Sancho, have been faſcinated by ſome deluſive viſion, of what could not poſſibly be real; for, unleſs he had been miſled by inchantment, ſuch is the innocence and ſimplicity of that miſerable wretch, that I know he neither could nor would invent a ſlander

against any living soul.'—'That certainly is, and shall be the case,' said Don Fernando; 'for which reason, Signior Don Quixote ought to pardon and restore him to the bosom of his favour, *Sicut erat in principio,* before those illusions impaired his understanding.'

The knight promised to forgive him accordingly; upon which the curate went in quest of Sancho, who came in with great humility, and falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his master's hand: this favour was granted by Don Quixote, who also gave him his benediction, saying, 'Thou wilt now, son Sancho, be convinced of the truth of what I have so often told thee, that all things in this castle are performed by the power of enchantment.'—'I believe so too,' replied the squire, 'except in the affair of the blanketting, which really happened in the ordinary course of things.'—'Thou must not imagine any such thing,' answered the knight; 'for had that been the case, I should have revenged thy cause at the time, and even now would do thee justice; but neither at that time nor now, could I, or can I find any persons to chastise as the cause of thy disaster.'

The company being desirous of knowing the affair of the blanket, the landlord gave a very minute detail of Sancho's capering, to the no small diversion of all present, except the squire himself, who would have been very much out of countenance, had not the knight assured him anew, that the whole was effected by enchantment; though the folly of Sancho never rose to such a pitch, but that he firmly believed, without the least of doubt or delusion, that his blanketting had been performed by persons of flesh and blood, and not by phantoms, or imaginary beings, according to the opinion and affirmation of his master.

Two days had this illustrious company already passed at the inn, from whence thinking it now high time to depart, they concerted matters in such a manner, as that, without putting Dorothea to the trouble of returning with Don Quixote to the place of his habitation,

in

in order to carry on the ſcheme concerning the reſtoration of Queen Micomicona, the curate and barber were enabled to execute their deſign of carrying him to his own houſe, where endeavours might be uſed for the cure of his diſorder. In conſequence of this plan, they agreed with the maſter of an ox waggon, who chanced to paſs that way, for tranſporting the knight in the following manner: having made a ſort of wooden cage, capacious enough to hold Don Quixote at his eaſe, Don Fernando, with his companions, the ſervants of Don Lewis, together with the troopers and innkeeper, by order and direction of the curate, covered their faces and diſguiſed themſelves, ſome in one ſhape, ſome in another, ſo as to appear, in Don Quixote's eyes, quite different from the people he had ſeen in the caſtle. Thus equipped, they entered, with all imaginable ſilence, into the chamber where he lay aſleep and fatigued with the toil he had undergone in the ſkirmiſhes already deſcribed; and laying faſt hold on him, while he ſecurely enjoyed his eaſe, without dreaming of ſuch an accident, tied both his hands and feet ſo effectually, that when he waked, in ſurprize, he could neither move, nor do any other thing but teſtify his wonder and perplexity at the ſight of ſuch ſtrange faces. He then had recourſe to what his diſtempered imagination continually ſuggeſted, and concluded that all theſe figures were phantoms of that inchanted caſtle; and that he himſelf was, without all queſtion, under the power of incantation, ſeeing he could not even ſtir in his own defence; and this conceit was exactly foreſeen by the curate, who was author of the whole contrivance. The only perſon of the whole company who remained unaltered, both in figure and intellect, was Sancho; who, though his lack of underſtanding fell very little ſhort of his maſter's infirmity, was not ſo mad but that he knew every one of the apparitions, though he durſt not open his mouth, until he ſhould ſee the meaning of this aſſault and capture of the knight, who likewiſe expected, in ſilence, the iſſue of his own misfortune.

Having brought the cage into his apartment, they inclosed him in it, and fixed the bars so fast, that it was impossible to pull them asunder; then taking it on their shoulders, in carrying it out, they were saluted by as dreadful a voice as could be assumed by the barber, (I do not mean the owner of the pannel,) who pronounced these words; 'O Knight of the Rueful Countenance! afflict not thyself on account of thy present confinement, which is necessary towards the more speedy accomplishment of that great adventure in which thy valour hath engaged thee; and which will be atchieved when the furious Manchegan lion is coupled with the white Tobosian dove, their lofty necks being humbled to the soft matrimonial yoke: from which unheard-of conjunction, the world shall be blessed with courageous whelps, who will imitate the tearing talons of their valiant sire; and this will happen ere the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have twice performed his visit through the resplendent constellations, in his natural and rapid course.—And O! thou the most noble and obedient squire that ever wore sword in belt, beard on chin, or smell in nostril, be not dismayed nor discontented at seeing the flower of knight-errantry thus carried off before thine eyes; for, if it please the Creator of this world, soon shalt thou be so exalted and sublimed, as that thou wilt not even know thyself; neither shalt thou be defrauded of the fruit of those promises which thy worthy lord has made in thy behalf; and I assure thee, in the name of the sage Fibberiana *, that thy salary shall be faithfully paid, as in effect thou wilt see; follow, therefore, the footsteps of the valiant and enchanted knight, for it is necessary that you should proceed together to the end of your career; and as I am not permitted to declare myself more explicitly, I bid you heartily farewel, and will return I well know whither.' Towards the end of this prophecy, he raised his voice to the highest pitch, and then sunk

* A word of equal signification with *mentironiana*, from *menterosa*, a liar.

ſunk it gradually to ſuch a faint and diſtant tone, that even thoſe who were privy to the joke, were tempted to believe what they had heard.

Don Quixote remained very much comforted by this prophecy, the meaning of which he no ſooner heard than comprehended; interpreting the whole into a promiſe, that he ſhould one day ſee himſelf joined in the juſt and holy bands of matrimony with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboſo, from whoſe fortunate womb would proceed thoſe whelps (meaning his ſons) which would perpetuate the glory of La Mancha. In this perſuaſion, therefore, and firm belief, he raiſed his voice, and heaving a profound ſigh, replied, 'O thou! whoſoever thou art, whoſe prognoſtication ſounds ſo favourably in mine ears, I beg thou wilt, in my name, beſeech the ſage inchanter, who takes charge of my affairs, that he will not leave me to periſh in the confinement which I now ſuffer, until I ſhall have ſeen the accompliſhment of thoſe joyful and incomparable promiſes which thou haſt uttered in my behalf. So ſhall I glory in the hardſhips of this priſon, and bear with pleaſure theſe chains with which my limbs are fettered; and inſtead of comparing the boards on which I lie, to the rough, uncomfortable field of battle, conſider them as the ſoothing down of the moſt happy and luxurious marriage-bed. With reſpect to the conſolation of Sancho Panza, my ſquire, I confide in his virtue and affection, which will not allow him to forſake me either in proſperity or adverſity; for ſhould his evil fortune, or my unhappy fate, hinder me from beſtowing upon him the iſland, or ſome equivalent, according to my promiſe, at leaſt, he ſhall not loſe his wages, ſpecified and bequeathed to him in my will, that is already made; a recompence which, though proportioned to my own ſlender ability, comes far ſhort of his great and faithful ſervices.'

Here the ſquire bowed in the moſt reſpectful manner, and kiſſed both his hands, as he could not make his compliments to one of them apart, they being faſt bound

bound together. Then the apparitions taking the cage upon their ſhoulders, carried it to the waggon, in which it was immediately fixed.

## CHAP. XX.

*An Account of the ſtrange Manner in which Don Quixote was Enchanted; with other remarkable Events.*

DON Quixote ſeeing himſelf thus encaged, and placed upon a cart, could not help ſaying, ‘ Many very grave hiſtories have I read concerning knights-errant; but never did I read, ſee, or hear, that enchanted knights were tranſported in this manner, at ſuch a pace as theſe lazy, ſlow-footed animals, ſeem to promiſe; for they uſed always to be carried through the air with ſurprizing ſwiftneſs, wrapped up in ſome dark and duſky cloud, or in a fiery chariot, or mounted on a hypogriff, or ſome ſuch creature; ſo that, before God! I am utterly confounded at my own fate, in being thus tranſported on a waggon drawn by oxen. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of this age follow a different path from that which was purſued of old; and as I am a new knight on the face of the earth, and the firſt who revived the long-forgotten order of errantry, perhaps they may have alſo newly invented other kinds of incantation, and other methods of conveying thoſe whom they enchant.—What is thy opinion of the matter, ſon Sancho?’—‘ I know not what my opinion is,’ replied the ſquire, ‘ becauſe I am not ſo well read in the ſcriptures of errantry as your worſhip; but, for all that, I will venture to affirm, aye and ſwear to it, that theſe apparitions who ſtroll about us, are not altogether catholic.’—‘ Catholic! my ſtars *!’ anſwered the knight; ‘ how can they be catholic, when they are all devils, who have aſſumed fantaſtical ſhapes, and come hither on purpoſe to perform this deed,

* In the original, *mi padre!* my father! which I have changed for an exclamation more frequently uſed in our language.

deed, and leave me in my preſent ſituation? But that thou mayeſt be convinced of the truth of what I alledge †, endeavour to touch and feel them, and thou wilt perceive that they have no other bodies but forms of condenſed air, conſiſting of nothing but mere ſemblance.'—' 'Fore God, Sir!' cried Sancho, ' I have made that trial already, and that ſame devil who goes about ſo buſy, is well provided with good ſubſtantial fleſh; and has another property, widely different from what is reported of evil ſpirits, all of whom, they ſay, ſtink of brimſtone and other bad ſmells; whereas he is ſo well ſcented with amber, that you may perceive it at the diſtance of half a league.' Sancho made this remark on Don Fernando, who, being a man of faſhion, probably wore ſcented linen. ' Marvel not at that circumſtance, friend Sancho,' replied the knight, ' for thou muſt know that devils are a ſet of very ſagacious beings; and although they bring ſmells along with them, they themſelves, being ſpirits, can produce no ſmell; or if any odour proceeds from them, it cannot be agreeable, but rather ſtinking and unwholeſome, becauſe they carry their hell about them whereſoever they are, and their torments admit of no kind of alleviation; now, ſweet ſmells being agreeable and delicious, cannot poſſibly proceed from beings which are productive of nought but evil; therefore, if in thy opinion that devil ſmells of amber, either thy ſenſes are perverted, or he wants to impoſe upon thy underſtanding, by making thee believe that he is not an inhabitant of hell.'

Don Fernando and Cardenio overhearing this dialogue between the maſter and the ſquire, were afraid of Sancho's ſtumbling upon the diſcovery of their whole plot, in which he ſeemed already to have made great progreſs, therefore determined to haſten their departure, and calling the landlord aſide, ordered him to ſaddle

Rozinante,

† In the text, the knight is guilty of a palpable ſolecism, in deſiring Sancho to touch and feel that which he himſelf expreſsly obſerves was ſubject neither to touch or feeling.

Rozinante, and put the pannel on Sancho's aſs. This taſk he performed with great diſpatch, while the curate agreed to give the troopers ſo much a day for attending Don Quixote to the town where he lived. Cardenio having faſtened the target to one ſide of the pummel of Rozinante's ſaddle, and the baſon to the other, made ſigns for Sancho to mount his aſs, and lead his maſter's ſteed by the bridle, and then ſtationed two of the troopers with their carbines on each ſide of the waggon. But before it began to move, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take leave of Don Quixote, feigning themſelves extremely affected with his misfortune; upon which he ſaid to them, "Weep not, worthy ladies; all theſe diſaſters are incident to thoſe who chuſe my profeſſion; and if I were not ſubject to ſuch calamities, I ſhould not deem myſelf a renowned knight-errant; for theſe things never happen to knights of little fame and reputation, who are never regarded, ſcarce even remembered on the face of the earth. It is quite otherwiſe with the valiant, whoſe virtue and valour are envied by many princes and rivals, who endeavour by the moſt perfidious means to deſtroy them; but, nevertheleſs, virtue is ſo powerful, that of herſelf ſhe will, in ſpite of all the necromancy poſſeſſed by the firſt inventor, Zoroaſter, come off conqueror in every ſevere trial, and ſhine refulgent in the world, as the ſun ſhines in the heavens. Pardon me, beauteous ladies, if I have given you any diſguſt, through neglect or omiſſion; for willingly and knowingly I never offended a living ſoul; and pray to God to deliver me from this priſon, in which I am confined by ſome malicious inchanter; for, if I regain my liberty, the favours I have received from your courteſy in this caſtle, ſhall never eſcape my remembrance, but always be acknowledged with gratitude, ſervice, and reſpect.'

While the knight made theſe profeſſions to the ladies of the caſtle, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, the captain and his

his brother, and all the happy ladies, especially Dorothea and Lucinda; they embraced each other, and agreed to maintain a correspondence by letters; Don Fernando giving the curate a direction by which he might write to him an account of the knight's future behaviour and fate, than which, he protested, nothing could yield him more pleasure; and promising, for his own part, to inform the priest of every thing which he thought would conduce to his satisfaction, relating to his own marriage, the baptism of Zorayda, the success of Don Lewis, and the return of Lucinda to her father's house. The priest having assured him that he would obey his commands with the utmost punctuality, they embraced again, and repeated their mutual proffers of service. The innkeeper coming to the curate, put into his hand a bundle of papers, which he said he had found in the lining of the portmanteau, along with the novel of the Impertinent Curiosity; and since the owner had not returned that way, he desired the priest to accept of them; for as he himself could not read, he had no occasion for such useless furniture: the curate thanked him for his present, which he immediately opened, and found written in the title-page, 'Rinconete and Cortadilla, a novel *;' from hence he concluded, that since the Impertinent Curiosity was an entertaining story, this might also have some merit, as being probably a work of the same author; and on this supposition put it carefully up, intending to peruse it with the first convenient opportunity; then he and his friend the barber mounting their beasts, with their faces still disguised, that they might not be known by Don Quixote, jogged on behind the waggon. And the order of their march was this: first of all proceeded the cart, conducted by the driver, and guarded on each side by the troopers with their carbines, as we have already observed; then followed Sancho Panza upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle; and in the rear of all came the curate and the barber, masked, and mounted on their trusty mules, with

a grave

* Written by Cervantes himself.

a grave and ſolemn air, marching no faſter than the ſlow pace of the oxen would allow; while the knight ſat within the cage, his hands fettered, and his legs outſtretched, leaning againſt the bars, with ſuch ſilence and reſignation, that he looked more like a ſtatue of ſtone than a man of fleſh and blood. In this ſlow and ſilent manner had they travelled about a couple of leagues, when they arrived in a valley, which the waggoner thinking a convenient ſpot for his purpoſe, propoſed to the curate that they ſhould halt to refreſh themſelves, and let the oxen feed; but the barber was of opinion that they ſhould proceed a little farther, to the other ſide of a riſing ground, which appeared at a ſmall diſtance, where he knew there was another valley better ſtored with graſs, and much more agreeable than this in which the waggoner propoſed to halt. The advice of Mr. Nicholas was approved, and they jogged on accordingly.

About this time the curate chancing to look back, perceived behind them ſix or ſeven men well mounted, who ſoon overtook them, as they did not travel at the phlegmatic pace of the oxen, but like people who rode on eccleſiaſtic mules, and were deſirous of ſpending the heat of the day at an inn that appeared within leſs than a league of the waggon. Theſe expeditious ſtrangers coming up with our ſlow travellers, ſaluted them courteouſly; and one among them, who was actually a canon of Toledo, and maſter of thoſe who accompanied him, obſerving the regular proceſſion of the waggon, troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the curate, and barber, and in particular Don Quixote encaged and ſecured as he was, could not help aſking why and whither they were conveying that man in ſuch a manner? though he had already conjectured, from the badges of the troopers, that he muſt be ſome atrocious robber or delinquent, the puniſhment of whom belonged to the holy brotherhood. One of the troopers, to whom the queſtion was put, anſwered, 'Signior, the gentleman himſelf will tell you 'the meaning of his travelling in this manner; for our 'parts we know nothing at all of the matter.' The knight,

knight, overhearing what paſſed, ſaid to the ſtrangers, 'Gentlemen, if you are ſkilled and converſant in matters of knight-errantry, I will communicate my miſfortune; otherwiſe there is no reaſon why I ſhould fatigue myſelf with the relation.'

By this time the curate and barber, having perceived the travellers in converſation with the knight, came up in order to prevent their plot from being diſcovered, juſt as the canon had begun to anſwer Don Quixote in theſe words: 'Truly, brother, I am better acquainted with books of chivalry than with the Summaries of Villalpando; ſo that if there be nothing elſe requiſite, you may freely impart to me as much as you pleaſe.'—'A God's name, then,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'if that be the caſe, you muſt know, Signior cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage, through the envy and fraud of miſchievous necromancers; for virtue is always more perſecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous. A knight-errant I am, though none of thoſe whoſe names Fame ever enrolled in her eternal records; but of that number, whom maugre, and in deſpite of Envy herſelf, and all the magi whom Perſia ever produced, with the brachmans of India, and gymnoſophiſts of Ethiopia, will leave their names engraved on the temple of immortality, as examples and patterns to ſucceeding ages, by which all knights errant may ſee what ſteps they muſt follow, if they wiſh to attain the height and honourable ſummit of arms.'

Here the curate interpoſing, ſaid, 'Signior Don Quixote ſpeaks no more than the truth: he is inchanted in that waggon, not on account of his own crimes or miſdemeanors, but through the malice of thoſe who are diſguſted at virtue, and offended at valour. This, Signior, is the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, whoſe name perhaps you have heard, and whoſe valiant exploits and mighty atchievements will be engraved on durable braſs, and carved in eternal mar-

'ble, in ſpite of the unwearied efforts of malice to can-'cel, and of envy to obſcure them.'

The canon hearing ſuch a ſtile proceed not only from the priſoner's mouth, but alſo from the lips of him who was free, had well-nigh croſſed himſelf with aſtoniſhment, and could not conceive what had befallen him, while his whole company were ſeized with the ſame degree of amazement: but Sancho Panza, who was near enough to hear what paſſed, being willing to undeceive the ſtrangers, ſaid to them, 'Gentlemen, whether what I am going to ſay be ill or well taken, I muſt tell you the caſe is this: my maſter Don Quixote is no more inchanted than the mother that bore me; he enjoys his right wits, eats, drinks, and does his occaſions, like other men, and as he himſelf was wont to do before he was encaged: now, if this be the truth of the matter, how can any man perſuade me that he is inchanted? ſince I have heard divers perſons obſerve, that thoſe who were inchanted neither eat, ſleep, nor ſpeak; whereas my maſter, if he is not hindered, will talk like thirty barriſters.' Then turning to the curate, he proceeded thus: 'Ah, Mr. Curate, Mr. Curate! you think I don't know you, and imagine that I cannot dive into the meaning of theſe new inchantments, but you are miſtaken; I know you very well for all your maſking, and can ſmell out your plots, diſguiſe them as you will: in ſhort, as the ſaying is, Juſt are Virtue's fears, where Envy domineers, and Bounty will not ſtay, where Niggards bear the ſway. Damn the devil! if it had not been for your reverence, my maſter by this time would have been married to the Princeſs Micomicona, and I ſhould have been an earl at leaſt; for leſs I could not expect, either from the generoſity of my Lord of the Rueful Countenance, or from the greatneſs of my own ſervices: but now I ſee the truth of what is commonly ſaid, That fortune turns faſter than a mill-wheel; and that thoſe who were yeſterday at top, may find themſelves at bottom to-day. It grieves me on ac-

count of my poor wife and children, who, inftead of feeing their father come home in the poft of governor or viceroy of fome ifland or kingdom, as they had great reafon to expect, will behold him returning in the ftation of a common groom: all this I have obferved, Mr. Curate, for no other reafon but to prevail upon your fatherfhip to make a confcience of the ill-treatment my mafter receives at your hands, and confider that God may call you to account in the next world for this captivity of my Lord Don Quixote, and for all the fuccours and benefits that are prevented by his being thus confined.'

'Snuff me thefe candles!' cried the barber, hearing the fquire's declaration; 'why fure, Sancho, you belong to your mafter's fraternity: by the Lord! I find you ought to keep him company in his cage, and undergo the fame fort of enchantment, fo much are you infected with the humour of his chivalry: in an unhappy moment were you got with child by his promifes, and in an evil hour did that ifland you harp fo much upon take poffeffion of your fkull.'—'I am not with child by any perfon whatever,' anfwered Sancho; nor will I fuffer any king in Chriftendom to beget a child upon my body; for though I be a poor man, I'm an old Chriftian, and owe no man a farthing: if I long for an ifland, others long for things that are worfe, every one being the fon of his own works; the loweft mortal may come to be pope, much more governor of an ifland, efpecially as my mafter may gain more than he knows well what to do with. Mr. Barber, you had better think before you fpeak: there is fomething elfe to do than fhaving of beards, and one Pedro may differ from another *; this I fay becaufe we know one another, and you muft not think to palm falfe dice upon me: with regard to the inchantment of my mafter, God knows the truth, and there let it lie; for, as the faying is, The more you ftir



* Equivalent to our faying, 'Every Jack is not a good fellow.'

ſtir it, the more it will—you know what.' The barber durſt not make any reply, leſt Sancho's ſimplicity ſhould diſcover what he and the curate were ſo deſirous of concealing; and the prieſt being under the ſame apprehenſion, deſired the canon to ride on with him a little before the waggon, promiſing to diſcloſe the myſtery of the encaged knight, with other particulars that would yield him ſome diverſion: the canon put on accordingly with his ſervants, liſtening attentively to every thing the curate was pleaſed to communicate concerning the rank, employment, madneſs, and manners, of Don Quixote; for he briefly recounted the cauſe and beginning of his diſorder, with the whole progreſs of his adventures, until he was ſecured in the cage by their contrivance, that they might carry him home to his own houſe, and endeavour to find ſome cure for his diſtemper.

The canon and his ſervants were aſtoniſhed anew at hearing the ſtrange ſtory of Don Quixote; which being finiſhed, the Toledan replied, 'Truly, Mr. Curate, I am firmly perſuaded that thoſe books of chivalry are very prejudicial in the commonwealth; for though I have been induced, by a falſe taſte and idle curioſity, to read the beginning of almoſt every one that hath been printed, I never could prevail upon myſelf to read any one of them from the firſt to the laſt page; becauſe, in my opinion, they are all of the ſame ſtamp, without any eſſential difference. And, indeed, that kind of compoſition ſeems to fall under that ſpecies of writing called the Mileſian Fables, which are no other than extravagant tales, calculated for mere amuſement, without any tendency to inſtruction; on the contrary, the ſcope of your apologues is to convey inſtruction and delight together. Now, though the principal intention of thoſe books is to delight and entertain the reader, I do not ſee how they can anſwer that end, being, as they are, ſtuffed with ſuch improbable nonſenſe; for the pleaſure that the ſoul conceives, is from the beauty and harmony of

thoſe

thofe things which are contemplated by the view, or fuggefted by the imagination; fo that we can receive no pleafure from objects that are unnatural and deformed. And what beauty, fymmetry, or proportion, can be obferved in a book containing the hiftory of a youth of feventeen, who with one back ftroke cuts through the middle a giant like a tower, with as much eafe as if he had been made of pafte? and in the defcription of a battle, after having obferved that there are no lefs than a million of combatants on the fide oppofite to that which the hero of the piece efpoufes, we muft, in defpite of common fenfe, believe, that fuch a knight obtained the victory by the fingle valour of his invincible arm? Then how fhall we account for the confidence with which fome queen, emprefs, or orphan heirefs, throws herfelf into the protection of an unknown knight-errant? What mind, if not wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can be pleafed with an account of a huge tower, full of knights, failing upon the fea like a fhip before the wind; being overnight upon the coaft of Lombardy, and next morning arrived in the dominions of Prefter John in the Indies, or in fome other country which Ptolemy never difcovered, nor Marcus Polus ever faw? If to this obfervation it be anfwered, that the authors of thofe books do not pretend that the ftories they contain are true, and therefore they are under no neceffity of adhering to fuch niceties of compofition; I reply, that fiction is always the better the nearer it refembles truth, and agreeable in proportion to the probability it bears, and the doubtful credit which it infpires. Wherefore, all fuch fables ought to be fuited to the underftanding of thofe who read them, and written fo as that, by foftening impoffibilities, fmoothing what is rough, and keeping the mind in fufpenfe, they may furprize, agreeably perplex, and entertain, creating equal admiration and delight; and thefe never can be excited by authors who forfake probability and imitation, in which the perfection of

writing consists. I have never as yet seen in any book of chivalry an entire body of a fable, with all its members so proportioned, as that the middle corresponds with the beginning, and the end is suitable to both; on the contrary, one would think the author's intention is commonly to form a chimera or monster, instead of a figure well proportioned in all its parts. Besides, their stile is usually harsh, their atchievements incredible, their amours lascivious, their courtesy impertinent, their battles tedious, their dialogues insipid, their voyages extravagant, and, in short, the whole void of all ingenuity of invention; so that they deserve to be banished as useless members from every Christian commonwealth.'

The curate, who had listened with great attention, hearing the canon talk so sensibly, looked upon him as a man of excellent understanding, and assented to every thing he said; observing, that, in consequence of his being of the same opinion, and of the grudge he bore to such books of chivalry, he had burned a great number of those that belonged to Don Quixote. He then gave him a detail of the scrutiny which had been made, distinguishing such as he spared from those that he condemned to the flames.

The traveller laughed heartily at this account of such an extraordinary trial, saying, that, notwithstanding what he had advanced to the disadvantage of such books, there was one thing in them which he could not but approve; namely, the subject they presented for a good genius to display itself, opening a large and ample field, in which the pen might at leisure expatiate in the description of shipwrecks, tempests, battles, and encounters; painting a valiant general with all his necessary accomplishments, sage, and penetrating into the enemy's designs, eloquent and effectual either in persuading or dissuading his soldiers, ripe in council, prompt in execution, and equally brave in standing or in giving an assault. One while recounting a piteous tragical story, at another time describing a joyful and unexpect-

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ed event; here, a moſt beautiful lady, endued with virtue, diſcretion, and reſerve; there, a Chriſtian knight, poſſeſſed of courteſy and valour; in the third place, an outrageous boaſting barbarian; and in a fourth, a polite, conſiderate, gallant prince; not forgetting to deſcribe the faith and loyalty of vaſſals, together with the grandeur and generoſity of great men. The author may alſo ſhew himſelf an aſtrologer, geographer, muſician, and well ſkilled in ſtate-affairs; nay, if he be ſo minded, he will ſometimes have an opportunity of manifeſting his ſkill in necromancy and magic; he may repreſent the cunning of Ulyſſes, the piety of Æneas, the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the perfidy of Sinon, the friendſhip of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the ability of Cæſar, the clemency and candour of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wiſdom of Cato, and finally, all thoſe qualifications which conſtitute the perfection of an illuſtrious hero; ſometimes uniting them in one, ſometimes dividing them into ſeveral characters: and the whole being expreſſed in an agreeable ſtile and ingenious invention, that borders as near as poſſible upon the truth, will doubtleſs produce a web of ſuch various and beautiful texture, as, when finiſhed, to diſplay that perfection which will attain the chief end and ſcope of ſuch writings; which, as I have already obſerved, is to convey inſtruction mingled with delight. Beſides, the unlimited compoſition of ſuch books gives the author opportunities of ſhewing his talents in epics, lyrics, tragedy, and comedy, and all the different branches of the delicious and agreeable arts of poetry and rhetoric; for epics may be written in proſe as well as verſe.

## CHAP. XXI.

*In which the Canon proſecutes the Subject of Knight-Errantry, and makes other Obſervations worthy of his Genius.*

'MR. Canon,' ſaid the curate, 'what you have obſerved is extremely juſt, and therefore thoſe authors deſerve the greater reprehenſion, who have compoſed

posed such books, without the least regard to good sense or the rules of art, by which they might have conducted their plans, and rendered themselves as famous in prose as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry are now in verse.' 'I myself,' replied the canon, 'have been tempted to write a book of chivalry, observing all the maxims and precautions I have now laid down; nay, to tell you the truth, no less than a hundred sheets of it are already written; and, in order to try if my own opinion of it was well founded, I have communicated my performance to a great many people who are passionately fond of that kind of reading; not only men of learning and taste, but also ignorant persons, who chiefly delight in extravagant adventures; and I have been favoured with the agreeable approbation of them all: nevertheless, I have not proceeded in the work; because, I not only thought it foreign to my profession, but likewise concluded, that the world abounds much more with fools than people of sense; and though an author had better be applauded by the few that are wise, than laughed at by the many that are foolish, I was unwilling to expose myself to the uninformed judgment of the arrogant vulgar, whose province it principally is to read books of this kind. But what contributed most to my laying aside the pen, and indeed all thoughts of bringing the work to a conclusion, was a reflection I made upon the comedies of the present age. "If," said I to myself, "our modern plays, not only those which are formed upon fiction, but likewise such as are founded on the truth of history, are all, or for the greatest part, universally known to be monstrous productions, without either head or tail, and yet received with pleasure by the multitude, who approve and esteem them as excellent performances, though they are far from deserving that title; and if the authors who compose, and the actors who represent them, affirm, that this and no other method is to be practised, because the multitude must be pleased; that those which bear the marks of contrivance, and produce

a fable

a fable digested according to the rules of art, serve only for entertainment to four or five people of taste, who discern the beauties of the plan, which utterly escape all the rest of the audience; and that it is better for them to gain a comfortable livelihood by the many, than starve upon reputation with the few."—"At this rate," said I, "if I should finish my book, after having scorched every hair in my whiskers, in poring over it, to preserve those rules and precepts already mentioned, I might fare at last, like the sagacious botcher, who sewed for nothing, and found his customers in thread*. I have sometimes endeavoured to persuade the players, that they were mistaken in their maxims; and that they would bring more company to their house, and acquire much more reputation, by representing regular comedies, than such absurd performances; but I always found them so obstinately bigotted to their own fancies, that no evidence or demonstration could alter their opinion in the least. I remember, I once said to one of those pragmatic fellows, "Don't you recollect, that a few years ago, three tragedies were acted, composed by a celebrated poet of this kingdom; and that they raised admiration, pleasure, and surprize, in all who saw them exhibited, gentle as well as simple, ignorant as well as learned, and brought more money to to the actors than thirty of the best that have since appeared?"—"Doubtless" answered the player, "you mean Isabella, Phillis, and Alexandria."—"The very same," said I; "and pray take notice, whether or not they are composed according to rule, or failed to please every body, because they were regular? Wherefore, the fault does not lie in the multitude's demanding absurdities, but in those who can represent nothing else; for there is nothing absurd in the play of Ingratitude Revenged, nor in Numantia, the Merchant Lover, the Favourable Female Foe, nor in some others which are composed by poets of genius, to their own reputation, and

* A Spanish proverb, applicable to a great many modern projectors and reformers.

and the advantage of thofe who reprefented them." I made ufe of many more arguments, by which he feemed to be confuted, though not fo much fatisfied or convinced as to retract his erroneous opinions.'

'Mr. Canon,' faid the curate, interrupting him in this place, 'the fubject you have touched upon awakes in me an old grudge I have bore to our modern plays, even equal to that I entertain againft books of chivalry. Comedy, according to Tully, ought to be the mirror of life, the exemplar of manners, and picture of truth; whereas thofe that are reprefented in this age, are mirrors of abfurdity, exemplars of folly, and pictures of lewdnefs; for fure nothing can be more abfurd in a dramatic performance, than to fee the perfon, who, in the firft fcene of the firft act, was produced a child in fwaddling cloaths, appear a full grown man with a beard in the fecond; or to reprefent an old man active and valiant, a young foldier cowardly, a footman eloquent, a page a counfellor, a king a porter, and a princefs a fcullion. Then what fhall we fay concerning their management of the time and place, in which the actions have, or may be fuppofed to have happened? I have feen a comedy, the firft act of which was laid in Europe, the fecond in Afia, and the third was finifhed in Africa; nay, had there been a fourth, the fcene would have fhifted to America; fo that the fable would have travelled through all the four divifions of the globe. If imitation be the chief aim of comedy, how can any ordinary underftanding be fatisfied with feeing an action that paffed in the time of King Pepin and Charlemagne, afcribed to the Emperor Heraclius, who, being the principal perfonage, is reprefented, like Godfrey of Bulloigne, carrying the crofs into Jerufulem, and making himfelf mafter of the holy fepulchre; an infinite number of years having paffed between the one and the other? Or, when a comedy is founded upon fiction, to fee fcraps of real hiftory introduced, and facts mifreprefented both with regard to perfons and times; not

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with any ingenuity of contrivance, but with the moſt manifeſt and inexcuſable errors and ſtupidity; and what is worſt of all, there is a ſet of ignorant pretenders, who call this the perfection of writing; and that every attempt to ſucceed by a contrary method is no other than a wild-gooſe chaſe *. Again, if we conſider thoſe plays that are written on divine ſubjects, how many falſe miracles do they contain? how many apocryphal events, miſunderſtood by the author, who frequently confounds the operations of one ſaint with thoſe of another? Nay, in prophane ſubjects, they have the aſſurance to work miracles, for no other reſpect or conſideration, but becauſe they think ſuch a miracle will make a very decent appearance in ſuch a place; and, as they term it, attract the admiration of the vulgar, and bring them in crowds to the play: but all this redounds to the prejudice of truth, the contempt of hiſtory, and ſcandal of our Spaniſh wits; ſo that the authors of other nations, who punctually obſerve the unities of the drama, conclude that we are barbarous and ignorant, from our abſurd and prepoſterous productions. Neither is it a ſufficient excuſe to ſay, that the intent of all well-governed commonwealths, in permitting public plays to be acted, is to entertain the common people with ſome honeſt recreation, in order to divert thoſe bad humours which idleneſs uſually engenders; and that, ſince this end is anſwered by any play whatever, either good or bad, there is no occaſion to cramp and limit the authors or actors to the juſt laws of compoſition; the purpoſe of the legiſlature being, as I have ſaid, accompliſhed without any ſuch reſtriction. To this ſuggeſtion I anſwer, that the ſame end, without any ſort of compariſon, will be much better anſwered by good than bad comedies; for, after having ſeen an artful and well-digeſted play repreſented, the hearer will go away delighted with the comic parts, inſtructed by the ſerious, and agreeably ſurpriſed with the incidents; collecting information from the dialogue, precaution from the

* *Buſcar gallirias*, ſignifies to ſeek dainties.

the deceits of the fable, experience from the examples exhibited, affection for virtue, and indignation for vice. All these sensations, I say, will a good comedy excite in the spectator's mind, let it be never so stupid and uncultivated; for of all impossibilities, it is the most impossible, that a comedy, thus perfect in all its parts, should not yield more entertainment, satisfaction, and delight, than one that is defective in each particular, as the greatest part of our modern pieces are. Neither is this want of correctness always to be laid to the author's charge; for there are some poets among us who are perfectly well acquainted with the rules of writing, and could easily avoid any such errors of composition; but as their pieces are made for sale, they say, and it is very true, that the players would not purchase them, if they were of any other stamp: so that the author is fain to accommodate himself to the demand of the actor, who pays him for his work. The truth of this observation evidently appears in a great number of comedies which have been composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms *, with so much wit, pleasantry, elegance of versification, genteel dialogue, sententious gravity, and finally, with such elocution and sublimity of stile, that the whole world resounds with his fame; yet, in suiting himself to the false taste of the actors, he hath not been able to bring them all to the requisite point of perfection. Others again are so inconsiderate in their productions, that, after representation, the players have been frequently obliged to fly and abscond for fear of chastisement, on account of having exhibited something to the prejudice of royal heads, or dishonour of noble families: now all these inconveniencies, with many more that I do not chuse to mention, might be prevented, if there was at court some person of taste and learning appointed to examine every dramatic performance before it's appearance on the stage; and this precaution should affect not only the plays composed in Madrid, but all pieces whatever to be represented within

* Lopez de Vega Carpio.

in the monarchy of Spain; for, without the approbation of this licencer, ſigned and ſealed, no magiſtrate ſhould allow any production to be acted within the bounds of his juriſdiction. In conſequence of this expedient, the actors would take care to ſubmit every play to the cenſure of the examiner, that they might afterwards repreſent them with ſafety; and the authors would employ more caution and ſtudy in their compoſitions, knowing that they muſt paſs the rigorous examination of an intelligent judge: in this manner, good comedies would be produced, and the aim of ſuch writings happily accompliſhed, to the entertainment of the people, and the credit of Spaniſh wits; while the actors would repreſent them with ſecurity and advantage, and the ſtate be exempted from the trouble of chaſtiſing ſuch delinquents. And if the ſame licencer, or any other perſon, were inveſted with the charge of examining books of chivalry, before they ſee the light, ſome performances of that ſort would certainly appear in all the perfection you have deſcribed, enriching our language with the delightful and precious treaſure of eloquence; while the old romances would be entirely eclipſed by the light of the new, that would furniſh rational amuſement, not only for the idle, but alſo for thoſe who are moſt induſtrious; ſeeing it is impoſſible for the bow to continue always bent, or that feeble nature can ſubſiſt without ſome innocent recreation.'

Thus far had the canon and curate proceeded in their converſation, when the barber coming up to them, ſaid to his townſman, 'Mr. Licentiate, this is the place in which I propoſed to halt, that the oxen might have freſh paſture in abundance.' The curate approved of the hint, and communicated their intention to the canon, who reſolved to ſtay with them, being invited by the ſituation of a delicious valley that preſented itſelf to his view: that he might therefore enjoy the agreeable ſpot, together with the converſation of the curate, for whom he had already conceived an affection, and be more particularly informed of Don Quixote's exploits, he or-

dered his domestics to proceed to an inn, which was not far off, and bring from thence victuals sufficient for the whole company; for he was resolved to spend the afternoon where he was. One of the servants told him that the sumpter-mule, which by that time had reached the inn, carried provision enough, and that they should want nothing but barley for the beasts. 'If that be the case,' said the canon, 'carry the rest to the inn, and bring the sumpter-mule hither.'

Meanwhile Sancho, perceiving that he might now speak to his master without being overheard by the curate and barber, of whom he was suspicious, approached the cage, and thus addressed himself to the knight: 'Truly, Sir, in order to disburthen my conscience, I must tell you something concerning this same enchantment. These people, with masks on their faces, are no other than the curate and barber of our town, who, I verily believe, have contrived to carry you off in this manner, out of pure envy and spite, because your worship has got the heels of them in your famous achievements: now, this being supposed, it follows as plain as the nose upon my face, that you are not enchanted, but rather fooled and bamboozled. As a proof of which, I desire to ask you one question, which, if you answer, as I do believe you will, your worship may clap your ten fingers on the trick, and perceive that you are not enchanted, but that your whole brain is turned topsy-turvy.'—'Ask what you will, son Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will freely answer, and satisfy your doubts to the best of my power. With regard to your saying that those who attend us are our friends and townsmen, the curate and barber, so indeed they may appear to your eye; but that they are really and effectually so, you must by no means believe: on the contrary, you are to conclude, that if they resemble our friends, the enchanters, who can assume what form they please, have taken that appearance and resemblance, to mislead your credit, and bewilder your imagination in such a labyrinth of perplexity, that even the

clue

clue of Theſeus would not extricate your thoughts. Beſides, they may have done it with a view of confounding my judgment, that I might not be able to gueſs from what quarter my misfortune proceeds; for, if, on the one hand, you affirm that I am attended by the barber and curate of our town; and, on the other hand, I find myſelf encaged; though I am ſenſible that nothing but ſupernatural force could ſuffice to confine me thus; what would you have me ſay or think, but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds every thing I have read in all the hiſtories that treat of enchanted knights? Wherefore ſet your heart at reſt, and take it for granted, that theſe are as far from being the perſons you have mentioned, as I am from being a Turk. With reſpect to thy deſire of aſking me queſtions, I repeat my promiſe of anſwering, even if thy interrogations ſhould laſt till to-morrow morning.' 'God's bleſſed mother!' cried the ſquire, with great vociferation, 'is it poſſible that your worſhip can be ſo thick-ſkulled and brainleſs, as not to perceive the truth of what I alledge, and ſee that this impriſonment and misfortune is more owing to malice than enchantment? But ſeeing it is ſo, I will venture to prove, beyond all contradiction, that you are no more enchanted than my aſs. Tell me, therefore, as God ſhall deliver you from this miſchance, and as you hope to ſee yourſelf in the arms of my Lady Dulcinea, when you leaſt expect any ſuch good luck—' 'Truce with thy conjuration,' ſaid the knight, 'and aſk what thou wilt. I have already promiſed to anſwer with the utmoſt punctuality.' 'That is my requeſt,' anſwered Sancho; 'and what I want to know is, that your worſhip will tell me, without eking or curtailing God's precious truth, but in honeſt ſimplicity of heart, as it ought to be, and always is told by thoſe who, like your worſhip, profeſs the occupation of arms, under the title of knight-errants.' 'I tell thee,' cried the knight, interrupting him, 'I will not in the leaſt prevaricate. Diſpatch then, Sancho, for truly I am quite tired with ſo many ſalvos, ſo-

 licitations,

licitations, and preambles.' 'I make so bold,' replied the squire, 'because I am well aware of my master's goodness and sincerity, which being as it were to the purpose, I ask (with reverence be it spoken) whether or not, since you have been confined, and, as you suppose, enchanted in this cage, your worship hath felt any motion or desire to undam either way, as the saying is?' 'I do not know what you mean by undamming,' answered Don Quixote; 'you must be more explicit, Sancho, if you expect an answer to the purpose.' 'Is it possible,' said the squire, 'that your worship should be ignorant of the meaning of the word undamming, which is the first thing the boys learn at school? Well, then, you must know, I wanted to ask if you never had any inclination to do that which no body else can do for you?' 'Now I understand thee, Sancho,' said the knight: 'verily I have had divers calls of that nature, one of which is at present very importunate: pray fall upon some method to disembarrass me, for I believe all is not so sweet and clean as it ought to be.'

## CHAP. XXII.

*The sage Conversation that passed between Sancho Panza and his Master Don Quixote.*

'HA!' cried Sancho, 'have I caught you at last? This is what I wanted to know with all my heart and soul: come on, Sir, there is no denying of what is commonly said, when any person is in the dumps, I know not what is the matter with such an one; he neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose, when he is spoke to; sure the man must be enchanted: from whence we are to conclude, that those who are enchanted neither eat, drink, sleep, nor do their natural occasions, as I have observed. But this is not the case with such as are disturbed with the inclination that your worship at present feels, drinking when they can get liquor, eating when they can lay hold on food, and giving plain answers to every question that is asked.' 'Thou art in the right,' replied Don Quixote; 'but I have

have already told thee, that there are different kinds of enchantment; and time may have ſo entirely altered the faſhion, that thoſe who are under the power of enchantment in this age, may, like me, retain the uſe of their faculties, though it was quite otherwiſe of old; ſo that there is no arguing or drawing conſequences againſt the different practice of different times. I am ſenſible and certain of my being enchanted, and this is ſufficient for the quiet of my conſcience, which would give me great uneaſineſs if I had the leaſt doubt about my fate, and allowed myſelf to be in this cage like an idle coward, deceitfully withholding my ſuccour from a great number of the needy and oppreſſed, who at this very hour muſt be in the moſt abſolute and extreme neceſſity, from the want of my aid and protection.' 'Neverthelefs,' anſwered the ſquire, 'for your more abundant ſatisfaction, your worſhip, methinks, might try to eſcape from this priſon: for my own part, I'll be bound not only to give my aſſiſtance, but even to work your deliverance, and then you may endeavour to remount your truſty Rozinante, who trudges along as melancholy and ſad as if he was enchanted alſo. This being performed, let us try our fate once more in queſt of adventures; and if they do not turn out to our expectation, it will be time enough to return to the cage, in which I promiſe, on the faith of a true and loyal ſquire, to ſhut myſelf up with your worſhip, if perchance, through your ill fortune or my folly, this that I mention ſhould not ſucceed.' 'I am content to follow thy counſel, brother Sancho,' replied the knight; 'and whenever thou ſhalt perceive a proper conjuncture for effecting my deliverance, I will implicitly obey thee in every thing; but thou wilt ſoon find thyſelf deceived in thy opinion of my miſhap.'

This converſation between the knight-errant and the erring ſquire laſted until they arrived at the place in which the curate, canon, and barber, who had already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner immediately unyoking his oxen, turned them looſe in that verdant and delicious ſpot, the coolneſs of which was extremely inviting,

inviting, not only to enchanted people like Don Quixote, but alſo to perſons of intelligence and diſcretion like his ſquire, who beſought the curate to let his maſter come out of the cage for a few minutes; becauſe, without ſuch permiſſion, the priſon would not be quite ſo clean as the decency of ſuch a knight required. The curate, underſtanding what he meant, told him that he would willingly grant his requeſt, were he not under ſome apprehenſion that his maſter, finding himſelf at liberty, would play one of his old pranks, and be gone where men ſhould never ſee his face again. 'I will be bound for his good behaviour,' anſwered Sancho; 'and I alſo,' ſaid the canon, 'eſpecially if he will promiſe, on the word of a knight, not to ſtir from our preſence until he ſhall have obtained our conſent.'

'I will,' cried the knight, (who overheard all that paſſed;) 'the more ſo, as one, who, like me, is enchanted, cannot be at liberty to make uſe of his own perſon; for the enchanter can ſo utterly deprive him of all motion, that he ſhall not be able to ſtir from the place for three whole ages; and if he ſhould make his eſcape, would whiſk him back through the air in a twinkling.' This being the caſe, he ſaid, they might very ſafely uncage him, eſpecially as ſuch indulgence would redound to the benefit of the whole company; for he proteſted that if they did not comply with his preſent neceſſities, he ſhould be obliged to incommode their ſenſe of ſmelling, unleſs they removed to a greater diſtance from the place of his confinement.

The canon, confiding in his word and honour, took him by the hands, tied as they were, and helped him to deſcend from his cage: then the knight, being infinitely rejoiced at his momentary deliverance, ſtretched every joint in his body, and going up to Rozinante, gave him a ſlap on the buttocks, ſaying, 'I ſtill hope in God and his bleſſed mother, thou flower and mirrour of ſteeds! that in a ſhort time we ſhall both obtain our heart's deſire; thou prancing under the agreeable preſſure of thy lord, and I mounted upon thy truſty back, exerciſing the

employment for which Heaven ſent me into the world.' Having pronounced this apoſtrophe, he retired with Sancho to a remote place, from whence he returned much eaſed and comforted, and more deſirous than ever of executing the project of his ſquire. The canon could not help gazing upon him, being ſtruck with admiration at the ſtrange unaccountable ſymptoms of his diſorder; for in all his converſation and replies, he gave evident proofs of an excellent underſtanding, and never loſt himſelf * except on the ſubject of chivalry, as we have formerly obſerved: he was therefore touched with compaſſion for his infirmity, and when the whole company were ſeated on the graſs, waiting for the return of the ſumpter-mule, addreſſed himſelf to the knight in this manner:

'Is it poſſible, good Sir, that the idle and unlucky reading of books of chivalry can have ſo far impaired your judgment, as that you ſhould now believe yourſelf enchanted, and give credit to other illuſions of the ſame kind, which are as far from being true as truth is diſtant from falſhood? Is it poſſible that the human underſtanding can ſuppoſe that ever this world produced that infinite number of Amadiſes, with the whole crowd of famous knights, ſo many emperors of Trebiſond, Fleximartes' of Hyrcania, palfreys, damſels, ſerpents, dragons, and giants; ſo many incredible adventures, enchantments of different kinds, battles, dreadful encounters, magnificence of apparel, enamoured princeſſes, ſquires, created earls, witty dwarfs, billets, amorous expreſſions, valiant ladies, and finally, ſuch extravagant events as are contained in books of knight errantry? For my own part, when I read a performance of that ſort, without reflecting that it is a legend of vanity and lies, my imagination is a little amuſed; but as ſoon as I begin to conſider it in the right point of view, I daſh the volume againſt the wall, and would even commit it to the flames, (if I ſhould chance to be near a fire,) as a criminal

* Literally, 'Never loſt the ſtirrup.'

a criminal richly deſerving ſuch puniſhment on account of it's falſhood and impoſture, ſo contrary to nature, and bewildered from the track of common ſenſe, and as an inventor of new ſects and prepoſterous ways of life, miſleading and inducing the ignorant vulgar to believe the abſurdities which it contains: nay, ſo preſumptuous are ſuch productions, as to diſturb the minds of gentlemen of birth and education, as may be too plainly perceived by their effects upon you, Signior, whom they have reduced to ſuch a paſs, as to make it neceſſary that you ſhould be cooped up in a cage, and tranſported from place to place on a waggon, like a lion or tyger exhibited as a ſhew for money. Go to, Signior Don Quixote! have pity upon yourſelf, return into the boſom of diſcretion, and put thoſe happy talents which Heaven hath been pleaſed to beſtow upon you to a better uſe, employing your genius in other ſtudies, which may redound to the increaſe of your honour, as well as to the good of your ſoul: or, if ſwayed by your natural inclination, you are ſtill deſirous of reading the hiſtories of exploits and atchievements, you may have recourſe to the book of Judges in the Holy Scriptures, and there you will find real miracles of might, and actions equally valiant and true. Portugal produced a Viriatus, Rome a Cæſar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Caſtile a Count Fernan Gonçales, Valencia a Cid, Andaluſia a Gonzalo Fernandex, Eſtramadura a Diego Garcia de Peredez, Xerez a Garcia Perex de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilaſſo, Seville a Don Manuel de Leon; the hiſtory of their valiant exploits will afford entertainment, inſtruction, ſurprize, and delight, to readers of the moſt ſublime conception. Such ſtudy as this would be worthy of the good ſenſe of Signior Don Quixote, who would thus become learned in hiſtory, enamoured of virtue, improved in worth, bettered in morals, brave without raſhneſs, cautious without cowardice; while the whole would redound to the honour of God, his own particular emolument,

lument, and the renown of La Mancha, from whence I underſtand his family and origin is derived.'

Don Quixote liſtened with infinite attention to this harangue; and even after he perceived it was finiſhed, looked ſtedfaſtly at the canon for ſome time, before he anſwered in theſe words: 'Signior Hidalgo, if I am not miſtaken, the ſcope of your diſcourſe was to convince me that there never were knights-errant in this world; that all the books of chivalry are falſe, deceitful, unprofitable, nay, miſchievous, in a commonwealth; that I have been much to blame in reading, more ſo in believing, and moſt of all in imitating, the characters they deſcribe, by following the moſt painful profeſſion of knight-errantry; and laſtly, you deny that ever there was an Amadis, either of Gaul or Greece, or that any one of that vaſt number of knights recorded in thoſe writings had any real exiſtence.'—'You have exactly ſummed up my allegations,' ſaid the canon. 'You were likewiſe pleaſed to add,' reſumed the knight, 'that ſuch books had done me infinite prejudice, impaired my judgment, and reduced me to the neceſſity of being confined in a cage; and that I would do well to amend and alter my courſe of ſtudies, and to peruſe performances which contain more truth, inſtruction, and delight.'—'That,' ſaid the canon, 'was my preciſe meaning.'—'Why, then,' cried Don Quixote, 'in my opinion the perſon impaired in his judgment, and enchanted, is no other than your worſhip, who have preſumed to utter ſuch blaſphemies againſt an order ſo well received in the world, and eſtabliſhed as truth, that he who, like you, denies it, deſerves the ſame puniſhment you inflicted upon thoſe books that gave you diſguſt; for, to ſay that there never was ſuch a perſon as Amadis, or any other of thoſe adventurous knights with whom hiſtory abounds, is like an endeavour to perſuade people that froſt is not cold, that the ſun yields no light, and the earth no ſuſtenance. Will any earthly eloquence make a man believe, that the ſtory of the infanta Floripes, and Guy of Burgundy, is falſe; or that of Fierabras, with the bridge

bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne, and I vow to God is as true as that the ſun ſhines at noonday? If this be a lie, you may alſo affirm that there never was ſuch an event as the Trojan war, nor ſuch perſons as Hector and Achilles, or the Twelve Peers of France, or Arthur King of England, who to this day ſurvives in the likeneſs of a raven, and is every moment expected to re-aſcend his throne. People may as well venture to ſay, that the hiſtory of Guarino Meſquino, and the ſuit of St. Grial, are pure fiction; and look upon the amours of Don Triſtan and Queen Iſeo, with thoſe of Ginebra and Lancelot, as altogether apocryphal; though there are people who almoſt remember to have ſeen the Duenna Quintanona, who was the beſt wine-ſkinker in Great Britain: this is ſo true, that I myſelf have heard my grandmother by the father's ſide often ſay, when ſhe happened to ſee a Duenna with a reverend biggen*, "Grandſon, there is a perſon very like the Duenna Quintanona." 'From whence I conclude, that ſhe muſt either have known her perſonally, or at leaſt ſeen ſome picture of that venerable matron. Then, who can deny the hiſtory of Peter of Provence and the fair Magalona, ſince, to this day, may be ſeen in the royal armoury the very peg that turned the wooden horſe upon which the valiant Peter travelled through the air; by the ſame token that it is ſomething larger than the pole of a coach, and ſtands near the ſaddle of Babieca. Nay, at Roncevalles you may ſee Orlando's horn, as big as a weaver's beam. From all which circumſtances we may juſtly infer, that the Twelve Peers, the Peters, the Cids, with all thoſe who were called knights errant, actually exiſted, according to the records of their fame; otherwiſe they may as well deny that the valiant Portugueſe, Juan de Merlo, was a knight-errant; though it is well known, that he went to Burgundy, and fought in the city of Ras, with the famous lord of Charne, called Monſeig-

neur

* *Toca*, which is the original word, ſignifies a woman's coif, veil, or handkerchief.

neur Pierre; and afterwards in the city of Basil, with Monseigneur Henrique de Remestan; gaining the victory in each of these combats, with abundance of honourable fame. Neither, I suppose, will they credit the defiance and adventures that were also atchieved in Burgundy, by those valiant Spaniards, Pedro Barba and Guttierra Quixada, (from whom I am lineally descended on the father's side,) who conquered the sons of the Count de St. Paul: nay, let them likewise refuse to own that Don Fernando de Guevara went in quest of adventures into Germany, where he fought with Messire George, a knight of the houshould to the Duke of Austria; and say that the justs and tournaments at Suero de Quinones, and the pass, were mere illusion, as well as the enterprizes of Monseigneur Lewis de Falses, against Don Gonçalo de Guzman, a Castilian knight, together with many other exploits performed by Christian warriors, belonging to these and other foreign realms, so authentic and true, that (I repeat my asseveration) he who denies them is void of all reason and common sense.'

The canon was struck with admiration when he heard Don Quixote utter such a medley of fiction and truth; and perceiving that he was intimately acquainted with every circumstance regarding and concerning the atchievements of knight-errantry, answered him in these words: 'Signior Don Quixote, I cannot deny but what you have said is partly true, particularly that which regards the Spanish knights; I grant also that there was an order called the Twelve Peers of France, but cannot believe that they performed all those exploits recounted by archbishop Turpin; for the truth is, they were a set of knights chosen by the kings of France, under the title of the Twelve Peers, because they were all equal in point of virtue, rank, and valour; at least, if they were not, they ought to have been possessed of this parity of qualifications; for it was an association resembling the modern orders of St Jago and Calatrava, which supposes, that every member is valiant, virtuous,

and

and noble; and as we now ſay a knight of St. Juan or Alcantara, in thoſe days they ſaid a knight of the Twelve Peers; becauſe thoſe who profeſſed that military order were equal in all reſpects, and twelve in number. That there were ſuch perſons as the Cid and Bernardo del Carpio, I make no queſtion; but whether or not they performed all thoſe exploits which are aſcribed to them, is, I believe, extremely doubtful. With reſpect to the peg of Count Peter, which you ſay ſtands by the ſaddle of Babieca in the royal armoury, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I am either ſo ignorant or ſhort-ſighted, that, although I have ſeen the ſaddle, I could never obſerve the peg, large as you have been pleaſed to deſcribe it.'—'But there certainly is,' replied the knight; 'and what makes it the more remarkable, it is ſaid to be kept in a caſe of calve's leather, that it may not ruſt.'—'It may be ſo,' ſaid the canon; 'but, by my holy orders! I do not remember to have ſeen any ſuch thing; yet, granting it to be in that place, I am not therefore bound to believe the ſtories that are recounted of ſo many Amadiſes, and ſuch a rabble of knights; nor is it reaſonable, that a perſon of honour, like you, endowed with ſo many happy talents, ſhould give credit to ſuch extravagant rhodomontades as are related in the lying legends of knight-errantry.'

## CHAP. XXIII.

### *Of the ſage Conteſt between Don Quixote and the Canon; with other Events.*

'A GOOD jeſt, truly,' replied Don Quixote, 'that books, printed with the licence of kings, and approbation of thoſe who are appointed to examine them, read with univerſal delight, celebrated by great and ſmall, rich and poor, knights and plebeians, the learned and illiterate; finally, by perſons of all ranks and degrees whatever; ſhould contain nothing but lies; notwithſtanding the appearance of truth which they maintain, in mentioning the father, mother, country, relations, condition, birth-place; and in giving an exact journal

journal of the exploits peculiar to every individual knight. Ceaſe, therefore, good Sir, to vent ſuch blaſphemy, and believe that in this particular, I adviſe you to act according to the dictates of good ſenſe: read them again, and you will ſee what pleaſure you will reap for your pains; for what can be more entertaining than to ſee, as it were, before our eyes, a vaſt lake of boiling pitch, through which an infinite number of ſerpents, ſnakes, and alligators, with many other kinds of fierce and terrible creatures, are continually winding and writhing along; then to hear a moſt diſmal voice, that ſeems to iſſue from the middle of this pitchy pool, pronounce, "O knight, whoſoever thou art, that now ſtandeſt gazing at the dreadful lake, if thou wouldſt enjoy the bliſs that is concealed beneath theſe ſable waves, diſplay the valour of thy dauntleſs breaſt, and dart thyſelf amidſt theſe black and burning billows; otherwiſe, thou art not worthy to behold the mighty wonders depoſited and contained within the ſeven caſtles of the ſeven nymphs, that dwell below this ſullen flood." 'Scarce hath the ſound of this diſmal voice ceaſed to vibrate on his ear, when the knight, without the leaſt heſitation, or reflecting upon the danger he incurs, nay, without putting off his heavy armour, but recommending himſelf to God and his miſtreſs, plunges at once into the burning lake; and when he neither cares nor knows what will be his fate, finds himſelf in the midſt of a delightful plain, by which the Elyſian fields are infinitely excelled: there the heaven ſeems more tranſparent, and the ſun ſhines with new luſtre; the eye is entertained with an agreeable foreſt of tall and leafy trees, whoſe verdure delights the view; while the ear is regaled with the ſweet and artleſs notes of an infinite number of little painted warblers, that hop from bough to bough; here he perceives a brook, whoſe refreſhing waters, clear as liquid chryſtal, run murmuring on the yellow ſand, and gliſtening pebbles, that emulate the pureſt pearls, and heaps of ſifted gold.

'In one place ſprings an artificial fountain, adorned with variegated jaſper and poliſhed marble; in another riſes a ruſtic grotto, in which the ſmall ſhells of the muſſel, and the white and yellow twiſted domes of the ſnail, placed in beauteous diſorder, and mixed with bits of ſhining chryſtal and counterfeit emeralds, compoſe ſuch an agreeable variety, that nature ſeems to be excelled by imitative art. In a third place, all of a ſudden, appears a ſtrong caſtle, or magnificent palace, the walls of maſſy gold, the battlements of diamonds, the gates of hyacinth, and, finally, the workmanſhip ſo admirable, as infinitely to excel the materials, which are no leſs than adamant, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, emeralds, and gold. Nay, after having thus feaſted his eyes, there ſtill remains for him to ſee a fair bevy of damſels coming out at the caſtle gate, dreſſed in ſuch gay and ſplendid attire, that were I to deſcribe it minutely, as it is repreſented in the hiſtory, I ſhould never have done. Then ſhe who appears the principal, takes by the hand the undaunted knight, who threw himſelf into the boiling-lake, and ſilently leading him into the rich caſtle or palace, ſtrips him as naked as he was when his mother bore him, and bathes him in water of an agreeable temperature, then anoints his whole body with aromatic eſſences, and puts upon him a ſhirt of the fineſt lawn, all ſcented and perfumed; then comes another damſel, and throws over his ſhoulders a mantle, which at leaſt is uſually valued at the price of a whole city, or more. After all this ceremony, what a ſight it is, when as they relate, he is conducted into another hall, in which a table is furniſhed with ſuch elegance as to excite his admiration and ſuſpence! when they ſprinkle upon his hands water diſtilled from amber and odoriferous flowers! when he is ſeated upon a chair of ivory, and attended by all thoſe damſels, who ſerve him in amazing ſilence! when he is allured by ſuch a variety of diſhes, and ſo ſavourily cooked, that the appetite is confounded in its choice! Then to hear muſic during his repaſt, without ſeeing the minſtrel, or knowing from

whence

whence the ſound proceeds; and after he has refreſhed himſelf, and the table is uncovered, while he lolls at eaſe upon his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, according to cuſtom, he is ſurprized with the ſight of another young lady, much more beautiful than any of the former, who enters the hall, and ſitting down by the knight, begins to tell him whoſe caſtle that is, and how ſhe is enchanted within it, relating other circumſtances, which create wonder in him, and raiſe the admiration of thoſe who read the ſtory. I need not farther expatiate on this ſubject, ſince, from what hath been ſaid, it plainly appears, that any part whatever of the hiſtory of any knight-errant whatever, muſt yield pleaſure and ſurprize to any reader whatſoever. Believe me, therefore, good Sir, and as I have already hinted, take the trouble of reading thoſe books, and you will ſee what effectual antidotes they are againſt melancholy, and how they improve the diſpoſition when it is bad. For my own part, I can ſafely aver, that ſince I profeſſed the order of knight errantry, I have been valiant, courteous, liberal, well bred, generous, civil, daring, good-humoured, and a patient endurer of toils, captivities, and enchantment; and though I ſo lately found myſelf ſhut up in a cage like a madman, I hope, by the valour of this my arm, provided Heaven ſhall favour, and fortune ceaſe to oppoſe me, in a few days to ſee myſelf ſovereign of ſome kingdom, when I ſhall be enabled to demonſtrate the gratitude and generoſity which reſide within my breaſt; for, truly, Signior, a poor man is incapable of exerting the virtue of liberality, let him poſſeſs it in never ſo eminent a degree; and that gratitude which is reſtrained to good will alone, is like faith without works, no more than the ghoſt of virtue. Wherefore I wiſh fortune would ſpeedily furniſh me with an opportunity of making myſelf an emperor, that I may exerciſe the virtues of my heart, in beſtowing benefits on my friends, eſpecially on my poor ſquire Sancho Panza, one of the beſt men in the world, whom I intend to create an earl, in conſequence of a promiſe

 which

which he obtained from me long ago, though I fear he wants capacity to manage his eſtate.'

Theſe laſt words being overheard by Sancho, he ſaid to his maſter, 'Signior Don Quixote, I wiſh you would take the trouble to give me that ſame earldom, which is as firmly promiſed by your worſhip as expected by me, and I will undertake to find ability to manage it; or, if I ſhould find myſelf at a loſs, I have heard it often ſaid, that there are certain perſons who farm the eſtates of great noblemen at ſo much a year, and take charge of the whole, while the owner lolls at his eaſe, enjoying his income, without troubling his noddle about any other affairs. Now, I would live in the very ſame manner, minding the cares of this world as little as poſſible; but, leaving off all ſorts of buſineſs, enjoy my rents like any duke, and let the world wag.'—'Brother Sancho,' ſaid the canon, 'that is to be underſtood only of the ſpending your income; but the lord of a great eſtate muſt have regard to the adminiſtration of juſtice, which requires ability, ſound judgment, and principally an upright intention; for if this be wanting in the beginning, the middle and end will always be involved in error; and therefore Heaven uſually aſſiſts the righteous intent of the ſimple, while it confounds the wicked aims of the cunning.'—'I know nothing of theſe philoſophies,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but this I know, that I wiſh to God I had this earldom, as ſoon as I ſhould find underſtanding to manage it; for I have as big a ſoul as my neighbours, and as much body as he that hath more; and would be as much a king in my own eſtate, as any he that wears a head: and ſo being, I would do what I pleaſed; and doing what I pleaſed, I ſhould pleaſe myſelf; and pleaſing myſelf, I ſhould be ſatisfied; and in being ſatisfied, I ſhould have nothing more to deſire; and having nothing more to deſire, there would be an end; ſo let the earldom come a God's name! I wiſh we could ſee it, as one blind man ſaid to another.'—'Theſe are no bad philoſophies, as you call them, Sancho,' ſaid the canon;

canon; 'but, for all that, there is much to be ſaid on the ſubject of earldoms.' 'I know not what more can be ſaid,' replied Don Quixote, for my own part, I do no more than follow the example tranſmitted to me by the great Amadis de Gaul, who created his ſquire earl of the Firm Iſland; and therefore I may, without ſcruple of conſcience, beſtow the ſame honour on Sancho Panza, who is one of the beſt ſquires that ever ſerved knight-errant.'

The canon was amazed at the methodical madneſs of Don Quixote, manifeſted in his deſcription of the Knight of the Lake; and in the impreſſion which the falſe adventures of chivalry had made upon his imagination; neither was his wonder diminiſhed, when he conſidered the folly of Sancho, who ſo ardently deſired the poſſeſſion of that iſland which his maſter had promiſed to give him as the reward of his ſervices.

By this time the canon's ſervants had returned from the inn, with the ſumpter-mule; and, inſtead of a table, ſpread a carpet on the green graſs, under the ſhade of ſome trees, where the company ſeating themſelves all round, went to dinner, that the waggoner might not loſe the opportunity of ſuch a convenient ſituation as we have already obſerved. While they thus enjoyed themſelves, their ears were ſtruck with a ſudden noiſe, and the ſound of a bell, iſſuing from the midſt of ſome briars and thickets that ſurrounded the place where they ſat; and immediately appeared a beautiful ſhe-goat, her ſkin ſpeckled with ſpots of white, black, and grey, followed by the goatherd; who, in his ruſtic dialect, called to her to ſtop, and return to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling with affright, came towards the company, and there ſtopped, as if to implore their protection; while her keeper, ſeizing her by the horns, accoſted her in theſe words, as if ſhe had been poſſeſſed of ſenſe and underſtanding: 'Ah! you ſpotted wanton, what a rambler you have become of late! the wolves will feaſt upon you one day; what is the matter with you, my pretty child? Yet what elſe can it be but that

that you are a female, and consequently inconstant! A plague upon your disposition, and all those you resemble: Return, return, my darling; and if you are not so happy, at least you will be more secure, in the fold among your companions! for if you, who ought to watch over and guide the rest, stray about in this imprudent manner, what must become of them?'

These words of the goatherd diverted those who heard them, especially the canon, who said to him, 'I beseech you, brother, to pacify yourself, and be not in such a hurry to drive back your goat, which, being a female, as you observe, will follow her natural disposition, in spite of all you can do to oppose it. Take this morsel, and assuage your choler with a cup of wine, and in the mean time the goat will repose herself.'

So saying, he presented to him, on the point of a fork, the hind quarter of a cold rabbit, which was thankfully accepted by the goatherd; who, having taken a long draught, and composed himself, said to the company, 'Gentlemen, you must not take me for a simpleton, because I talk of this animal as if it were a rational creature; for really there is a mystery concealed beneath the words I have uttered. I am a peasant, it is true, yet not so rustick but that I know how to converse with men as well as beasts.' 'I firmly believe what you say,' replied the curate; 'for I myself have experienced that the mountains produce learned men, and that philosophers are to be found within the shepherd's cot.' 'At least,' resumed the goatherd, 'the cottage may contain those who are warned by woeful experience; and to convince you feelingly, that what I alledge is true, I, though undesired, and self-invited, saving the good pleasure of this good company, entreat a moment's hearing, while I recount a true story, which will confirm what the gentleman,' pointing to the curate, 'and myself have observed.'

To this proposal Don Quixote replied, 'As this affair seems to bear something of the shadow of an adventure, I for my part will gladly give you the hearing, brother,

brother, and ſo will all thoſe gentlemen, who are perſons of taſte, and lovers of curious novels, that ſurprize, delight, and entertain the ſenſible hearer; for I hope your ſtory will certainly produce theſe agreeable effects: begin then, friend; we are all attention.' 'By your leave,' cried Sancho, 'I will e'en betake myſelf with this piece of paſty to yonder brook, and lay in ſtore for three days; for I have heard my maſter Don Quixote obſerve, that the ſquire of a knight-errant ought to eat as often and as much as he can; becauſe they are frequently ſo bewildered in woods and foreſts, that it will take them ſix whole days to diſengage themſelves; and if a man's belly or his bags be not well lined with proviſion, there he may ſtay, as he often does, till he withers into perfect mummy.' 'You are in the right, Sancho,' ſaid the knight: 'go where you will, and eat as much as you pleaſe: for my own part, my groſſer appetite is ſatisfied, and now I want refreſhment for the mind, which I ſhall enjoy in liſtening to this honeſt countryman's ſtory.' 'We ſhall all ſhare in the repaſt,' replied the canon, who entreated the peaſant to perform his promiſe.

Then the goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two ſlaps on the buttocks, ſaying, 'Lie down by my ſide, you ſpeckled Nanny; we ſhall have time enough to return to the fold. The creature ſeemed to underſtand his meaning; for he was no ſooner ſet than ſhe lay down very quietly, and looking in his face, gave him to underſtand, that ſhe was attentive to what he was going to ſay; upon which he began his ſtory in theſe words.

## *The Story which the Goatherd recounted to the Conductors of Don Quixote.*

'THREE leagues from this valley ſtands a village, which, tho' ſmall, is one of the richeſt in all this country; and therein dwelt a farmer in great repute: and albeit reſpect follows worldly wealth, he was more beloved for his virtue than reſpected for his riches; but

what he regarded as the beſt part of his good fortune, (as he himſelf was wont to ſay) was a daughter he had, of ſuch exceeding beauty, rare diſcretion, modeſty, and grace, that every one who ſaw and knew her, marvelled at the happy talents with which Heaven and nature had enriched her body and her ſoul. In the cradle ſhe was handſome, and continually increaſed in beauty, till at the age of ſixteen ſhe was a moſt enchanting creature: the fame of her charms began to ſpread over all the neighbouring villages; but why need I ſay the neighbouring villages! it extended to diſtant cities, and even made it's way into the king's court, filling the ears of all ſorts of people, who came from all parts to ſee her, as if ſhe had been ſome great curioſity, or miracle-working image. Her father watched over her with great care, and ſhe took great care of herſelf; for, truly, a maiden's own prudent reſerve is a better guard upon her conduct than all the bolts, and ſpies, and padlocks upon earth. The father's wealth, and the daughter's beauty, moved a great many people, both of town and country, to demand her in marriage; but he, like one who has the diſpoſal of a rich jewel, was perplexed in his mind, and could not determine in favour of any one of the infinite number that ſolicited his conſent. Among the crowd of her ſuitors, I was one who conceived great and flattering hopes of ſucceſs, becauſe her father knew me to be his townſman, of an honeſt family, in the flower of my age, rich in wealth, and in point of underſtanding not very poor. She was alſo courted by another young man of our town, who was in every reſpect my equal; ſo that her father was perplexed, and wavered in his choice, becauſe he thought his daughter would be well beſtowed upon either of us; wherefore, in order to deliver himſelf from this ſuſpence, he reſolved to communicate our demands to Leandra, (for that is the name of this wealthy maiden, who hath made me miſerable,) and ſince we were equal in all qualifications, to refer the whole affair to the choice and deciſion of his beloved daughter. An example worthy

to

to be followed by every father in the ſettlement of his children: not that I would have parents leave them to their own choice, in things that are manifeſtly wicked and baſe; but firſt propoſe a number of prudent ſchemes, out of which they may be allowed to fix upon that which is moſt to their liking. I know not to which of us Leandra gave the preference; this only I know, that her father put us off, on pretence of his daughter's tender years, in general terms, which neither laid him under any obligation, nor gave us any cauſe of complaint. I think proper to tell you, that I am called Eugenio, and my rival Anſelmo, that you may be acquainted with the names of the perſons principally concerned in this tragedy, which is ſtill depending; though one may eaſily foreſee, that it muſt have a melancholy end.

'But, to return to my ſtory: juſt about that time, there came to our town one Vincent de La Roſa, the ſon of a poor labouring man that lived in the village: this Vincent, who was juſt returned from being a ſoldier in Italy, and other foreign parts, had been carried away, when he was a boy about twelve years of age, by a captain that chanced to march through the town with his company; and now, after an abſence of another dozen of years, he returned, in the garb of a ſoldier, pinked up in a thouſand colours, and bedecked with a power of glaſs toys and ſlender chains of ſteel. To-day he dreſſed himſelf out in one gay ſuit, to-morrow in another: but all his finery and gewgaws were of little weight or value. The labouring people, who are naturally malicious, nay, when idleneſs gives them opportunity, downright malice itſelf, obſerved and took an exact account of all his ornaments and fine apparel, and found that he had no more than three ſuits of different colours, with garters and hoſe; but he found means to diſguiſe them by ſuch inventions, that one who had not been at the pains to detect him, would have ſworn that he had appeared in more than ten different dreſſes, and upwards of twenty plumes of feathers;

and

and you muſt not think it impertinent or fooliſh in me to give you this account of his cloaths, becauſe they bear a conſiderable ſhare in the ſtory. He uſed to ſeat himſelf upon a ſtone, under a tall poplar that grew in our market-place, and there keep us all gaping around him at the exploits which he recounted: if you would take his word for it, there was not a country on the face of the earth which he had not ſeen, nor a battle in which he had not ſerved: he had killed a greater number of Moors than ever Tunis or Morocco produced; and, by his own account, fought more ſingle combats than were ever maintained by Gante, Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredez, and a thouſand more whom he named, gaining the victory in each, without loſing one ſingle drop of his blood; then he would ſhew the marks of wounds, which, though not to be diſtinguiſhed, he gave us to underſtand were the effects of muſket ſhot he had received in different actions and encounters; finally, with incredible arrogance, he uſed to *thou* his own equals, even thoſe who knew his extraction, and ſay that his own arm was his father, his family the work of his own hands, and being a ſoldier, he owed nothing even to the king himſelf: with all his boaſting, he knew ſomething of muſic, and could thrum upon the guittar, ſo as that ſome people ſaid he made it ſpeak. But his talents did not end here; for he was alſo a piece of a poet, and wrote ballads a league and a half long, upon every ſilly trifle that happened in the village. Well, then, this ſoldier whom I have deſcribed, this Vincent de La Roſa, this braggadocio, this gallant, this muſician, and poet, was often ſeen and obſerved by Leandra from the window of her apartment, that looked towards the market-place. She was captivated by the tinſel of his gaudy cloaths, and enchanted by his ballads; for he gave away twenty copies of each that he compoſed; the feats he related of himſelf, reached her ears: in ſhort, (as the devil himſelf muſt certainly have ordained,) ſhe fell in love with him, even before he had the preſumption to make any attempt upon her heart;

and,

and, as in the affairs of love every thing is eaſily accompliſhed by the man who is already in poſſeſſion of the woman's affection, Leandra and Vincent ſoon came to a right underſtanding; and before any one of her numerous admirers had the leaſt inkling of her inclination, ſhe had already gratified it, by leaving the houſe of her loving and indulgent father, (mother ſhe had none,) and running away with the ſoldier, who triumphed in that enterprize, and more effectually than in any one he had ever undertaken.

'This event filled not only the whole village, but likewiſe all who heard of it, with admiration: I, for my part, was amazed, Anſelmo aſtoniſhed, the father overwhelmed with ſorrow, and the relations with ſhame. Juſtice, however, being ſolicited, the troopers immediately took the road, examined every copſe and thicket thereabouts, and, after a ſearch of three days, found the giddy Leandra in the cave of a mountain, naked to the ſ[illegible]k, and ſtripped of a great quantity of money and precious jewels, which ſhe had carried off when ſhe made her eſcape. When ſhe was brought back to the preſence of her afflicted father, and queſtioned about her misfortune, ſhe frankly owned that Vincent de La Roſa had impoſed upon her; that, under promiſe of marriage, he had perſuaded her to forſake her father's houſe, promiſing to conduct her to Naples, which, he ſaid, was the moſt beautiful and flouriſhing city in the whole world; that ſhe inadvertently and fondly believed his falſe profeſſions, and robbing her father, put herſelf under his protection that ſame night ſhe was miſſed, when he carried her to a rocky mountain, and confined her in the cave where ſhe was found: ſhe likewiſe affirmed that the ſoldier, without making any attempt upon her virtue, had ſtripped her of all ſhe had, and left her in that forlorn condition; a circumſtance that ſurprized all who heard it, the ſoldier's continence being ſo incredible; but ſhe inſiſted upon it with ſuch earneſt aſſeverations, that the diſconſolate father was in ſome ſort comforted, making little account of the

money he had loſt, ſince his daughter was allowed to keep the jewel which, when once loſt, there is no hope of retrieving.

‘ The ſame day that Leandra appeared, her father removed her from our eyes, and ſhut her up in a monaſtery of a neighbouring town, hoping that time would efface ſome part of the bad opinion his daughter had incurred. The tender years of Leandra ſerved as an excuſe for her miſconduct, eſpecially with thoſe who are not concerned in the affair; but thoſe who know her diſcretion and good ſenſe, do not aſcribe her fault to ignorance, but to mere levity, and the natural diſpoſition of women, which is always injudicious and imperfect. Leandra being thus ſecured, Anſelmo's eyes were blind to every thing that could yield him pleaſure; and mine remained in darkneſs, without the leaſt glimpſe of light to direct them to any agreeable object: the abſence of Leandra increaſed our affliction, and exhauſted our patience; we curſed the ſoldier's finery, and exclaimed againſt her father's want of care. At length we agreed to quit the village, and repair to this valley, where, he feeding a vaſt flock of ſheep, which are his own property, and I tending a numerous fold of goats, which are alſo mine, we ſpend our lives under the cool ſhade of lofty trees, and give vent to our paſſion, either by ſinging, in concert, the praiſe or diſpraiſe of the beautiful Leandra, or each by himſelf ſighing in the lonely grove, and ejaculating his complaint to Heaven. In imitation of us, many more of Leandra's lovers have betaken themſelves to theſe rugged mountains, and the exerciſe of the ſame employment; ſo that this ſpot ſeems to be transformed into a paſtoral Arcadia, every field being crouded with ſhepherds and folds, and every corner reſounding with the name of the fair Leandra. One curſes and calls her fickle, inconſtant, and immodeſt; a ſecond condemns her credulity and lightneſs of behaviour; a third acquits and forgives her, while ſhe is arraigned and reproached by a fourth; ſome celebrate her beauty; others find fault with

with her diſpoſition: in ſhort, ſhe is cenſured and adored by them all; nay, to ſuch a pitch hath their extravagance riſen, that ſome of them complain of her diſdain, though they never ſpoke to her; and others, in their lamentations, pretend to feel the rage of jealouſy, which is a paſſion ſhe never inſpired; for, as I have already mentioned, her fault was known before her inclination was ſuſpected: there is not the hollow of a rock, the margin of a rill, nor the ſhade of a tree, that is not occupied by ſome ſhepherd, recounting his misfortune to the winds; wherever an echo can be formed, it repeats the name of Leandra; the hills reſound with Leandra; the rivulets murmur Leandra; in ſhort, Leandra keeps us all enchanted and perplexed, hoping we know not how, and dreading we know not what. Among the wrong-headed ſociety, he that ſhews the leaſt, though he has the greateſt ſhare of judgment, is my rival Anſelmo; who, notwithſtanding all the cauſe he has to be diſſatisfied, complains of abſence only, turning his lamentation to the ſound of the rebeck, which he touches with admirable ſkill, in verſes that ſhew the excellence of his genius. I follow a more eaſy, and, in my opinion, a wiſer courſe, namely, to inveigh againſt the levity of the female ſex; their fickleneſs, their double dealing, their rotten promiſes, their broken faith; and, finally, their want of judgment in beſtowing their affections. Theſe, gentlemen, are my reaſons for the diſcourſe you heard me addreſs to my goat, whom (becauſe ſhe is a female) I deſpiſe, altho' ſhe be the beſt of the fold. This is the ſtory I promiſed to recount, and if I have been prolix in the narration, I ſhall not be brief in what ſervice you ſhall pleaſe to command. Hard by is my cottage, in which I have plenty of new milk, and moſt ſavoury cheeſe, with abundance of the fruit in ſeaſon, no leſs agreeable to the taſte than to the view.'

## CHAP. XXV.

### *Of the Quarrel that happened between Don Quixote and the Goatherd, with the curious Adventure of the Disciplinants, which the Knight happily atchieved with the Sweat of his Brow.*

THIS ſtory of the goatherd gave infinite pleaſure to all that heard it, eſpecially to the canon, who obſerved, with admiration, his manner of relating it, as diſtant from the ruſtic phraſe of a peaſant as near approaching to the polite ſtile of a courtier; and therefore he ſaid, the curate had juſtly obſerved, that the mountains ſometimes produced learned men. Every body made proffers of ſervice to Eugenio; but he that ſhewed himſelf moſt liberal in compliment was Don Quixote, who ſaid to him, 'Truly, brother goatherd, were it poſſible for me to undertake any new adventure, I would forthwith ſet forward in your behalf, and deliver Leandra from that monaſtry, in which ſhe is, doubtleſs, detained againſt her will, in ſpite of the abbeſs and all that ſhould oppoſe my deſign; and would put her into your hands to be treated according to your good will and pleaſure, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the laws of chivalry, by which all damſels are protected from wrongs: though I hope in God, that a malicious enchanter ſhall not ſo far prevail, but that he may be excelled in power, by another of a more righteous diſpoſition; and then you may depend upon my favour and aſſiſtance, according to the duty of my profeſſion, which is no other than to ſuccour the wretched and the weak.'

The goatherd ſtared at Don Quixote, and being ſtruck with admiration at his rueful aſpect and diſhevelled locks, ſaid to the barber, who ſat near him, 'Signior, pray, who is that man who looks and talks ſo wildly?' 'Who ſhould it be,' anſwered the barber, 'but the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha! the redreſſer of grievances, the righter of wrongs, the protector of damſels,

damſels, the terror of giants, and thunder bolt of war?' 'That diſcourſe,' replied the peaſant, 'puts me in mind of thoſe books which treat of knights errant, who were commonly diſtinguiſhed by ſuch titles as you beſtow on that man: but, I ſuppoſe, you are pleaſed to be merry, or elſe the apartments of this poor gentleman's ſkull are but indifferently furniſhed.'

'You are a moſt impudent raſcal!' (cried the knight, over-hearing what he ſaid:) 'it is your ſkull that is unfurniſhed and unſound; but mine is more pregnant than the abominable whore that brought you forth.' So ſaying, he ſnatched up a loaf, and flung it at the goatherd with ſuch fury, that he levelled his noſe with his face.

Eugenio, who did not underſtand raillery, finding himſelf maltreated in earneſt, without any reſpect for the carpet, table-cloth, or company, leaped upon the knight, and laying hold of his collar, with both hands, would certainly have ſtrangled him, if Sancho Panza had not at that inſtant ſprung to his maſter's aſſiſtance, and pulling his antagoniſt backwards, tumbled him over upon the table, where plates, cups, victuals, wine, and all went to wreck. Don Quixote finding himſelf diſengaged, aroſe, and, in his turn, got upon the goat-herd, who being battered by the maſter, and kicked by the man, was creeping about on all fours in queſt of a table knife, with which he intended to take ſome bloody revenge, but was prevented by the canon and curate: the goatherd, however, managed matters ſo as that he got the knight under him, when he rained ſuch a ſhower of kicks and cuffs upon his carcaſe, that our hero's countenance was as much overflowed with blood as his own; the curate and canon were ready to burſt with laughing, the troopers capered about with joy, and the whole company hallooed, according to the practice of the ſpectators when two dogs are engaged: Sancho Panza alone was diſtracted, becauſe he could not get out of the clutches of one of the canon's ſervants, who hindered him from aſſiſting his maſter. In fine, the

when every body was thus regaled and rejoiced, except the combatants, who worried each other, they heard a trumpet utter ſuch a melancholy note, that they could not help turning their heads, and looking towards the place from whence the ſound ſeemed to come: but he on whom it made the greateſt impreſſion was Don Quixote; who, though lying under his antagoniſt, very much againſt his inclination, and more than ſufficiently pummelled, ſaid to the goatherd, 'Brother devil, (for ſure thou canſt be nothing elſe, who haſt ſtrength and valour ſufficient to overcome my efforts,) I beg a truce for one hour only; becauſe the doleful ſound of that trumpet, which ſalutes our ears, ſeems to ſummon me to ſome new adventure.'

The goatherd being by this time heartily tired of drubbing as well as of being drubbed, immediately complied with his requeſt; and Don Quixote ſtarting up, directed his view towards the place whence the ſound ſeemed to iſſue, where he deſcribed a great number of people dreſſed in white like diſciplinants, coming down the ſide of a neighbouring hill. That year the heavens had withheld refreſhing ſhowers from the earth; and through all the villages of that diſtrict the people inſtituted proceſſions, diſciplines, and prayers, beſeeching God to open the fountains of his mercy, and favour them with rain: for this purpoſe, the inhabitants of a neighbouring village were then going in proceſſion to a holy hermitage built on an eminence that ſkirted the valley; and Don Quixote ſeeing the ſtrange dreſs of the diſciplinants,* without recollecting that he had frequently ſeen ſuch habits before, concluded the whole to be an adventure, which it was the province of him as a knight-errant to atchieve: what ſerved to confirm him in this notion, was an image cloathed in black, which was carried before them, and which he ſuppoſed to be ſome princeſs whom thoſe diſcourteous robbers were carrying off by force. This

* Perſons hired to whip themſelves on ſuch occaſions.

This whim no ſooner entered his brain, than he ran with great agility to Rozinante, who was feeding very quietly, and taking the bridle and ſhield, which hung upon the pummel of the ſaddle, clapped the bit in his mouth in a twinkling, and demanding his ſword from Sancho, mounted his ſteed, and braced his target, calling aloud to the company, 'Now, honourable gentlemen, ye ſhall perceive the importance of thoſe who profeſs the order of knight-errantry! Now, I ſay, ye ſhall, in the deliverance of that excellent lady, who is at preſent a captive, behold how much knight-errants ought to be eſteemed.'

So ſaying, he clapped his heels to Rozinante, (ſpurs he had none,) and at a hand-gallop (for we do not find in this true hiſtory that ever Rozinante went full-ſpeed) rode up to attack the diſciplinants. Though the canon, curate and barber, made efforts to detain him, they found it impracticable: he was even deaf to the cries of Sancho, who bawled, with great vociferation, 'Where are you going, Signior Don Quixote? what devil poſſeſſes and provokes you to act againſt our Catholick faith! Take notice—a plague upon me!—take notice that this is no other than a proceſſion of diſciplinants; and that lady, carried on the bier, the bleſſed image of the immaculate Virgin! Conſider, Signior, what you are about, for ſure I am you do not know!'

In vain did Sancho ſtrain his lungs: his maſter was ſo intent upon overtaking the apparitions, and ſetting the lady in black at liberty, that he heard not one ſyllable; nor if he had, would he have returned, even if the king had commanded him ſo to do. When he approached the proceſſion, he ſtopped Rozinante, who was already out of breath, and, with a hoarſe diſordered voice, pronounced, 'You there, who perhaps diſguiſe yourſelves for no good, ſtop, and give ear to what I am going to ſay.'

Thoſe who carried the image were the firſt that halted; and one of the four prieſts who ſung the litanies, obſerving the ſtrange aſpect of Don Quixote, the lean-

neſs of Rozinante, with other ridiculous circumſtances belonging to both, anſwered in theſe words: 'Friend, if you have any thing to ſay, ſpeak quickly; for theſe our brethren are all this while ſcourging their own fleſh; and we cannot, nor is it reaſonable we ſhould, tarry to hear any thing that cannot be comprehended in two words.' 'I will comprehend what I have to ſay in one,' replied the knight; 'and it is this: I command you inſtantly to ſet free that beautiful lady, whoſe tears and melancholy deportment clearly demonſtrate that you are carrying her off, contrary to her inclination, after having done her ſome notorious wrong; and I, who was born to redreſs ſuch grievances, will not ſuffer you to proceed one ſtep farther, until ſhe ſhall have obtained that liberty ſhe deſerves.'

From theſe words, concluding that he muſt be ſome madman, all of them began to laugh very heartily; and their mirth acting as a train of gunpowder to the knight's choler, he drew his ſword, and, without uttering another word, attacked the bearers; one of whom, leaving his ſhare of the load to his companions, oppoſed himſelf to this aggreſſor, brandiſhing a fork or pole, on which (when they were wearied) they ſupported the bier. Don Quixote, with a furious back-ſtroke, cut this implement in two; but with the piece which remained in the hand of the defendant, received ſuch a thwack upon the ſhoulder above his ſword arm, that his buckler was unable to ſuſtain the ſhock of ſuch a rude aſſault, and down came the poor knight, in a moſt lamentable condition.

Sancho Panza, who came puffing after his maſter, ſeeing him fall, called aloud to his antagoniſt to forbear; for he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never done the leaſt harm to man, woman, or child; but the peaſant's forbearance was not owing to this exclamation of the ſquire, ſo much as to the ſituation of Don Quixote, who neither moved hand nor foot; ſo that believing he had done his buſineſs, he haſtily gathered up his frock, and fled through the field as nimble as a buck. By this

time

time the whole company were come up to the place where Don Quixote lay; and thoſe belonging to the proceſſion ſeeing ſo many people running towards them, accompanied by the troopers with their croſs-bows, began to be in dread of ſome miſchievous event, and formed themſelves into a circle around the image: then the diſciplinants, lifting up their hoods, and wielding their ſcourges, and the prieſts their long tapers, waited the aſſault with full determination to defend themſelves, and, if poſſible, act offenſively againſt all who ſhould attack them. But fortune diſpoſed of things more favourable than they expected; for all that Sancho did, was to throw himſelf upon the body of his maſter, who he believed was actually dead, and utter the moſt doleful and ludicrous lamentation that ever was heard. The curate was immediately known by a brother of the cloth, who belonged to the proceſſion, and this acquaintance diſpelled the apprehenſion which both ſquadrons had began to conceive. Our licentiate told his friend in a few words who Don Quixote was, upon which he and the whole crowd of diſciplinants went to ſee whether or not the poor knight was dead, and heard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, lamenting in theſe words: 'O flower of chivalry, who, by the ſingle ſtroke of a cudgel, haſt finiſhed the career of thy well-ſpent life! O thou honour of thy family, thou glory of La Mancha! aye, and of the whole world, which, being deprived of thee, will ſoon be filled with evil doers, who will proſper without fear of chaſtiſement for their wicked deeds! Oh, thou waſt more liberal than all the Alexanders that ever lived! for thou gaveſt me, for eight month's ſervice only, the beſt iſland that ever the ſea ſurrounded. Oh! thou waſt humble with the haughty, and haughty with the humble, tempting dangers, enduring diſgraces, in love without cauſe, imitating the good, ſcourging the wicked, a profeſſed enemy to every thing that was baſe; in ſhort, a knight-errant, and that is every thing in one word!'

The

The cries and groans of Sancho revived his maſter and the firſt words he pronounced were theſe: 'He who is condemned to live abſent from thee, moſt amiable Dulcinea! is ſubjected to much greater hardſhips than theſe. Friend Sancho, help to lay me on the enchanted car; for I am incapable of preſſing Rozinante's ſaddle, this whole ſhoulder being cruſhed to pieces.'—'That I'll do very willingly, dear maſter,' replied the ſquire; 'and let us return to our own habitation, in company of theſe gentlemen, who wiſh you well; and there we will lay a ſcheme for another ſally, which, I hope, will be more fortunate and creditable.'—'You are in the right, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'and it will be very prudent in us to let the malign influence of the ſtars paſs over.'

The canon, curate, and barber, approved of his intention, and being extremely diverted with the ſquire's ſimplicity, conveyed the knight to his former ſituation in the waggon. The proceſſion was formed anew, and ſet forwards accordingly: the goatherd took his leave of the company; the troopers, being unwilling to go farther, were paid by the curate for their trouble; the canon having intreated the prieſt to inform him by letter of Don Quixote's fate, with regard to the continuation or cure of his extravagance, bade him farewel, and proceeded on his journey; in ſhort, there was a general ſeparation, till at length the curate, barber, Don Quixote, and Panza, were left by themſelves, with the truſty Rozinante, who, with the patience of his maſter, bore and beheld every thing that paſſed.

The waggoner yoking his oxen, accommodated the knight with a truſs of hay, and with his uſual phlegm jogged on according to the prieſt's directions, till, at the end of ſix days, they arrived at their own village, which they entered about noon; and it chancing to be Sunday, the market-place, through which they were obliged to paſs, was crouded with people, who running to ſee what was in the cage, recognized their townſman, and were ſtruck with aſtoniſhment. A boy ran immediately to his

his houſekeeper and niece, whom, when he informed of his maſter's arrival, in a moſt meagre, withered condition, ſtretched upon a truſs of hay, in a waggon; it was a piteous thing to hear the cries that were uttered by theſe worthy ladies, who buffetted themſelves through vexation, and vented bitter curſes againſt the wicked books of chivalry; which lamentations, buffettings, and curſes, were repeated with greater violence than ever, when they ſaw the knight enter his own gate.

Sancho Panza's wife, who had got intimation that he was gone with Don Quixote in quality of his ſquire, hearing of his return, ran ſtraight to her huſband, and the firſt queſtion ſhe aſked was, whether or not the aſs was in good health? when the ſquire anſwered, that the aſs was in better health than his maſter. 'Thanks be to God,' cried ſhe, 'for that and all his other mercies. But, now tell me, friend, what good you have got by your ſquireſhip? Have you brought home a new petticoat for me, or ſhoes for your children?'—'I have brought no ſuch matters, my dear,' replied Sancho, 'but things of greater conſideration and importance.'—'I am glad of that, with all my heart!' ſaid the wife; 'pray ſhew me theſe things of greater conſideration and importance, that the ſight of them may rejoice my heart, which hath been ſo ſad and diſcontented all the weary time of your being away.'—'You ſhall ſee them at home,' anſwered Sancho; 'and heark'ee, wife, make yourſelf eaſy for the preſent; for, an it pleaſe God that we ſet out again in queſt of adventures, you ſhall ſpeedily behold your huſband an earl, or governor of an iſland; I don't mean your common iſlands, but one of the beſt that ever was ſeen.'—'The Lord in heaven grant it, huſband; for I am ſure we have need enough of ſuch windfalls: but tell me, what is an iſland; for, truly, I know not the meaning of the word?'—'Honey was not made for the mouth of an aſs,' ſaid the ſquire; 'you ſhall ſee what it is, all in good time, my dear; aye, and admire to hear all your vaſſals call you, my lady.'—'What is that you ſay, Sancho, of ladies, iſlands,

iſlands, and vaſſals?' cried Joan Panza; for that was the name of the ſquire's wife, though ſhe was not related to Sancho before marriage; but it is the cuſtom in La Mancha for the women to take the names of their huſbands. 'Don't be in ſuch a hurry to know every thing, Joan,' replied the ſquire; 'it is ſufficient that I tell thee nothing but truth; let this, therefore, ſtop that mouth of thine. Mean time, however, I care not if I tell thee, that it is one of the moſt pleaſant occupations in the world for an honourable perſon, like me, to be ſquire to a knight-errant, when he is in queſt of adventures. True it is, the greateſt part of them do not fall out quite ſo much to one's liking as one could wiſh; for, out of a hundred in which we are engaged, ninety-nine are generally croſs and unfortunate. That I know by experience, having been ſometimes threſhed, and ſometimes blanketted; but, howſomever, it is a curious paſtime to be always in expectation of adventures, croſſing huge mountains, ſearching woods, climbing rocks, viſiting caſtles, lodging at inns, where we live at rack and manger, and the devil a farthing to pay.'

While this converſation paſſed between Sancho and his wife, the houſekeeper and niece received Don Quixote, whom they undreſſed and put to bed in his old chamber, while he eyed them aſkance, without being able to comprehend where he was. The curate laid his injunctions on the niece to cheriſh her uncle with great tenderneſs, and charged them both to take eſpecial care that he might not eſcape again, giving them an account of the trouble he had been at in bringing him back to his own houſe. Here they raiſed their voices again in concert, renewing their curſes upon the books of chivalry, and beſeeching Heaven to confound the authors of ſuch madneſs and lies to the loweſt pit of hell; in ſhort, they were half diſtracted with the apprehenſion of loſing him again, as ſoon as his health ſhould be re-eſtabliſhed; and this was actually the caſe.

But the author of this hiſtory, although he enquired, with the utmoſt curioſity and diligence, concerning the actions of Don Quixote in his third ſally, could never find any ſatisfactory and authentic account of them; only, fame hath preſerved ſome memoirs in La Mancha, by which it appears that Don Quixote, when he ſet out the third time, went to Saragoſſa, where he was preſent at a moſt celebrated tournament, in which many things happened to him worthy of his genius and valour: but with regard to his death and burial, he could obtain no information; and muſt have remained entirely ignorant of that event, had he not luckily met with an old phyſician, who had in his cuſtody a leaden box, which he ſaid he found under the foundation of an ancient hermitage that was repairing. This box contained ſome ſkins of parchment, on which were written, in Gothic characters and Caſtilian verſe, many of our knight's exploits, with a deſcription of Dulcinea's beauty, Rozinante's figure, Sancho's fidelity, and Don Quixote's own funeral, celebrated by divers epitaphs, and panegyrics on his life and morals. All that could be read, and fairly copied, are thoſe which are here inſerted by the faithful author of this new and ſurpriſing hiſtory, who, in recompence for the immenſe trouble he has undergone in his enquiries, and in examining the archives of La Mancha, that he might publiſh it with more certainty, deſires the reader to favour him with the ſame credit which intelligent perſons give to thoſe books of chivalry that paſs ſo currently in the world; and herewith he will reſt fully ſatisfied; and perhaps be animated to ſearch after, and find out, other hiſtories, if not as authentic, at leaſt as full of invention and entertainment.

The verſes which were written in the firſt ſkin of parchment found in the leaden box were theſe—

*The*

*The Academicians of Argamasilla, a Town of La Mancha, on the Life and Death of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, hoc scripserunt.*

*Monicongo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulture of Don Quixote.*

EPITAPH.

THE bully that La Mancha deck'd
With spoils that shame the Cretan Jason,
Whose judgment ripe, and wit uncheck'd,
The trumpet of renown shall blazon;
That arm, whose valour did extend
To Gæta, from remote Cathay;
That muse, which did the welkin rend
With verse which brazen plates display;
Who Amadis left far behind,
And deem'd Galaor a mere baby,
Whose valour with such lustre shin'd,
As shew'd ev'n Belianis shabby;
He that on Rozinante rode,
Now mingles with this clay-cold clod!

*Paniguado, Academician of Argamasilla, in Praise of Dulcinea del Toboso.*

SONG.

THE maid, you see, with cheeks so blouzy,
High-chested, vigorous, and frouzy,
Dulcinea, fam'd Toboso's princess,
Don Quixote's gen'rous flame evinces:
For her, on foot, he did explore
The sable mountain o'er and o'er,
Through many a weary field did halt,
And all through Rozinante's fault.
Hard fate! that such a dame should die
In spite of him and chivalry;
That he, whose deeds e'en stones proclaim,
Should mourn a disappointed flame!

*Caprichoso,*

*Caprichoso, a most ingenious Academician of Argamasilla, in praise of Rozinante, the renowned Steed of Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

ON a proud trunk of adamant,
  Whose bloody branches smell'd of war,
La Mancha's frantic wight did plant
  His standard glitt'ring from afar.
There hung his arms; there gleam'd his sword,
  That wont to level, hack, and hew;
Yet shall the wond'ring muse afford,
  For new exploits, a stile that's new.
Let Gaul of Amadis be proud,
  Greece boast the champions she hath bore;
Don Quixote triumphs o'er the crowd
  Of all the warlike knights of yore:
For neither Gaul or Greece can vie
With fam'd La Mancha's chivalry.
Ev'n Rozinante wears the bay;
Let Brilladore and Bayard bray *.

*Burlador, an Argamasillan Academician, on Sancho Panza*

SONG.

HERE Sancho view of body small,
  But great in worth, in action clear,
The best and simplest squire of all
  The world e'er saw, I vow and swear.
And earl he surely might have been,
  Had not this knavish age of brass,
With insolence and knavish spleen,
  Conspir'd against him and his ass;
That ass, on which he gently trotted
  At gentle Rozinante's tail!
Vain man, with flatt'ring hope besotted,
  How, in a dream, thy prospects fail!

* The horse of Orlando Furioso was called Brigliadoro; as Bayardo was the name of the steed beloning to Ruggiero, the second, if not the first, hero in Ariosto's incomparable poem.

*Cachidiablo, Academician of Argamaſilla, on the Sepulture of Don Quixote.*

## EPITAPH.

ON Rozinante's back
  The knight that whilome travell'd,
Thro' highway, path, and track,
  Is here bemir'd and gravell'd:
And eke as ſtiff as he,
  The block of Sancho Panza,
A truſty ſquire, perdie!
  As ever mortal man ſaw.

*Tiquitock, Academician of Argamaſilla, on the Sepulture of Dulcinea del Toboſo.*

HERE lies Dulcinea, once ſo plump,
  But now her fat all melts away;
For death, with an inhuman thump,
  Has turn'd her into duſt and clay.
Of a true breed ſhe ſurely ſprung,
  And wanted not external grace;
Don Quixote's heart with love ſhe ſtung,
  And ſhone the glory of her race.

Theſe were all the verſes which could be read; the reſt being worm-eaten, were delivered to an academician, that he might attempt to unravel their meaning by conjecture. This taſk, we underſtand, he has performed with infinite pains and ſtudy, intending to publiſh them to the world, in expectation of the third ſally of Don Quixote.

' *Forſe altri canterà con miglior plettre.*'

# PREFACE

TO

# PART II.

HEAVENS! with what eagerneſs muſt thou be waiting for this prologue, courteous reader, whoſoever thou art, gentle or ſimple, in hopes of finding it replete with reſentment, reproaches, and revenge, againſt the author of the ſecond Don Quixote; him I mean, who, it is reported, was engendered at Tordeſillas, and brought forth in Tarragona. But, truly, I have no intention to give thee that ſatisfaction: for, although injuries may awaken indignation in vulgar breaſts; mine, I hope, will always be an exception to that rule. Thou wouldſt be glad, perhaps, to find me beſtowing upon him the epithets of aſs, blockhead, and inſolent coxcomb; but ſuch low revenge never once entered my imagination: his own conſcience will ſufficiently chaſtiſe him; let him therefore chew the cud of remorſe, and digeſt it if he can. I own, I cannot help feeling the unjuſt reproach, when he taxes me with lameneſs and old age, as if it had been in my power to retard the lapſe of time; or that I had been maimed in ſome tavern-brawl, and not on the moſt glorious occaſion that ever the paſt or preſent age beheld, or poſterity can ever hope to ſee. If my wounds do not brighten in the eyes of every ſpectator, they are at leaſt eſteemed by thoſe who know where they were acquired *; and who thinks that a ſoldier who falls in battle makes a much more noble appearance than he who ſaves himſelf by flight. This opinion is ſo rooted within my own breaſt, that, were ſuch an impoſſibility propoſed and effected, I would rather be lame, as I am, with the ſhare I had in that ſtupendous action, than ſound of body, without the honour of having been there. The wounds that appear in a ſoldier's countenance and boſom, are ſo many ſtars to guide the reſt of mankind to the haven of

M 2 honour,

* The battle of Lepanto.

honour, and the deſire of honeſt praiſe: and it ought to be obſerved, that an author does not write with his grey hairs, but according to the dictates of his underſtanding, which is uſually improved by years and experience. I perceive alſo, that he calls me envious; and, as if I were utterly ignorant, is at the pains to deſcribe the nature of envy; though I proteſt, of the two kinds, I only harbour that which is pure, virtuous, and noble. This being the caſe, as it undoubtedly is, I have not the leaſt inclination to inveigh againſt any prieſt, eſpecially one who bears the office of familiar to the holy inquiſition: as if what he ſays be advanced in behalf of him whoſe cauſe he ſeems to eſpouſe, he is altogether miſtaken, in my opinion, of that perſon, whoſe genius I adore: I admire his works, together with his continual occupation in the practice of virtues; but I am actually obliged to this honourable author, for ſaying that my novels * are more ſatirical than exemplary, though he owns they are good of their kind; for, without being exemplary, they cannot poſſibly be good.

I ſuppoſe, gentle reader, thou art by this time of opinion, that I walk with great circumſpection, and ſcrupulouſly confine myſelf within the bounds of modeſty, conſcious that it is inhuman to heap affliction on the afflicted; and that this gentleman's muſt needs be very great, ſince he dares not appear in the open field, and in the face of Heaven, but conceals his name, and diſſembles his country, as if he had been guilty of high treaſon: tell him, therefore, in my name, if ever thou ſhouldſt chance to find him out, that I do not at all think myſelf injured by what he has done, for well do I know, what temptations the devil ſpreads before us; and that one of his moſt effectual ſnares, is to make a man believe that he has capacity to write a book, by which he ſhall obtain an equal ſhare of money and reputation. In confirmation of what I ſay, I will beg the favour of you to tell him a ſhort ſtory. There

* Novelas Exemplares.

There was in Seville a certain madman ſeized with the moſt diverting whim that ever entered the brain of a lunatic. He uſed to walk with a hollow cane, pointed at one end; and whenever he met with a dog in the ſtreet, or in any other place, he clapped his foot on one of the creature's hind legs, pulled up the other with his hand, and applying, as well as he could, the pipe to his poſteriors, inſtantly blew him up as round as a ball. This operation being performed, he clapped him twice on the belly, and diſmiſſed the patient, ſaying, very gravely, to the mob, that never failed to gather round him, 'Gentlemen, I ſuppoſe, now, you think it is an eaſy matter to blow up a dog!' In like manner I ſay, 'I ſuppoſe your worſhip thinks it an eaſy matter to write a book.' If this ſtory ſhould not be to his liking, be ſo good, friendly reader, as to tell this other, which alſo relates to a dog and a madman.

There was another ideot in Cordova, who had a trick in carrying upon his head a piece of marble, or heavy ſtone; and, as often as he perceived any dog off his guard, he would approach him ſlily, and let it fall plump upon his head. This was no joke to the poor dog, who uſed to run barking and howling the length of three whole ſtreets, before he ventured to look behind. But, among others, he one day happened to diſcharge his burden on a cap-maker's favourite dog; down went the ſtone upon his head, and the injured beaſt ſet up the howl: the maſter ſeeing what paſſed, was filled with indignation, ſnatched up his meaſure, and ſallying out upon the lunatic, did not leave a whole bone in his ſkin; ſaying, at every blow he beſtowed, 'Dog! raſcal! uſe my ſpaniel in this manner! Did not you ſee, barbarous villain, that my dog was a ſpaniel!' Thus repeating the word ſpaniel a great many times, he beat the aggreſſor into jelly.

The madman being documented, ſneaked off, and kept his chamber a whole month; at the end of which he returned to his former paſtime, with a greater ſtone than ever, and coming up to a dog that lay aſleep, conſidered

ſidered him with great attention, but was afraid of diſcharging the ſtone, ſaying, ' 'Ware ſpaniel!' In ſhort, all the dogs he afterwards met with, whether curs or maſtiffs, were in his opinion ſpaniels; ſo that he never ventured to repeat his experiment. Now this may be the fate of our hiſtorian, who will not chuſe to open the flood-gates of his wit again, in compoſing books, which, if bad, are harder than ſtone.

Tell him, likewiſe, that I value not his threats a farthing, when he ſays that his performance will deprive me of bread; but anſwer him with a quotation from the famous interlude of the Perendenga: ' To four and twenty live, my lord, and Chriſt be with us all.' Long live the great Count de Lemos, whoſe well-known Chriſtian generoſity ſupports me againſt all the ſtrokes of adverſe fortune; and long life to the tranſcendent charity of the moſt illuſtrious archbiſhop of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas; if there was not one printing-preſs in the whole world, or if more books were publiſhed againſt me than there are letters in the couplets of Mingo Rebulgo; theſe two princes, unſolicited by any adulation, or other kind of praiſe, on my part, but purely out of their own benevolence, have been pleaſed to honour me with their countenance and favour, in which I think myſelf infinitely more happy and rich, than if I had been conducted to the higheſt pinnacle of fortune, in the ordinary way. Honour may be enjoyed by a poor but never by a vicious man; nobility may be clouded by indigence, but never altogether obſcured; for virtue, ſhining by its own internal light, even through the inconveniencies and crannies of poverty, will recommend itſelf to the eſteem of high and princely minds, and of conſequence obtain their favour and protection. Thou needeſt ſay no more to him; nor will I give thee any farther trouble, except to obſerve, that thou art to conſider this ſecond part of Don Quixote as a work of the ſame artificer, and compoſed of the ſame materials with the firſt, in which I preſent the knight at full length; and, in ſhort,

ſhort, exhibit him dead and buried; that no man, for the future, may preſume to raiſe freſh evidence againſt him; thoſe already examined being ſufficient for the purpoſe. The more ſo, as a man of honour has already given an account of his ingenious follies, without any intention to reſume the ſubject; for there may be too much even of a good thing; and the ſcarcity of thoſe things which are in themſelves indifferent, often brings them into ſome degree of eſtimation. I had almoſt forgot to tell thee, that thou mayeſt expect the Perſiles, which I am now finiſhing, together with the ſecond part of Galatea.

# APPROBATION.

BY order of Signior Doctor Gutierrez de Cetina, vicar general of the city of Madrid, where his majesty keeps his court, I have perused the second part of the sage knight, Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; in which I can find nothing unworthy of a zealous Christian, or deviating from that respect which is justly due to good example and moral virtue. On the contrary, the performance contains much erudition and profitable amusement; not only the well supported sequel of his design, to extirpate those vain and lying books of chivalry, which had already too far spread their infection; but also in the purity of his Castilian language, unadulterated with insipid affectation, which every man of sense abhors; and in his manner of correcting the vicious, who generally feel the point of his satire. Yet he so wisely observes the laws of Christian rebuke, that the patient, labouring under the infirmity which he intends to cure, may, in such sweet and palatable medicine, even without his own knowledge, or the least hindrance and loathing, swallow down an effectual detestation for vice; so that he will find himself at once delighted and reformed, in consequence of an art which is known to few. There are many authors, who, not knowing how to blend and mix instruction with delight, have seen all their tedious labours miscarry; because, not being able to imitate Diogenes, as a learned philosopher, they have presumed licentiously, not to say obscurely, to mimic him as a cynic, giving ear to slander, and inventing things that never happened, by which means they enlarge the vicious capacity of those whom their harsh reproofs stigmatize; and, perhaps, strike out new paths of lewdness hitherto unknown; so that instead of reformers, they become teachers and abettors of vice. In this manner they grow hateful to men of sense, and lose all their credit, if they had any, with the people, who refuse to encourage their writings; while the vicious are rather hardened

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dened than amended by the rafh and imprudent corruption; for the knife and cauftic are not proper for all kinds of tumours, fome of which are more fuccefsfully treated by foft and gentle remedies, by the application of which, the experienced and learned phyfician often attains his end of difcuffing them; a period much more eligible than that which is obtained by the barbarity of fteel.

The writings of Miguel de Cervantes have met with a very different reception, not only from our nation, but likewife from ftrangers; who, as if he was fomething miraculous, are inflamed with the defire of feeing the author of thofe books which have met with fuch general applaufe, on account of the decency and decorum, as well as the agreeable fweetnefs of his ftile, in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders. This I can with great truth affirm, that on the twentieth and fifth day of February, in this year of God, one thoufand fix hundred and fifteen, I attended my mafter, his grace Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, cardinal archbifhop of Toledo, when he returned the vifit of the French ambaffador, who came to treat about a double match betwixt the princes and princeffes of France and Spain; and feveral gentlemen of that country, belonging to the embaffy, who were equally fenfible and well-bred, as well as lovers of the Belles Lettres, in their converfation with me and the other chaplains of the cardinal, defired to know what books of genius were in higheft efteem among us; I chanced to mention this performance, which was then under my examination: but no fooner did they hear the name of Miguel de Cervantes, than they began to expatiate upon the high efteem in which France and the neighbouring kingdoms held his productions; namely, the Galatea, which one of them could almoft repeat, with the novels, and the firft part of Don Quixote. Such were the commendations they beftowed upon them, that I offered to introduce them to the author, whom they honoured with a thoufand demonftrations of regard. They were curious

rious to know his age, profession, quality, and fortune; and when I found myself obliged to tell them he was a soldier, and a gentleman, oppressed with poverty and old age; one of them replied in these very words: 'What! does not Spain load such a man with riches, and maintain him out of the public treasury?' Another of those gentlemen, hearing this observation, interposed, saying, with great vivacity, 'If necessity compels him to write, God grant that he may never enjoy affluence; but, in being poor, enrich the world with his works.'

I believe this will be thought rather too much for a certificate; and some will say, that I have even encroached upon the bounds of flattery; but the truth of my allegation disproves that suspicion, and acquits me of the charge; besides, in this age, adulation is bestowed upon none but those who are in a capacity of greasing the fist of the flatterer; who, though he praises in fulsome fiction, expects to be rewarded in substantial truth. *The Licentiate Marques Torres.*

Madrid, Feb. 27, 1615.

## THE ORDINARY LICENCE.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have caused to be examined, the book specified in this petition: which book contains nothing to the prejudice of religion or morals; but, on the contrary, is fraught with much lawful amusement, blended with moral philosophy; wherefore it may be allowed to be printed. *Doctor Gutierrez de Cetina.*

Madrid, Nov. 5, 1615.

## APPROBATION.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have perused the second part of Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes; a book that contains nothing to the prejudice of our holy catholic faith, or sound morals; on the contrary, much honest

honeſt recreation, and agreeable amuſement, ſuch as the ancients judged not only allowable, but convenient for the commonwealth: even the ſevere Lacedemonians erected a ſtatue to the goddeſs of laughter; and the Theſſalians inſtituted feſtivals to the ſame power, according to Pauſanias, quoted by Voſſius, lib. ii. *De ſignis eccleſ.* cap. 10. for exhilarating the melancholy, and raiſing the dejected ſpirits; as obſerved by Tully in his firſt book, *De Legibus*; and by the poet, who ſays, '*Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.*' Which maxim hath been the guide of this author, who has mingled fiction with truth, delight with inſtruction, and morals with pleaſantry; diſguiſing the hook of reproof with the bait of ſprightly entertainment, and fulfilling the ſequel of his well-executed ſcheme, to depreciate and expel the books of chivalry, from the miſchievous contagion of which he hath purged theſe kingdoms, with admirable diligence and dexterity. In ſhort, it is a work worthy of that great genius, which is the honour and ornament of our nation, and the envy and admiration of ſtrangers. This is my opinion, with ſubmiſſion, &c.

*Joſeph de Valdivielſo.*

Madrid, March 17, 1615.

## CHAP. I.

### *Of the Behaviour of the Curate and Barber, with regard to Don Quixote's Infirmity.*

CID Hamet Benengeli, in the second part of this history, containing the third sally of Don Quixote, relates that the curate and barber forbore to visit him for a whole month, that they might not revive and recal to his imagination the remembrance of things past; but, during all that time, they frequently went to see the housekeeper and niece, on whom they laid strong injunctions to cherish the knight with great care and tenderness, and treat him with such comfortable food as should be most agreeable to his stomach and brain, in which they reasonably supposed that his whole disorder lay. The ladies assured them it was their chief study, which they would prosecute with all imaginable care and satisfaction; for they began to perceive that their master, at certain intervals, gave tokens of being in his right wits. This information afforded great pleasure to the two friends, who now concluded they had acted wisely in bringing him home on the inchanted waggon, as hath been recounted in the last chapter of the first part of this sublime and punctual history; and determined to pay him a visit, that they might be convinced of his amendment, which they deemed almost impossible; though they agreed to avoid, with great care, the subject of chivalry, that they might run no risk of ripping up the wound so lately closed.

In short, they entered his chamber, and found him sitting upon his bed, in a waistcoat of green baize, and a red Toledan night-cap, so meagre, shrunk, and withered, that he looked like an Egyptian mummy: he received them very courteously; and when they enquired into the state of his health, spoke of his indisposition and himself with great judgment and elocution. The conversation happening to turn on what is called reasons of state, and modes of administration, they amended certain abuses, and condemned others, reforming

forming one cuſtom, and baniſhing another; as if each of the three had been a new legiſlator, a modern Lycurgus, or regenerated Solon; and in ſuch a manner did they furniſh up the common-wealth, that one would have imagined they had committed it to a forge, and brought out another quite different from that which they put in. Don Quixote ſpoke on every ſubject that was handled, with ſuch diſcretion, as actually convinced the two examiners, that he was quite ſound, and had recovered the right exerciſe of his judgment; while the niece and houſekeeper, who were preſent all the time, thought they could never be thankful enough to God, when they heard their maſter talk ſo ſenſibly. But the curate altering his firſt reſolution, which was to avoid the ſubject of chivalry, now determined to make an experiment, by which he ſhould be thoroughly ſatisfied, whether the knight's cure was real or imaginary; with this view, he from one thing to another came to mention ſome news from court; and among other pieces of intelligence, ſaid he was certainly informed that the Turk had taken the ſea with a powerful armament, though his deſign was not known, nor could it be gueſſed where the expected ſtorm would burſt; but that theſe preparations, which keep us almoſt conſtantly in arms, had alarmed all Chriſtendom; and that his majeſty had ordered the coaſts of Naples and Sicily, with the iſland of Malta, to be provided againſt all attempts. To this intimation Don Quixote replied, 'His majeſty has acted like a moſt prudent warrior, in providing for the ſafety of his dominions, that the enemy may not find them unprepared; but, if he would take my advice, I would furniſh him with an expedient, which I believe our ſovereign at preſent little thinks of.'

The curate no ſooner heard theſe words, than he ſaid within himſelf, 'Lord have mercy upon thee, poor Don Quixote; if I am not miſtaken, thou are juſt going to caſt thyſelf headlong from the higheſt pinnacle of madneſs, into the profound abyſs of thy folly.' But the

the barber, who immediately adopted the ſame ſuſpicion, aſked the knight what that expedient was, which he thought ſhould be put in practice by way of prevention; obſerving, that it was, perhaps, ſuch a ſcheme as deſerved to be inſerted in the liſt of thoſe impertinent advices uſually offered to crowned heads. 'Mine, Mr. Shaver,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'will be pertinent, not impertinent.' 'I don't ſay otherwiſe,' replied the barber; 'I only made that obſervation, becauſe experience hath ſhewn that all, or the greateſt part, of thoſe projects which have been offered to his majeſty, are either impoſſible, extravagant, or prejudicial to the ſtate.' 'My ſcheme,' anſwered the knight, is neither impoſſible nor extravagant; but, on the contrary, the moſt eaſy, juſt, brief, and expeditious, that ever projector conceived.' 'Methinks your worſhip is very ſlow in delivering it, Signior Don Quixote,' ſaid the prieſt. 'I ſhould not chuſe,' anſwered the knight, 'to have what I ſay here carried by to-morrow morning to the ears of the lords of the council; by which means another may reap the credit and reward of my labour.' For my own part,' cried the barber, 'I here give my word, before God! never to diſcloſe what your worſhip ſhall impart, either to king or knave, or any mortal man; an oath I learned in the romance of the Curate, who, in the preface, gives the king notice of the robber that ſtole his hundred ducats, and ambling mule.' 'I am not acquainted with the ſtory,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'but the oath is a good oath, becauſe I am convinced that Mr. Nicholas is an honeſt man.' 'Be that as it will,' replied the curate, 'I will be bound for him, and undertake, that with regard to this affair, he ſhall ſpeak no more than if he was actually dumb, on pain of whatever penalty you ſhall think proper to inflict.' 'And who will be ſecurity for you, Mr. Curate?' ſaid the knight. 'My profeſſion,' anſwered the prieſt, 'by which I am bound to keep ſecrets.' 'Body of me!' cried Don Quixote, 'his majeſty has nothing to do, but to iſſue a procla-

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mation, commanding all the knights-errant in Spain to aſſemble at his court by ſuch a day; and although not more than half a dozen ſhould come, among theſe one may be found, who is alone ſufficient to overthrow the whole Turkiſh power. Pray, gentlemen, give attention, and take me along with you; is it ſuch a new thing, for a ſingle knight to cut in pieces a whole army of two hundred thouſand men, as if they had but one common throat, or were made of gingerbread? How many hiſtories are there, think you, filled with ſuch marvellous exploits? Unfortunate it is for me (I will not ſay, for any other) that the renowned Don Belianis is not now alive, or ſome knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul; for if any one of them was now living to confront the Turks, in good ſooth, I ſhould not chuſe to farm their conqueſts; but God will provide for his own people, and produce ſome champion, who, if not equal in valour to former knights-errant, at leaſt will be inferior to none of them in point of courage.* Heaven knows my meaning; I will ſay no more.' 'Lack-a-day!' cried the niece, when ſhe heard this inſinuation, I'll be hanged, if my uncle is not reſolved to turn knight-errant again.' 'A knight-errant,'



* Ridiculous as this ſcheme may ſeem to be, ſuch an expedient has actually ſucceeded in practice. During the captivity of John, King of France, his dominions were ravaged by above one hundred thouſand peaſants, who, under the name of Jacquieers, aſſembled in arms to exterminate the nobleſſe; and, among other horrid outrages, murdered every gentleman that fell in their way. The Ducheſs of Normandy and Orleans, together with three hundred ladies of rank, retired for protection to Meaux, where they were ſurrounded, and would have actually periſhed by the ſwords of theſe banditti, had they not been reſcued by the Count de Foix, and the captal of Buch; who, hearing of their diſtreſs, haſtened to their relief with no more than ſixty knights; and, without heſitation, attacked that furious multitude with ſuch bravery and vigour, that they were ſoon routed and diſperſed.

errant,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will live and die; and the Turks may make their defcents or afcents, when they will, with all the power they are mafters of. I fay again, Heaven knows my meaning.' Here the barber interpofing, 'Gentlemen,' faid he, 'I beg you will give me leave to tell a fhort ftory of what happened at Seville; it comes fo pat to the purpofe, that I have a ftrong inclination to relate it.' Don Quixote and the curate granted his requeft, and the reft yielded him attention, when he began in thefe words.

'There was in the mad-houfe at Seville, a certain lunatick, whom his relations had fent thither on account of the defect in his judgment: he had taken his degrees in the canon law, at Offuna; and many were of opinion, that if he had acquired them at Salamanca, he would not have been a bit the wifer: this graduate, having been confined fome years, took it in his head, that he was quite well, and reftored to his right wits; and in this imagination, wrote to the archbifhop, earneftly entreating him, with many fenfible arguments, to give order that he fhould be extricated from the mifery in which he lived; fince, through the mercy of God, he had recovered his loft judgment, though his relations kept him ftill in confinement, that they might enjoy his eftate, and, in defpite of truth, were refolved that he fhould be mad to the day of his death. The archbifhop, perfuaded by the many fenfible and pathetick letters he received, ordered one of his chaplains to go to the rector of the mad-houfe, and enquire into the truth of what the licentiate alledged, and even to talk with him himfelf, that, if he fhould find him quite recovered, he might bring him away, and fet him at liberty. The chaplain obeyed the command of his grace, and the rector affured him that the man was ftill mad; for although he would very often talk like a perfon of excellent underftanding, at the long run he commonly broke out into folly and nonfenfe, as abfurd as the firft part of his difcourfe was rational and difcreet: however, he himfelf might make the experiment, by converfing

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with the licentiate. The chaplain accordingly went to his apartment, and talked with him a whole hour and more, during which time the lunatick did not utter one vague or incoherent ſentence; but, on the contrary, ſpoke ſo judiciouſly, that the chaplain could not help believing him quite ſound of intellect: among other things, he told him the rector was his enemy, and pronounced him ſtill diſtracted, though with lucid intervals, that he might not loſe the preſents which he received from his relations; ſo that the greateſt cauſe of his misfortune was no other than his own affluent eſtate, which to enjoy, his adverſaries craftily pretended to doubt of the mercy which the Lord had vouchſafed him, in re-converting him from a beaſt into a man: in ſhort, he talked ſo effectually as to render the rector ſuſpected, to prove his relations covetous and unnatural, and himſelf ſo diſcreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him forthwith to the archbiſhop, that his grace might be perſonally ſatisfied of the truth. With this laudable intention, he deſired the rector to order the licentiate to be dreſſed with the cloaths in which he entered the houſe: the rector again adviſed him to conſider what he was about; for the licentiate was, without all queſtion, ſtill diſtracted. But theſe cautions and counſels had no effect in diſſuading the chaplain from carrying him off; and the rector ſeeing the archbiſhop's order, was obliged to obey; ſo that the licentiate received his own cloaths, which were decent and new. Seeing himſelf thus diveſted of the badge of his diſorder, and habited again like a perſon of ſound intellects, he beſought the chaplain, that he would be ſo charitable as to allow him to go and take leave of his companions in affliction: the other granted his requeſt, and ſaid he would accompany him, in order to ſee the patients; upon which they went up ſtairs, followed by ſeveral perſons who chanced to be then preſent. The licentiate, going to the gate of the cell in which there was a furious madman, though at that time he was calm and quiet, ſaid to him, "Brother, have you any commands for

for me? I am going to my own houſe; for God, of his infinite goodneſs and mercy, without any deſert of mine, hath been pleaſed to reſtore unto me the uſe of my reaſon, and I am now perfectly recovered; ſo that there is nothing impoſſible to the power of the Almighty: put, therefore, your hope and truſt in him, who, as he hath reſtored me to my former ſtate, will grant the ſame indulgence to you, if you confide in his protection. I will take care to ſend you ſome cordial food; and be ſure, at all events, to eat it; for, you muſt know, I conclude from experience, that all our diſorder proceeds from an empty ſtomach, and the brain's being filled with wind. Take heart, brother, take heart; for deſpondence under misfortune conſumes the conſtitution, and haſtens the ſtroke of death." 'This diſcourſe being overheard by another lunatick, who was confined in a cell oppoſite to that of the furious patient, he ſtarted up ſtark naked from an old mat on which he lay, and roared aloud, "Who is that going away ſo ſober and ſo ſound?" The licentiate replied, "'Tis I, brother, who am going home, being under no neceſſity of tarrying longer in this place; thanks be to Heaven for the ſignal favour I have received!" "Take care what you ſay, Mr. Licentiate, and let not the devil deceive you," anſwered the madman: "halt a little, ſtay where you are, and ſpare yourſelf the trouble of being brought back." "I know that I am perfectly recovered," ſaid the licentiate, "and ſhall have no farther occaſion to viſit the Stations."* "You recovered!" cried the other, "good! we ſhall ſee—adieu—but, I ſwear by Jupiter, whoſe majeſty I repreſent on earth, that, for the tranſgreſſion this day committed in Seville, by diſcharging you from the houſe, as a perſon of ſound judgment, I will take ſuch vengeance as ſhall be a monument of wrath for ever and ever, amen. Do'ſt thou not know, pitiful licentiate, that all this is in my power, being, as I have already obſerved, Jove the thunderer,

* A certain number of churches through which they made their circuits, uttering an appointed prayer at each.

thunderer, who wield the flaming bolts, with which I uſe to threaten, and can deſtroy the univerſe? But with one evil only will I chaſtiſe this ignorant people; I will not ſuffer one drop of rain to fall upon the city, nor its confines, nor indeed in any part of this diſtrict, for the ſpace of three whole years, reckoning from the day and minute in which this dreadful menace is made. Thou free! thou ſound! thou recovered! and I mad! I diſtracted and confined! I will ſooner hang myſelf than rain one ſpoonful." The by-ſtanders were very attentive to the vociferous exclamations of this madman, when our licentiate turning to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand, ſaid, "Dear Sir, give yourſelf no uneaſineſs or concern about what he ſays; for if he, who is Jupiter, withholds refreſhing ſhowers from the earth, I, who am Neptune, the father and god of waters, will rain as often as I pleaſe, ſhould there be occaſion for it, in conſequence of the privilege I poſſeſs." To this promiſe the chaplain replied, "Neverthelſs, Signior Neptune, it will not be politic to incenſe Signior Jupiter; therefore, your worſhip will be ſo good as to ſtay where you are, till ſome other day, when we may have more leiſure and convenience to remove you." The rector and the reſt of the company could not help laughing, the chaplain was out of countenance, the licentiate was ſtripped, and ſent back to his cell; and ſo ends my ſtory.'

'And this is the ſtory, Mr. Barber,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'which came ſo pat to the purpoſe, that you could not help relating it? Ah, Mr. Shaver! Mr. Shaver! he muſt be blind indeed, who cannot ſee thro' the bottom of a ſieve. Is it poſſible your worſhip does not know that compariſons in point of genius, virtue, beauty, and deſcent, are always odious and ill received? I, Mr. Barber, am not Neptune, god of waters; neither do I ſet up for being thought a wiſe man, knowing that I am not ſo: the ſole end of my labours is to convince the world of its error, in not ſeeking to renew thoſe moſt happy times when the order of knight-errantry

try exerted itſelf in full perfection; but this depraved age of ours is unworthy of taſting that felicity which was enjoyed by thoſe ages, when knights-errant undertook the charge, and burdened their ſhoulders with the defence, of kingdoms, the protection of damſels, the relief of wards and orphans, the chaſtiſement of the proud, and the promotion of the humble. The greateſt part of your modern knights ruſtle in damaſks, brocades, and other rich and ſplendid attire, inſtead of rattling in coats of mail; no knight now ſleeps in the open field, expoſed to the inclemency of the weather, armed at all points cap-a-pee; no warrior, in this degenerate age, ſits on horſeback, and without diſengaging his feet from the ſtirrups, but leaning upon his lance, endeavours to take as it were a ſnatch of ſleep, after the example of former knights-errant; no champion, now-a-days, coming out of ſome dreary wood, immediately enters another rocky wilderneſs, through which he reaches the barren and deſerted coaſt of the rough and ſtormy ſea, where, finding in ſome creek, a crazy boat, without oars, ſails, maſt, or tackle, he intrepidly throws himſelf into it, and launches out upon the implacable billows, that whirl him aloft to heaven, and then ſink him to the profound abyſs, while his unſhaken ſoul defies the ſtorm; then, when he dreams of no ſuch matter, he finds himſelf three thouſand leagues and more from the place where he embarked, and leaping aſhore on ſome remote and unknown country, atchieves adventures worthy to be written, not on parchment, but on braſs. But now ſloth triumphs over activity, idleneſs over toil, vice over virtue, arrogance over valour, and the theory over the practice of arms, which obtained and ſhone reſplendent in thoſe golden ages that produced knights-errant. Pray, tell me, who could be more honourable and valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more diſcreet than Palmerin of England? who more inſinuating and pliant than Tirante the White? who more gallant than Liſuarte of Greece? who more hacked and hacking

than

than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? or who more daring than Felixmarte of Hircania? who more fierce than Efplandian? who more defperate than Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamont? who more prudent than King Sobrino? who more bold than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Roldan? and who more gallant and courteous than Rugero? from whom (according to Turpin, in his Cofmographia) the prefent Dukes of Ferrara are defcended. All thefe, with many more which I could name, Mr. Curate, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry; thefe, or fuch as thefe, are the champions propofed by my fcheme, which, fhould it take place, would effectually ferve his majefty's purpofe, fpare an infinite expence, and the Turk would even tear his own beard in defpair; in that cafe I would tarry where I am, fince the chaplain would not think fit to enlarge me; and if Jupiter, as the Barber faid, would not rain, here am I ready to fruftrate his intent: this I mention, that Mr. Bafon, there, may know I underftand his meaning.' 'Verily, Signior Don Quixote,' faid Mr. Nicholas, 'I meant no harm, fo help me God! my intention was good, and therefore your worfhip ought not to be difpleafed.' 'Whether I am difpleafed or not,' replied the knight, 'I myfelf know beft.'

Here the curate interpofing, faid, 'Though I have hitherto fcarce opened my mouth, I cannot be eafy under a fcruple which tears and gnaws my confcience, and which arofe from what Signior Don Quixote hath juft now afferted.' 'In greater matters, Mr. Curate may command me,' anfwered the knight; 'out with your fcruple, then; for fcruples of confcience are very uncomfortable companions.' 'With your good permiffion,' replied the prieft, 'this it is: I can by no means perfuade myfelf that the whole tribe of knights-errant, whom your worfhip have named, were really and truly earthly perfons of flefh and blood; on the contrary, I imagine all thefe things are fictions, fables,

and

and lying dreams, recounted by men who are awake, or rather by thoſe who are half aſleep.' 'That,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'is another error incident to many people, who do not believe that any ſuch knights ever exiſted; and I have, on divers and ſundry occaſions, endeavoured to diſſipate that almoſt general miſtake by the light of truth. Sometimes, indeed, I have not ſucceeded in my attempts; however, I have frequently gained my point, by ſupporting it on the ſhoulders of demonſtration; and truly the caſe is ſo clear, that I could almoſt affirm I have with my own eyes beheld Amadis de Gaul, who was a tall man, of a fair complexion, well furniſhed with a black beard, his aſpect ſomething between mild and ſevere, conciſe of ſpeech, ſlow to anger, and ſoon appeaſed. In the ſame manner, methinks, I could delineate and paint all the knights-errant that ever were recorded in hiſtory; for, according to the ideas formed by reading theſe hiſtories, and by comparing their exploits and diſpoſitions, ſound philoſophy may diſcover their lineaments, ſtatures, and complexions.' 'Signior Don Quixote,' ſaid the barber, 'how large do you think the giant Morgante muſt have been?' 'As to the affair of giants,' anſwered the knight, 'there are different opinions; ſome affirming, and others denying, the exiſtence of any ſuch beings: but the Holy Scriptures, which ſurely cannot fail one atom in point of truth, put that affair beyond all diſpute, in relating the ſtory of that Philiſtine Goliath, who was ſeven cubits and an half in height; a moſt amazing ſtature! Beſides, in the iſland of Sicily, ſeveral thigh and ſhoulder bones have been dug up, ſo large as to manifeſt, that the perſons to whom they belonged muſt have been huge giants, as tall as high towers; and this can be proved by mathematical demonſtration; but, nevertheleſs, I will not pretend to aſcertain the ſize of Morgante; though I believe he was not very tall; becauſe I find in the hiſtory which gives a particular account of his exploits, that he often ſlept under a roof: now, if there was any houſe capacious

enough

enough to receive him, his magnitude could not be very extraordinary.' 'No, ſurely,' ſaid the curate: who, being diverted with his extravagant aſſertions, aſked his opinion concerning the looks and perſons of Reynaldo de Montalban, Don Orlando, and the reſt of the Twelve Peers of France, who were all knights-errant. 'With regard to Reynaldo,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'I will venture to ſay, he was broad-viſaged, and of a ruddy complexion, with large rolling eyes, full of punctilio, exceſſively choleric, and a friend to robbers and vagabonds. As for Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando, (for he is mentioned in hiſtory by all theſe names,) it is my opinion, and I affirm, that he was of a middling ſtature, broad-ſhouldered, ſomewhat bandy-legged, of a dark complexion and carroty beard, hairy all over, with a frowning aſpect, ſparing of ſpeech, though very affable and well bred.' 'If Roldan was not more comely than you have repreſented him,' replied the curate, 'I do not wonder that Angelica the Fair diſdained and deſerted him, for the gallantry, mirth, and pleaſantry of the little ſmock-faced Moor, to whoſe embraces ſhe yielded; and, ſurely, ſhe was in the right, to prefer the ſmoothneſs of Medoro to the roughneſs of Roldan.' 'That ſame Angelica, Mr. Curate,' ſaid the knight, 'was an unſettled rambling young woman, that longed after novelties, and left the world as full of her impertinent actions as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thouſand noblemen, a thouſand valiant and diſcreet admirers, and contented herſelf with a yellow haired page, who had neither fortune nor reputation, but that of being grateful to his friend. The renowned Arioſto, who ſung the praiſes of her beauty, either not daring or not deſigning to rehearſe what happened to her after her baſe intrigue, becauſe he deemed it a theme not extremely honourable for his muſe, dropped her at theſe lines:

"Another bard may ſing, in loftier lay,
"How he obtain'd the ſceptre of Cathay."

'And

And, truly, this was a ſort of prophecy; for the poets are alſo called *vates*, which in Latin ſignifies *diviners*, and it was plainly verified in the event, an Andaluſian bard having ſince that time ſung in verſe her tears and lamentation, as the moſt famous and ſublime genius of Caſtile hath celebrated her beauty.'

'Pray tell me, Signior Don Quixote,' ſaid the barber, 'among all thoſe authors who have written in her praiſe, hath not ſome one or other compoſed a ſatire againſt my Lady Angelica?'—'I firmly believe,' replied the knight, 'that if Sacripante or Roldan had been bards, they would have made the damſel ſmart ſeverely, it being natural and peculiar to poets, who are diſdained and rejected by their falſe miſtreſſes, whether real or imaginary, to revenge themſelves by ſatires and lampoons; a reſentment altogether unworthy of generous breaſts; but hitherto I have not met with any ſuch defamatory verſes againſt the Lady Angelica, though ſhe made ſtrange confuſion in the world.'—'That is a wonder, indeed!' ſaid the curate.——When hearing the houſekeeper and niece, who had ſome time before quitted the company, bawling aloud in the yard, they ran out to ſee what was the occaſion of ſuch noiſe.

## CHAP. II.

### *The notable Fray that happened between Sancho and Don Quixote's Niece and Houſekeeper; with other diverting Incidents.*

THE hiſtory relates, that the noiſe which Don Quixote, the curate, and barber, heard, was occaſioned by the niece and houſekeeper ſcolding at Sancho, who ſtruggled to get in and ſee his maſter, while they defended the door. 'What does the ſwag-bellied lurcher want in this houſe?' ſaid the houſekeeper: 'get you home, brother; it was you, and none but you, that turned my poor maſter's brain, enticing him from his own home, to ſtroll about the highways.' To this apoſtrophe Sancho replied, 'Houſekeeper of Satan! 'tis my brain that's turned; 'twas I that was enticed to ſtroll

ſtroll about the highways, and not thy maſter, for he carried me a rambling; ſo that you have reckoned without your hoſt. 'Twas he that wheedled me from my own houſe, with the promiſe of an iſland, which I expect to this good hour.'—'Devil choak thee with iſlands, thou curſed cormorant!' cried the niece: 'and pray what is an iſland; is it any thing to eat, thou gor-bellied glutton, ha?'—'No, not to eat, but to govern,' anſwered Sancho; 'and a fat government it is: better than four cities, or the places of any four of the king's alcades.'—'Be that as it will,' ſaid the houſekeeper, 'thou ſhan't ſet foot in this houſe, thou bag of miſchief, and bundle of malice! go and look after thy own family, fatten thy hogs, and let us hear no more of theſe iſlands or oil-lands.'

The curate and barber were highly entertained with this dialogue; but Don Quixote fearing that Sancho would open his budget, and diſburden himſelf of ſome miſchievous load of folly, by blabbing things not much to his credit, called him in, bidding the women hold their tongues, and give him entrance. Sancho being accordingly admitted, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Quixote, whoſe recovery they deſpaired of, ſeeing him ſo unalterably fixed in his folly, and ſo wholly poſſeſſed with the frantic ſpirit of knight-errantry. 'You ſhall ſee neighbour,' ſaid the curate to the barber, 'that, when we leaſt think of it, this poor gentleman will make another ſally.'—'That I make no doubt of,' anſwered the barber; but I don't wonder ſo much at the madneſs of the knight, as at the ſimplicity of the ſquire, who believes ſo devoutly in this iſland, that I think all the invention of man could not extract it from his ſkull.'—'God mend them!' replied the curate: 'meanwhile, let us keep a ſtrict eye over their behaviour, and obſerve the operation of their joint extravagance; for the madneſs of the maſter ſeems to have been caſt in the ſame mould with the fooliſhneſs of the man; and, in my opinion, the one without the other would not be worth a farthing.'—'True,' ſaid the barber;

ber; 'and I ſhould be glad to know what they are now talking of.'—'I dare ſay,' replied the curate, 'the niece and houſekeeper will give us a good account of their converſation; for they are none of thoſe who can reſiſt the opportunity of liſtening.'

In the mean time Don Quixote, having ſhut himſelf up in his apartment with Sancho, ſaid, 'It gives me much concern, Sancho, to hear thee ſay, as thou doſt, that I enticed thee from thy cottage, when thou knoweſt that I, at the ſame time, quitted my own houſe: together we ſet out, lived and travelled together; ſharing the ſame fortune and the ſame fate. If thou haſt been once toſſed in a blanket, I have been bruiſed an hundred times; and this is the only pre-eminence I enjoyed.'—'And that's but reaſonable,' replied Sancho, 'according to your worſhip's own remark, that misfortune belongs more to knights-errant than to their ſquires.'—'There you are miſtaken, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'for the Latin adage ſays, *Quando caput dolet, &c.*'—'Nay,' quoth Sancho, 'I underſtand no lingo but my mother-tongue.'—'The meaning,' ſaid the maſter, 'is, When the head aches, all the members are affected. I, therefore, as thy lord and maſter, am thy head; and thou, as my ſervant, art a part of me; ſo that whatever miſchief has happened, or may happen to me, ought to extend to thee likewiſe, in the ſame manner as I bear a ſhare in all thy ſufferings.'—'So it ought to be,' ſaid Sancho; 'but when I, as a member, was toſſed in a blanket, my head ſat peaceably on the other ſide of the wall, and beheld me vaulting in the air, without feeling the leaſt uneaſineſs; and ſince the members are obliged to ache with the head, I think it is but juſt that the head ſhould ache with the members.'—'How canſt thou affirm, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that I felt no pain while thou was toſſed in the blanket? Say, or think ſo no more; for I was, at that time, more afflicted in mind than thou in body. But let us wave this ſubject for the preſent, and time will, no doubt, offer an opportunity of conſidering

ing it more maturely, and of setting every thing to rights: and tell me, friend Sancho, how am I spoke of in this place? What say the vulgar? What character do I bear among the gentry? and how am I treated by the knights? What is their opinion of my valour, exploits, and courteous behaviour? and how do they relish the design I have undertaken of raising and restoring to the world the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry? In short, Sancho, I desire that thou wilt inform me of every thing thou hast heard on this subject, without adding to the good, or subtracting from the evil; it being the duty of faithful servants to represent the truth to their masters in its own native form, neither exaggerated by adulation, nor diminished by any other vain respect: and let me tell thee, Sancho, if the naked truth was always conveyed to the ears of princes undisguised by flattery, we should see better days, and other æras would deserve the name of the iron age more than the present, which would be justly looked upon as the age of gold. Remember this advice, Sancho, and inform me, with honesty and discretion, of all that thou knowest in regard to what I have asked.'—'That I will with all my heart, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'on condition that your worship won't be offended with the truth, since you desire to see it in its nakedness, just as it came to my knowledge.'—'I shall not be offended in the least,' replied Don Quixote: 'speak therefore freely, without going about the bush.'

'Well, then,' said the squire, in the first place, you must know that the common people think your worship a stark staring madman, and me a most notorious fool: the better sort say, that, scorning the rank of a private gentleman, you have put Don before your name, and dubbed yourself knight, with a small garden, a few acres of land, and a doublet clouted on both sides. The knights, forsooth, are affronted that your small gentry should pretend to vie with them, especially those needy squires who sole their own shoes, and darn their black hose with green silk.' 'That observation,' said

said Don Quixote, 'cannot affect me; for I always wear good cloaths, and never appear patched. My doublet may, indeed, be torn, but then it is by my armour, not by time.' 'Touching the valour, courtesy, adventures, and design of your worship,' said Sancho, 'there are different opinions. Some say, he is mad, but a diverting madman; others allow that he is valiant, but unlucky; a third sort observe that he is courteous, but impertinent; and in this manner we are handled so severely, that neither your worship nor I have a whole bone left.' 'You see, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that whenever virtue shines in an eminent degree, she always meets with persecution. Few or none of the celebrated heroes of antiquity could escape the calumnies of malice: Julius Cæsar, a most daring, wise, and valiant general, was accused of being ambitious, and not over-cleanly in his customs or apparel; Alexander, who, by his atchievements acquired the name of Great, was said to be a drunkard; and Hercules, renowned for his labours, reported to have been lewd and effeminate; Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, was grumbled at for being excessively quarrelsome; and Amadis himself ridiculed as an arrant whiner. Therefore, son Sancho, among so many aspersions thrown upon such great men, I may well overlook what is said against me; since it is no worse than what thou hast repeated.' That's the very thing, body of my father!' replied Sancho. 'What, is there any thing more!' said his master. 'More!' cried the squire, 'the tail is yet unfleaed. What you have heard is but cakes and gingerbread; but, if your worship would know all the backslidings we suffer, I will this moment bring hither one who can inform you of every circumstance, without losing a crumb; for, last night, the son of Bartholomew Carrasco arrived from Salamanca, where he has been at his studies, and got a batchelor's degree; and when I went to welcome him home, he told me there was a printed book of your worship's history, in which you go by the name of The Ingenious Squire Don

Don Quixote de La Mancha; and that I am mentioned in it by my own name of Sancho Panza, as well as my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with other things that passed betwen you and me only; at hearing of which I crossed myself through fear, wondering how they should come to the knowledge of the historian.' 'You may depend upon it, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'the author of our history must be some sage enchanter; for nothing is hid from writers of that class.' 'How can he be a sage enchanter,' said Sancho, 'when batchelor Sampson Carrasco (for that's the name of him who told me) says the author of our history is called Cid Hamet Bean-and-jelly?' 'That name is Moorish,' replied Don Quixote. 'Very like,' said the squire; for I have often heard that the Moors are very fond of beans and jellies.' 'Thou must certainly be mistaken, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'in the surname of that Cid, which, in Arabick, signifies Signior.' 'Very possible,' answered the squire; 'but if your worship desires to see the batchelor, I will bring him hither in a twinkling.' 'Thou wilt oblige me very much, my friend,' said Don Quixote: 'for what thou hast told me has bred such doubts and suspense within me, that I cannot eat a morsel with any satisfaction, until I am informed of the whole affair.' 'Then I'll go seek him,' replied Sancho: who, leaving his master, went in quest of the batchelor, with whom he returned in a little time, and a most pleasant dialogue ensued.

## CHAP. III.

*The ludicrous Conversation that passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the Batchelor Sampson Carrasco.*

DON Quixote remained extremely pensive, in expectation of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himself, in print, according to Sancho's information; though he could hardly persuade himself that there could be such a history extant; the blood of his enemies whom he had slain, being scarce, as

as yet, dry upon the blade of his ſword, and yet they would have his high atchievements already recorded in printed books. He therefore imagined that ſome ſage, either friend or foe, had caſt them off, by the power of enchantment: if a friend, in order to aggrandize and extol them above the moſt diſtinguiſhed exploits of knight-errantry; if an enemy, to annihilate and depreſs them beneath the meaneſt actions that ever were recorded of any ſquire. 'Although,' ſaid he, within himſelf, 'the deeds of ſquires are never committed to writing; and if my hiſtory actually exiſts, ſeeing it treats of a knight-errant, it muſt, of neceſſity, be pompous, ſublime, ſurpriſing, magnificent, and true.' This reflection conſoled him a little; but he became uneaſy again, when he recollected that his auth r was a Moor, as appeared by the name of Cid; and that no truth was to be expected from that people, who are all falſe, deceitful, and chimerical. He was afraid that his amours were treated with ſome indecency, that might impair and prejudice the honour of his Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, wiſhing for nothing more than a true repreſentation of his fidelity, and the decorum he always preſerved, in refuſing queens, empreſſes, and damſels of all ranks, thus keeping the impulſe of his paſſions under the rein. Toſſed, therefore, and fluctuating on theſe and many other fancies, he was found by Sancho and Carraſco, whom the knight received with great courteſy.

The batchelor, though his name was Sampſon, was not very big, but a great wag, of a pale complexion, and excellent underſtanding; he was about the age of four and twenty; had a round viſage, flat noſe, and capacious mouth; all ſymptoms of a miſchievous diſpoſition, addicted to jokes and raillery; as appeared when he approached Don Quixote, before whom he fell upon his knees, ſaying, 'Permit me to kiſs your moſt puiſſant hand, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha; for, by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have received no other orders than the firſt four, your worſhip

ſhip is one of the moſt famous knights-errant that ever were, or ever will be, within the circumference of the globe! Bleſſed be Cid Hamet Benengeli, who wrote the hiſtory of your greatneſs! and thrice bleſſed that curious perſon who took care to have it tranſlated from the Arabick into our mother-tongue, for the entertainment of mankind!' Don Quixote, raiſing him up, ſaid, ''Tis true, then, that there is a hiſtory of me, and that the ſage who compoſed it is a Moor.' 'So true, Signior,' ſaid Sampſon, 'that to my certain knowledge, there are twelve thouſand volumes of it this day in print; let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they were printed, contradict me if they can. It is even reported to be now in the preſs at Antwerp; and I can eaſily perceive, that there is ſcarce a nation or language into which it will not be tranſlated.' 'One of the things,' ſaid Don Quixote on this occaſion, 'which ought to afford the greateſt ſatisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to live and ſee himſelf celebrated in different languages, and his actions recorded in print, with univerſal approbation; I ſay, with approbation; becauſe, to be repreſented otherwiſe, is worſe than the worſt of deaths.' 'In point of reputation and renown,' ſaid the batchelor, 'your worſhip alone bears away the palm from all other knights-errant; for the Moor in Arabick, and the Chriſtian in his language, have been careful in painting the gallantry of your worſhip to the life; your vaſt courage in encountering dangers, your patience in adverſity, your fortitude in the midſt of wounds and miſchance, together with the honour and chaſtity of your platonick love for my Lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboſo.'

Here Sancho interpoſing, ſaid, 'I never heard my lady called Donna Dulcinea, but ſimply the Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo; ſo that there the hiſtory is wrong.' 'That is no material objection,' anſwered Carraſco. 'No ſure,' replied the knight. 'But tell me, Mr. Batchelor, which of my exploits is moſt eſteemed in this hiſtory.' 'As to that particular,' ſaid the batchelor,

'there

'there are as many different opinions as there are different tastes. Some stick to the adventure of the windmills, which to your worship appeared monstrous giants; others to that of the fulling-mills; this reader to the description of the two armies, which were afterwards metamorphosed into flocks of sheep; while another magnifies that of the dead body, which was carrying to the place of interment at Segovia: one says, that the deliverance of the galley-slaves excels all the rest; and a second affirms, that none of them equals the adventure of the Benedictine giants, and your battle with the valiant Biscayner.'

Here Sancho interrupting him again, said, 'Tell me, Mr. Batchelor, is the adventure of the Yanguesians mentioned, when our modest Rozinante longed for green peas in December *.'—'Nothing,' replied Sampson, 'has escaped the pen of the sage author, who relates every thing most minutely, even to the capers which honest Sancho cut in the blanket.'—'I cut no capers in the blanket,' answered Sancho; 'but in the air, I grant you, I performed more than I desired.'—'In my opinion,' said Don Quixote, 'there is no human history that does not contain reverses of fortune, especially those that treat of chivalry, which cannot always be attended with success.'—'Nevertheless,' resumed the batchelor, 'some who have read your history, say they should not have been sorry, had the author forgot a few of those infinite drubbings which, in different encounters, were bestowed on the great Don Quixote.'—'But in this consists the truth of history,' said the squire.

Don Quixote observed, that they might as well have omitted them; for those incidents, which neither change nor affect the truth of the story, ought to be left out, if they tend to depreciate the chief character. 'Take my

* *Pedir cotufas en el golfo*, signifies to look for tartuffles in the sea; a proverb applicable to those who are too sanguine in their expectations, and unreasonable in their desires.

my word for it,' ſaid he, 'Æneas was not ſo pious as Virgil repreſents him, nor Ulyſſes ſo prudent as he is exhibited by Homer.'—'True,' ſaid Sampſon; 'but it is one thing to compoſe as a poet, and another to record as an hiſtorian: the poet may relate or rehearſe things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; whereas an hiſtorian muſt tranſmit them, not as they ought to have been, but exactly as they were; without adding to, or ſubtracting the leaſt tittle from, the truth.'—'Since this Mooriſh gentleman hath told all the truth,' ſaid Sancho, 'I don't doubt that, among the drubbings of my maſter, he has mentioned mine alſo; for they never took the meaſure of his ſhoulders, without croſſing my whole body: but at this I ought not to wonder, ſince, as he obſerves, when the head aches, the members ought to have their ſhare of the pain.'—'You are a ſly rogue, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'and I find you don't want memory, when you think proper to uſe it.'—'If I had all the mind in the world,' ſaid Sancho, 'to forget the blows I have received, the marks, which are ſtill freſh upon my carcaſe, would by no means allow me.'

'Hold your peace, Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'and don't interrupt Mr. Batchelor, whom I entreat to proceed; and let me know what more is ſaid of me in this ſame hiſtory.'—Aye, and of me too,' ſaid Sancho; 'who, they ſay, am one of the principal perſonages of it.'—'You mean perſons, and not perſonages, friend Sancho,' ſaid Sampſon. 'What! have we got another reprimander of words?' ſaid the ſquire; 'ſince it is come to this, we ſhall never have done.'—'Plague light on me! Sancho!' replied the Batchelor, 'if you are not the ſecond perſon of the hiſtory; and there are many who would rather hear you ſpeak than the firſt character in the book; though ſome there be alſo, who ſay you are exceſſively credulous, in believing there could be any foundation for the government of that iſland, which was promiſed to you by Signior Don Quix-

ote,

ote, here preſent.'—' There is no time loſt *,' ſaid Don Quixote; ' while thou art advancing in years, Sancho, age will bring experience; and then thou wilt be more qualified and fit to govern than thou art at preſent.'—' 'Fore God! Sir,' ſaid Sancho, ' the iſland which I cannot govern with theſe years, I ſhall never govern, were I as old as Methuſalem: the miſchief is, that this ſame iſland is delayed I don't know how; not that I want noddle to govern it.'—' Recommend it, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, ' to the direction of Heaven, which does all for the beſt, and may, perhaps, exceed your expectation; for not a leaf can move upon a tree without the permiſſion of God.'—' True,' ſaid Sampſon; ' if it be the will of God, Sancho ſhall not want a thouſand iſlands, much leſs one, to govern.'—' I have ſeen governors in my time,' quoth Sancho, ' who, to my thinking, did not come up to the ſole of my ſhoe, and yet they were called your lordſhip, and ſerved in plate.'——' Thoſe were not governors of iſlands,' replied Sampſon, ' but of other governments more eaſily managed; for ſuch as govern iſlands ought at leaſt to have ſome grammatical knowledge.'—' I know very well how to cram †,' ſaid Sancho; ' but as to the matted cawl, I will neither meddle nor make, becauſe I don't underſtand it; but leaving this government in the hands of God, who will diſpoſe of me the beſt for his own ſervice, I am, Mr. Batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, infinitely pleaſed and rejoiced that the author of our hiſtory has ſpoke of me in ſuch a manner as not to give offence; for, by the faith of a good ſquire! if he had ſaid any thing of me, that did not become an old Chriſtian, as I am, the deaf ſhould have heard of it.'—' That were a miracle, indeed!' anſwered Sampſon.
' Miracle,

* *Aun ay ſol en las bardas.* There is ſtill ſun-ſhine on the wall. i. e. It is not yet too late.

† Finding it impoſſible to tranſlate the original pun or blunder, I have ſubſtituted another in its room, on the word Grammatical, which I think has at leaſt an equally good effect.

'Miracle, or no miracle,' ſaid Sancho, let every man take care how he ſpeaks or writes of honeſt people, and not ſet down at a venture the firſt thing that comes into his jolter-head.'

'One of the faults that are found with the hiſtory,' added the Batchelor, 'is, that the author has inſerted in it a novel, entitled, The Impertinent Curioſity. Not that the thing itſelf is bad, or poorly executed, but becauſe it is unſeaſonable, and has nothing to do with the ſtory of his worſhip Signior Don Quixote.'—'I'll lay a wager,' cried Sancho, 'that this ſon of a cur has made a ſtrange hodge-podge of the whole.'—'Now, I find,' ſaid the knight, 'that the author of my hiſtory is no ſage, but ſome ignorant prater, who, without either judgment or premeditation, has undertaken to write it at random, like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being aſked what he painted, anſwered, "Juſt as it happens;" and when he would ſometimes ſcrawl out a miſhapen cock, was fain to write under it in Gothic letters, "This is a cock;" and my hiſtory being of the ſame kind, will need a commentary to make it intelligible.'—'Not at all,' anſwered Sampſon; 'it is already ſo plain, that there is not the leaſt ambiguity in it; the very children handle it, boys read it, men underſtand it, and old people applaud it: in ſhort, it is ſo thumbed, ſo read, ſo well known by every body, that no ſooner a meagre horſe appears, than they ſay, "There goes Rozinante!" But thoſe who peruſe it moſt, are your pages; you cannot go into a nobleman's antichamber where you won't find a Don Quixote, which is no ſooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, ſome ſtruggling, and ſome entreating for a ſight of it; in fine, this hiſtory is the moſt delightful and leaſt prejudicial entertainment that ever was ſeen; for in the whole book there is not the leaſt ſhadow of a diſhonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good Catholic.'—'To write otherwiſe,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'were not to publiſh truth, but to propagate lies; and thoſe hiſtorians who deal in ſuch, ought to be burnt like

coiners of falſe money; but I cannot imagine what induced the author to avail himſelf of novels and ſtories that did not belong to the ſubject, when he had ſuch a fund of adventures to relate: he, doubtleſs, ſtuck to the proverb, So the gizzard is crammed, it matters not how *; for truly, had he confined himſelf to the manifeſtation of my reveries, my ſighs, my tears, my benevolence, and undertakings, he might have compiled a volume larger, or as large, as all the works of Toſtatus bound together †. Really, Mr. Batchelor, according to my comprehenſion, it requires great judgment, and a ripe underſtanding, to compoſe hiſtories, or indeed any books whatever; for to write with elegance and wit, is the province of great geniuſes only. The wittieſt perſon in the comedy is he that plays the fool; for he muſt be no ſimpleton who can exhibit a diverting repreſentation of folly. Hiſtory is a ſacred ſubject, becauſe the ſoul of it is truth; and where truth is, there the divinity will reſide: yet there are ſome who compoſe and caſt off books as if they were toſſing up a diſh of pancakes.'

'There is no book ſo bad,' ſaid the Batchelor, 'but you may find ſomething good in it.'—'Doubtleſs,' replied the knight; 'but it frequently happens, that thoſe who have deſervedly purchaſed and acquired great reputation by their writings, loſe it all, or at leaſt forfeit a part of it, in printing them.'—'The reaſon,' ſaid Sampſon, 'is, that printed works are peruſed with leiſure, conſequently their faults eaſily obſerved; and the greater the reputation of the author is, the more ſeverely are they ſcrutinized; men celebrated for their geniuſ,

* The original is, '*De paja, y di heno, el jergonelleno;*' i. e. The bed is filled, though it be with hay and ſtraw.'

† Alphonſus Toſtatus, biſhop of Avila, was ſaid to have known every thing that could be known. He made a figure at the council of Baſil; wrote twenty-ſeven volumes; and dying in the fortieth year of his age, was interred in the church of Avila, with this epitaph:—*Hic ſtupor eſt mundi, qui ſcibile diſcutis omne.*

genius, great poets, and illuſtrious hiſtorians, are, for the moſt part, if not always, envied by thoſe whoſe pleaſure and particular entertainment conſiſts in criticiſing the works of others, without having obliged the world with any thing of their own.'—'That is not to be wondered at,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'for there are many theologiſts who make but a poor figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in diſcerning the faults and ſuperfluities of thoſe who preach well.'—'That is all true, Signior Don Quixote,' ſaid Carraſco; 'and I could wiſh that thoſe cenſurers were either a little more compaſſionate, or ſomething leſs ſcrupulous, than to inſiſt upon ſuch blemiſhes of the work they decry, as may be compared to little ſpots in the ſun, and as *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, conſider how long the author watched, in order to diſplay the light of his performance, with as little ſhade as poſſible. Perhaps, too, thoſe things which diſguſt them are no other than moles, that ſometimes add to the beauty of the face on which they grow; and therefore I affirm, that he who publiſhes a book runs an immenſe riſk; becauſe it is abſolutely impoſſible to compoſe ſuch a one as will pleaſe and entertain every reader.'—'I believe few will reliſh that which treats of me,' ſaid the knight.' 'Quite the contrary, anſwered Sampſon; 'for, as *ſtultorum infinitus eſt numerus*, the number of thoſe who are delighted with your hiſtory is infinite; though ſome accuſe the author's memory as falſe or faulty, becauſe he has forgot to tell you who the thief was that ſtole Sancho's Dapple, of whom there was not a word mentioned: we can only infer from the hiſtory, that he was ſtolen; and by-and-by we find the ſquire mounted on the ſame beaſt, without knowing how he was retrieved. They ſay, likewiſe, that he has omitted telling what Sancho did with thoſe hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau in Sierra Morena; and which are never mentioned, though many people deſire to know what uſe he made of them; and this is one of the chief defects in the work.' Mr.

'Mr. Sampſon,' anſwered the ſquire, 'I am not in a humour at preſent to give accounts and reckonings of that affair; for I feel a certain qualmiſhneſs in my ſtomach, and if I don't recruit it with a couple of draughts of old ſtingo, I ſhall be in a moſt grievous taking;* I have a cordial at home, and my dame waits for me; but when I have filled my belly, I will return and ſatisfy your worſhip, and all the world, in whatever they ſhall deſire, both with regard to the loſs of my beaſt, and the ſpending of the hundred crowns.' So, without expecting a reply, or ſpeaking another word, he hied him home, while Don Quixote deſired and entreated the Batchelor to ſtay and do penance with him. The Batchelor accepting the invitation, ſtayed; a pair of pigeons was added to the knight's ordinary; he talked of nothing but chivalry at table, and Carraſco encouraged the diſcourſe. The repaſt ended, they took their afternoon's nap, Sancho returned, and the former converſation was renewed.

## CHAP. IV.

*In which Sancho Panza ſatisfies the Doubts, and anſwers the Queſtions, of Batchelor Sampſon Carraſco; with other Incidents worthy to be recited and known.*

SANCHO returning to his maſter's houſe, reſumed the former converſation, to gratify Mr. Sampſon, who ſaid he wanted to know when, in what manner, and by whom, his aſs had been ſtolen. 'You muſt know, then,' ſaid he, 'that very night we fled from the holy brotherhood, and got into the Brown Mountain, after the miſventureſome adventure of the galley-ſlaves, and the corpſe that was carrying to Segovia, we took up our quarters in a thicket, where my maſter and I, being both fatigued, and ſorely bruiſed in the frays we had juſt finiſhed, went to reſt, he leaning upon his lance, and

* In Spaniſh, *Me pondra en la eſpina de Santa Lucia*; i. e. Will put me on St. Lucia's thorn?' applicable to any uneaſy ſituation.

and I lolling upon Dapple, as if we had been ſtretched upon four feather-beds: I, in particular, ſlept ſo ſound, that the thief, whoſoever he was, had an opportunity of coming and propping me up with four ſtakes, fixed under the corner of my pannel, on which I was left aſtride; ſo that he ſlipped Dapple from under me without my perceiving it in the leaſt.'—'And this is no difficult matter, nor new device,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'for the ſame thing happened to Sacripante at the ſiege of Albracia, where, by this contrivance, his horſe was ſtolen from between his legs by the famous robber Brunelo *.'—'When morning came,' proceeded Sancho, 'I no ſooner began to ſtretch myſelf than the ſtakes gave way, and down I came to the ground with a vengeance: I looked for my beaſt, and finding he was gone, the tears guſhed from my eyes, and I ſent up a lamentation, which, if the author of our hiſtory has not ſet down, you may depend upon it he hath neglected a very excellent circumſtance. A good many days after this miſchance, as I chanced to be travelling with my lady the Princeſs Micomicona, deſcrying a perſon riding towards me in the habit of a gypſy, I immediately knew my own aſs, and diſcovered the rider to be Gines de Paſſamonte, that impoſtor and notorious malefactor, whom my maſter and I delivered from the galley-chain.'

'The error lies not in that part of the hiſtory,' replied the batchelor, 'but conſiſts in the author's ſaying, that Sancho rode on the ſame aſs before it appears that he had retrieved him.'—'As to that affair,' ſaid the ſquire, 'I can give you no ſatisfactory anſwer; perhaps it was an overſight in the hiſtorian, or owing to the careleſſneſs of the printer.'—'Doubtleſs it was ſo,' replied Sampſon; 'but what became of thoſe hundred crowns? were they laid up or laid out?'—'I laid them out,' anſwered Sancho, 'in neceſſaries for my own perſon, my wife, and children; and thoſe crowns were the



* As related in the famous poem of Orlando Inamorato, compoſed by Boyardo, of which the Orlando Furioſo of Arioſto is the continuation.

cause of my gossip's bearing patiently my ramblings and rovings in the service of my lord and master Don Quixote; for if, after such a long absence, I had come home without my ass, and never a cross in my pocket, I might have expected a welcome the wrong way. Now, if you have any thing else to ask, here I am ready to answer the king in person; and it matters not to any person, whether I did or did not bring them home, or whether I spent them or lent them; for if the blows I have received in our peregrinations were to be repaid with money, rated at no more than four maravedis a piece, another hundred crowns would not quit one half of the score; therefore, let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not pretend to mistake an hawk for a handsaw *; for we are all as God made us, and a great many of us much worse.'

'I will take care,' said Carrasco, 'to apprise the author of the history, that, if it should come to another edition, he may not forget to insert what honest Sancho observes, as it will not a little contribute to raise the value of the work.'—'Mr. Batchelor,' said the knight, 'did you, in reading it, perceive any thing else that ought to be amended?'—'There might be some things altered for the better,' replied Carrasco; 'but none of such consequence as those already mentioned.'—'And pray,' resumed Don Quixote, 'does the author promise a second part?'—'Yes,' said Sampson; 'but he says he has not yet found it, nor does he know in whose possession it is; so that we are still in doubt, whether or not it will see the light: on that account, therefore, and likewise because some people say, that second parts are never good, while others observe, that too much already hath been written concerning Don Quixote, it is believed that there will be no second part; though there is a third sort more jovial than wise, who cry, "Quixote for ever! let the knight engage, and Sancho Panza harangue; come what will, we shall be satisfied."—'And how does the author seem inclined?' said the knight.

'How?'

* In the original, Black for white."

'How?' anſwered Carraſco; 'to ſet the preſs a-going, as ſoon as he can find the hiſtory, for which he is now ſearching with all imaginable diligence; thereto ſwayed by intereſt, more than by any motive of praiſe.'—'Since the author keeps intereſt and money in his eye,' ſaid Sancho, 'it will be a wonder if he ſucceeds; for he'll do nothing but hurry, hurry, like a taylor on Eaſter-eve; and your works that are trumped up in a haſte, are never finiſhed with that perfection they require: I would have Mr. Moor take care, and conſider what he is about; for my maſter and I will furniſh him with materials, in point of adventures and different events, ſufficient to compoſe not only one, but a hundred ſecond parts. What! I ſuppoſe the honeſt man thinks we are now ſleeping among ſtraw; but let him lift up our feet, and then he will ſee which of them wants to be ſhod: all that I ſhall ſay is, if my maſter had taken my advice, we might have been already in the fields, redreſſing grievances, and righting wrongs, according to the uſe and cuſtom of true knights-errant.'

Scarce had Sancho pronounced theſe laſt words, when their ears were ſaluted by the neighing of Rozinante, which Don Quixote conſidered as a moſt happy omen, and determined in three or four days to ſet out on his third expedition; accordingly, he d clared his intention to the Batchelor, whoſe advice he aſked with regard to the route he ſhould take. Sampſon ſaid, that in his opinion, he ought to direct his courſe towards the kingdom of Arragon, and go to Saragoſſa, where, in a few days, was to be held a moſt ſolemn tournament on the feſtival of St. George; there he would have an opportunity of winning the palm from the Arragonian knights, which would raiſe his reputation above that of all the champions upon earth. He applauded his deſign as a moſt valiant and honourable determination, and begged he would be more cautious in encountering dangers, becauſe his life was not his own, but the property of all thoſe who had occaſion for protection and ſuccour in diſtreſs. 'That

'That is the very thing I repoſe, Mr. Sampſon,' ſaid the ſquire; 'for my maſter thinks no more of attacking a hundred men in arms, than a hungry boy would think of ſwallowing half a dozen pippins *. Body of the univerſe! Mr. Batchelor, if there are times for attacking, there are alſo ſeaſons for retreating; the cry muſt not always be "St. Jago! charge Spain, †" eſpecially as I have heard, and, if I remember aright, my maſter himſelf has often obſerved, that valour lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and raſhneſs; this being the caſe, I would not have him fly without good reaſon, nor give the aſſault when he is likely to be overpowered by numbers; but, above all things, I gave my maſter notice, that if he carries me along with him, it ſhall be on condition that he fight all the battles himſelf, and I be obliged to do nothing, but tend his perſon, that is, take care of his belly, and keep him ſweet and clean; in which caſe, I will jig it away with pleaſure ‡; but to think that I will put hand to ſword, even againſt the baſe born plebeians with cap and hatchet, is a wild imagination: for my own part, Mr. Sampſon, I do not pretend to the reputation of being valiant, but I being the beſt and loyaliſt ſquire that ever ſerved a knight-errant; and if my maſter Don Quixote, in conſideration of my great and faithful ſervices, ſhall be pleaſed to beſtow upon me one of thoſe many iſlands which his worſhip ſays will fall in his way, I ſhall very thankfully receive the favour; and even if he ſhould not keep his word, here ſtand I, ſimple as I am, and one man muſt not depend upon another, but truſt in God alone; beſides, the bread I eat, without a government, mayhap will reliſh better than

* Literally, *badeas*, a kind of water melon.

† This is the cry uttered by the Spaniards when they charge in battle.

‡ *Baylar el agua delante*, is a phraſe applicable to thoſe who do their duty with alacrity, taken from the practice of watering the courts in Spain, an office which the maids perform with a motion that reſembles dancing.

than the dainties of a governor; and how do I know but the devil may, in these governments, raise some stumbling-block, over which I shall fall, and beat out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho will I die; but, nevertheless, if, by the favour of Providence, I could fairly and softly, without much risk or anxiety, obtain an island, or some such matter, I am not such a ninny as to throw it away; for, as the saying is, When the heifer is offered, be ready with the rope; and, When good fortune comes to thy door, be sure to bid it welcome.'

'Brother Sancho,' said the batchelor, you have spoke like a professor; but for all that, put your trust in God, and Signior Don Quixote, who, instead of an island, will give you a whole kingdom.' 'The one is as likely as the other,' answered Sancho; 'though I dare venture to assure Signior Carrasco, that the kingdom, which my master shall bestow upon me, will not be put into a rotten sack; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health sufficient to rule kingdoms and govern islands, as I have, upon many other occasions, hinted to my master.' 'Consider, Sancho,' said the batchelor, 'that honours often change the disposition; and, perhaps, when you come to be governor, you will not know the mother that bare you.' 'That may be the case,' answered the squire, 'with those who were born among mallows; but not with me, who have got four inches of old christian suet on my ribs; then if you come to consider my disposition, you will find I am incapable of behaving ungratefully to any person whatever.' 'God grant it to be so,' said the knight; 'but this will appear when you arrive at the government, which methinks I have already in my eye.'

He then entreated the batchelor, if he was a poet, to favour him with a copy of verses on his intended parting from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, and desired that every line might begin with a letter of her name, so that the initials being joined together might make Dulcinea del Toboso. Carrasco, though he owned he was

not one of the famous poets of Spain, who were ſaid to be but three and a half,* promiſed to compoſe ſuch an acroſtic as he deſired, which, by the bye, he foreſaw would be no eaſy taſk, becauſe the name conſiſted of ſeventeen letters, and if he ſhould make four ſtanzas of four lines each, one muſt be left out; or ſhould they be compoſed of five, called decimas or roundelays, three letters would be wanting to complete the number; however, he would endeavour to ſink one letter as much as he could, ſo that in four ſtanzas the name Dulcinea del Toboſo ſhould be included. 'That muſt be done, at all events,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'for if the name be not plain and manifeſt, no woman will believe that ſhe was the ſubject of the poem.' This affair being thus ſettled, as alſo the time of their departure, which was fixed at the diſtance of eight days, Don Quixote charged the batchelor to keep it ſecret, eſpecially from the curate, Mr. Nicholas, his niece, and houſekeeper, that they might not obſtruct his honourable and valiant determination. Carraſco, having promiſed to obſerve this caution, took his leave of the knight, whom he begged to favour him on every occaſion with an account of his good or evil fortune; and Sancho went home, to provide every thing neceſſary for their expedition.

## CHAP. V.

*Of the ſage and pleaſant Dialogue between Sancho Panza and his Wife Tereſa Panza, with other Incidents worthy to be moſt happily recorded.*

THE tranſlator ſays he looks upon this chapter as apocryphal, becauſe it repreſents Sancho Panza ſpeaking in a ſtile quite different from that which might be expected from his ſhallow underſtanding, and making ſuch ingenious obſervations, as he thinks it impoſſible

* Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the Auraucuna; Juan Rufo de Cordova, author of the Auſtriada; Chriſtopher Verves de Valentia, author of the Montſerrat; and as for the half, Cervantes in all probability meant himſelf.

impoſſible he ſhould know; but he would not leave it out, that he might punctually perform the duty of a faithful tranſlator, and therefore proceeds in theſe words.

Sancho returned to his own houſe in ſuch high ſpirits, that his wife perceived his gaity at the diſtance of a bow-ſhot, and could not help ſaying, 'What is the matter, friend Sancho, that you ſeem ſo joyful?" To this queſtion the ſquire anſwered, 'An it pleaſed God, wife, I ſhould be very glad if I were not ſo joyful as I ſeem to be.' 'Truly, huſband,' replied Tereſa *, 'I do not underſtand you; and cannot conceive what you mean, by ſaying you ſhould be very glad, an it pleaſed God, you were not ſo joyful; for ſimple though I be, I am always glad with what makes me joyful.' 'Mark me, Tereſa,' ſaid the ſquire; "I am rejoiced, becauſe it is determined, that I ſhall return to the ſervice of my maſter Don Quixote, who is going to make a third ſally in queſt of adventures, and I muſt accompany him in his expedition; for ſo my deſtiny will have it, together with the comfortable and lively hope of finding another hundred crowns like thoſe I have expended: on the other hand, ſorry am I to part with thee and my children; and if God would permit me to eat my bread dry-ſhod at home, without dragging me over clifts and croſs-paths, (and this might be done at a ſmall expence, if he would only ſay the word,) it is plain that my joy would be more firm and perfect; whereas that which I feel at preſent, is mingled with the melancholy thoughts of leaving thee, my duck; wherefore I juſtly ſaid I ſhould be glad, an it pleaſed God, I were leſs joyful.' 'Verily, Sancho,' ſaid his wife, 'ever ſince you made yourſelf a member of knight errantry, you talk in ſuch a roundabout manner, that there is no underſtanding what you ſay.' 'Let it ſuffice,' anſwered the ſquire, 'That I am underſtood

* Sancho's wife has already been mentioned under the names of Juana and Mary, and now ſhe is called Tereſa.

derftood by God, who is the underftander of all things; and there let it reft: mean while, take notice, goffip, it will be convenient for you to tend Dapple for thefe two or three days with fpecial care; let his allowance be doubled, that he may be enabled to carry arms; and look for the pannel and the reft of the tackle; for we are not going to a wedding, but to traverfe the globe, and give and take dry blows with your giants, dragons, and hobgoblins, and hear nothing but hiffing, roaring, bellowing, and bleating; and all this would be but flowers of lavender, were it not our doom to encounter with Yanguefians and enchanted Moors.' 'I very well believe that fquires-errant do not eat the bread of idlenefs,' replied Terefa; 'and therefore, hufband, I fhall continually pray to our Lord, to deliver you from fuch misfortunes.' 'I tell thee, wife,' faid Sancho, 'if I did not expect to fee myfelf in a little time governor of an ifland, I fhould drop down dead upon the fpot.' 'By no means, dear hufband,' cried Terefa; 'Let the hen live, though fhe have the pip; and I hope you will live, though the devil run away with all the governments upon earth: without a government did you come from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived to this good hour; and without a government fhall you go or be carried to your grave, in God's own time: there are many in the world who have no governments, and yet, for all that, they live and are numbered among the people. Hunger is the beft fauce, and as that is never wanting among the poor, they always relifh what they eat; but take care, Sancho, if you come to a government, that you do not forget me and your children: confider, Sanchico has already fifteen good years over his head, and that it is time for him to go to fchool, if in cafe his uncle the abbot has a mind to breed him to the church: confider too, that your daughter Mary Sancha will not break her heart if we marry her, for I am much miftaken if fhe does not long for a hufband as much as you do for a government; and the fhort and long

long of it is, you had better have your daughter ill buckled as a wife than well kept as a concubine.'

'Take my word for it,' anſwered Sancho, 'if by the bleſſing of God I come to any ſort of government, I intend, my dear, to marry Mary Sancha ſo high, that nobody ſhall come near her, without calling her, *your ladyſhip*.'—'Never think of that, Sancho!' cried Tereſa; 'match her with her equal, which will be more prudent than to raiſe her from clogs to pattens, from good fourteen-penny hoyden grey to farthingales and petticoats of ſilk, and from *Molly* and *thou* to *Donna* and *my lady ſuch a-one*; the girl's head would be quite turned, and ſhe would be continually falling into ſome blunder, that would diſcover the coarſe thread of her home-ſpun breeding.'—'Shut that fooliſh mouth of thine,' ſaid Sancho; 'in two or three years practice, quality and politeneſs will become quite familiar to her; or, if they ſhould not, what does it ſignify? Let her firſt be a lady, and then happen what will.'—'Meddle, Sancho, with thoſe of your own ſtation,' replied Tereſa, 'and ſeek not to lift your head too high; but remember the proverb that ſays, When your neighbour's ſon comes to the door, wipe his noſe, and take him in. It would be a fine thing, truly, to match our Mary with a great count or cavalier, who would, when he ſhould take it in his head, look upon her as a monſter, and call her country wench, and clod-breaker's and hemp-ſpinner's brat: that ſhall never happen in my lifetime, huſband; it was not for that I brought up my child; do you find a portion, and as to her marriage, leave that to my care: there is Lope Tocho, old John Tocho's ſon, a jolly young fellow, ſtout and wholeſome, whom we all know, and I can perceive that he has no diſlike to the girl; beſides, he being our equal, ſhe will be very well matched with him; for we ſhall always have them under our eye, and the two families will live together, parents and children, ſons in-law and grandſons, and the peace and bleſſing of God will dwell amongſt us; wherefore you ſhall not match me her in

your

your courts and grand palaces, where ſhe will neither underſtand nor be underſtood.'—' Hark ye, you beaſt and yoke-fellow for Barrabas!' replied Sancho; ' why wouldſt thou now, without rhime or reaſon, prevent me from matching my daughter, ſo as that my grandchildren ſhall be perſons of quality? Remember, Tereſa, I have often heard my elders and betters obſerve, He that's coy when fortune's kind, may after ſeek but never find. And ſhould not I be to blame, if, now that ſhe knocks at my door, I ſhould bolt it againſt her? Let us, therefore, take the advantage of the favourable gale that blows.'

It was this uncommon ſtile, with what Sancho ſays below, that induced the tranſlator to pronounce the whole chapter apocryphal.

' Can't you perceive, animal, with half an eye,' proceeded Sancho, ' that I ſhall act wiſely, in devoting this body of mine to ſome beneficial government that will lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha according to my own good pleaſure: then wilt thou hear thyſelf called Donna Tereſa Panza, and find thyſelf ſeated at church upon carpets, cuſhions and tapeſtry, in deſpite and defiance of all the ſmall gentry in the pariſh; and not be always in the ſame moping circumſtances, without increaſe or diminution, like a picture in the hangings: but no more of this; Sanchica ſhall be a counteſs, though thou ſhouldſt cry thy heart out.'—' Look before you leap, huſband,' anſwered Tereſa: ' after all, I wiſh to God this quality of my daughter may not be the cauſe of her perdition; take your own way, and make her ducheſs or princeſs, or what you pleaſe, but I'll aſſure you, it ſhall never be with my conſent or good will; I was always a lover of equality, my dear, and can't bear to ſee people hold their heads high without reaſon. Tereſa was I chriſtened a bare and ſimple name, without the addition, garniture, and embroidery, of Don or Donna; my father's name is Caſcajo; and mine, as being your ſpouſe, Tereſa Panza, though by rights I ſhould be called Te-

reſa

refa Cafcajo: but as the king minds, the law binds; and with that name am I contented, though it be not burdened with a Don, which weighs fo heavy, that I fhould not be able to bear it; neither will I put it in the power of thofe who fee me dreffed like a countefs, or governor's lady, to fay, "Mind Mrs. Porkfeeder; how proud fhe looks! it was but yefterday fhe toiled hard at the diftaff, and went to mafs with the tail of her gown about her head inftead of a veil; but now, forfooth, fhe has got her fine farthingales and jewels, and holds up her head as if we did not know her." If God preferve me in my feven or five fenfes, or as many as they be, I fhall never bring myfelf into fuch a quandary: as for your part, fpoufe, you may go to your governments and iflands, and be as proud as a peacock; but as for my daughter and me, by the life of my father! we will not ftir one ftep from the village; for, The wife that deferves a good name, ftays at home as if fhe were lame; and, The maid muft be ftill a doing, that hopes to fee the men come a wooing. You and Don Quixote may therefore go to your adventures, and leave us to our mifventures; for God will better our condition, if we deferve his mercy; though truly I cannot imagine who made him a Don; I am fure neither his father nor grandfather had any fuch title.'—'I tell thee, wife,' replied the fquire, 'thou haft certainly got fome devil in that carcafe of thine; the Lord watch over thee, woman! what a deal of ftuff haft thou been tacking together, without either head or tail! What the devil has your Cafcajos, jewels, proverbs, and pride, to do with what I have been faying? Hark ye, you ignorant beaft, for fuch I may call thee, as thou haft neither capacity to underftand my difcourfe, nor prudence to make fure of good fortune when it lies in thy way, were I to fay, that my daughter fhall throw herfelf from the top of a fteeple, or go ftrolling about the world, like the Infanta Donna Uraca, thou wouldft have reafon to contradict my pleafure; but if, in two turnings of a ball, and one twinkling of an eye, our good fortune fhould lay

lay a title acroſs our ſhoulders, and, raiſing thee from the ſtubble, ſet thee in a chair of ſtate, under a canopy, or lay thee upon a ſofa, conſiſting of more velvet almohadas * than there are Moors in all the family of the Almohadas in Morocco; wherefore wouldſt not thou conſent, and with me enjoy the good luck that falls?'— 'I'll tell thee wherefore, huſband,' replied Tereſa, 'becauſe, as the ſaying is, What covers, diſcovers thee; the eyes of people always run ſlightly over the poor, but make an halt to examine the rich; and if a perſon ſo examined was once poor, then comes the grumbling and the ſlandering; and he is perſecuted by backbiters, who ſwarm in our ſtreets like bees.'

'Give ear, Tereſa, and liſten to what I am going to ſay,' anſwered Sancho: 'for mayhap thou haſt never heard ſuch a thing in all the days of thy life; and I do not now pretend to ſpeak from my own reflection, but to repeat the remarks of the good father who preached laſt Lent in our village. He ſaid, if I right remember, that all objects preſent to the view, exiſt, and are impreſſed upon the imagination, with much greater energy and force, than thoſe which we only remember to have ſeen.' (The arguments here uſed by Sancho contributed alſo to make the tranſlator believe this chapter apocryphal; becauſe they ſeem to exceed the capacity of the ſquire, who proceeded thus:) 'From whence it happens, that when we ſee any perſon magnificently dreſſed, and ſurrounded with the pomp of ſervants, we find ourſelves invited, and, as it were, compelled to pay him reſpect; although the memory ſhould, at that inſtant, repreſent to us ſome mean circumſtances of his former life; becauſe that defect, whether in point of family or fortune, is already paſt and removed, and we only regard what is preſent to our view; and if the perſon whom fortune hath thus raiſed from the lowneſs of oblivion to the height of proſperity be well-bred, liberal, and courteous, without pretending to vie with the ancient nobility, you may take it for granted, Tereſa, that

* Almohada ſignifies a cuſhion.

that nobody will remember what he was, but reverence what he now is, except the children of Envy, from whom no thriving perſon is ſecure.'—' I really do not underſtand you,' ſaid Tereſa: ' you may do what you will; but ſeek not to diſtract my brain with your rhetorick and haranguing, for, if you be revolved to do what you ſay'—' You muſt call it reſolved, woman, and not revolved,' cried Sancho. ' Never plague yourſelf to diſpute with me, huſband,' anſwered Tereſa: ' I ſpeak as God pleaſes, and meddle not with other people's concerns. If you are obſtinately bent upon this ſame government, I deſire you will carry your ſon Sancho along with you, and from this hour teach him the art of that profeſſion; for it is but reaſonable that the ſons ſhould inherit and learn the trade of their fathers.'—' As ſoon as I have obtained my government,' ſaid Sancho, ' I will ſend thee money for him by the poſt, as by that time I ſhall have plenty; for there are always people in abundance that will lend to a governor who has no money of his own; and be ſure you cloath him in ſuch a manner as to diſguiſe his preſent condition, and make him appear like what he is to be.'—' Send me the money,' anſwered Tereſa, ' and I will dreſs him up like any branch of palm *.'—' Well then,' ſaid Sancho, we are agreed upon making our daughter a counteſs——' ' That day I behold her a counteſs,' cried the wife, ' I ſhall reckon her dead and buried; but, I tell you again, you may uſe your pleaſure; for we women are born to be obedient to our huſbands, though they are no better than blocks.'

So ſaying, ſhe began to weep as bitterly as if ſhe had actually ſeen her daughter laid in her grave. Sancho conſoled her by ſaying, that, although ſhe muſt be a counteſs, he would defer her promotion as long as he could. Thus ended the converſation, and the ſquire went back to Don Quixote to concert meaſures for their ſpeedy departure. CHAP.



* Alluding to the bough that is adorned and carried in proceſſion on Palm Sunday.

## CHAP. VI.

### *Of what passed between Don Quixote, his Niece, and Housekeeper, being one of the most important Chapters of the whole History.*

WHILE this impertinent conversation passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Cascajo, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle; for, collecting from a thousand symptoms that their master wanted to give them the slip a third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, by all possible means, to divert him from his extravagant design; but all they could say was like preaching to the desart, or hammering cold iron. However, among many other arguments, the housekeeper said to him, "As I hope to be saved, dear master, if your worship will not settle at home in your own house, but are resolved to stray about the mountains and vallies, like a troubled ghost, in quest of what you term adventures, but what I call mischances, I will complain in person, and raise up my voice to God and the king, that they may apply some remedy to your disorder.' To this declaration the knight replied, "Mrs. Housekeeper, how God will accept of thy complaints I know not; neither can I guess in what manner his majesty will answer thy petition: this only I know, that if I were king, I would excuse myself from answering that infinite number of impertinent memorials which are daily presented; for one of the greatest of the many fatigues that attend royalty, is that of being obliged to listen and reply to all petitions; therefore I would not have his majesty troubled with any affair of mine.' 'Pray, Sir,' said the housekeeper, 'are there no knights at court?' 'Yes, there are many,' answered Don Quixote; 'and it is reasonable, that there should be always a good number in attendance to adorn the court, and support the pomp and magnificence of majesty.' 'Would it not be better, then, for your worship,' replied the matron, 'to be

one of that number, and ſerve your king and maſter quietly and ſafely at court?' 'You muſt know, good woman,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'all knights cannot be courtiers; neither can or ought all courtiers to be knights-errant: there ought to be plenty of both; and though we are all knights, there is a great difference between the one ſort and the other: your courtiers, without croſſing the threſholds of their own apartments, travel over the world, in maps, gratis, and never know what it is either to ſuffer either heat, cold, hunger, or thirſt, in their journey; whereas, we real knights-errant meaſure the whole globe with our own foot-ſteps, expoſed night and day, on horſe-back and a-foot, to the ſummer's ſun and winter's cold, and all the inclemencies of the weather; we not only ſeek to ſee the picture, but the perſon of our foe, and on all emergencies and occaſions attack him, without paying any regard to the trifling rules of challenges; whether, for example, his ſword and lance be ſhorter or longer than our own; whether he wears about him any relick or ſecret coat of mail; or whether the ſun and wind be equally divided; with other ceremonies of that nature, which are uſually obſerved in duelling, and which, though I know them punctually, thou art little acquainted with: thou muſt alſo know, that a good knight-errant, though he ſees ten giants, whoſe heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, with legs like lofty ſteeples, and arms reſembling the maſts of vaſt and warlike ſhips; while each eye, as large as a mill-wheel, beams and burns like a glaſs furnace, is by no means confounded or abaſhed; but, on the contrary, with genteel demeanour, and intrepid heart, approaches, aſſaults, and, if poſſible, vanquiſhes and overthrows them in a twinkling, though they are armed with the ſhell of a certain fiſh, ſaid to be harder than adamant; and inſtead of a ſword, uſe a keen ſcymitar of damaſked ſteel, or a huge club, armed with a point of the ſame metal, as I have ſeen on a dozen different occaſions. All this I have mentioned, good woman, that thou mayeſt

ſee what difference there is between knights of different orders; and every prince ought, in reaſon, to pay greater reſpect to his ſecond, or rather this firſt ſpecies of knights-errant, among whom, as we read in hiſtory, there have been ſome who were the bulwarks not only of one, but of many kingdoms.'

'Ah, dear Sir,' cried the niece, interrupting him, 'conſider that all thoſe ſtories of knights-errant are nothing but lyes and invention; and every one of the books that contain them deſerves, if not to be burnt, at leaſt to wear a *ſan benito* *, or ſome other badge, by which it may be known for an infamous perverter of virtue and good ſenſe.' 'By the God that protects me!' cried the knight, 'wert thou not undoubtedly my niece, as being my own ſiſter's child, I would chaſtiſe thee in ſuch a manner, for the blaſphemy thou haſt uttered, that the whole world would reſound with the example. How! ſhall a pert baggage, who has ſcarce capacity enough to manage a dozen lace-bobbins, dare to wag her tongue in cenſuring the hiſtories of knights-errant? What would Signior Amadis ſay to ſuch preſumption? But, ſurely, he would forgive thy arrogance; for he was the moſt humble and courteous knight of his time, and beſides the particular champion and protector of damſels: but thou mighteſt have been heard by another who would not treat thee ſo gently; for all are not affable and well-bred; on the contrary, ſome there are extremely brutal and impolite. All thoſe who call themſelves knights, are not entitled to that diſtinction; ſome being of pure gold, and others of baſer metal, notwithſtanding the denomination they aſſume. But theſe laſt cannot ſtand the touchſtone of truth: there are many plebeians, who ſweat and ſtruggle to maintain the appearance of gentlemen; and, on the other hand, there are gentlemen of rank who ſeem induſtrious to appear mean and degenerate; the one ſort raiſe themſelves either by ambition or virtue, while the others abaſe them-

* A dreſs put upon convicted hereticks.

themſelves by viciouſneſs or ſloth; ſo that we muſt avail ourſelves of our underſtanding and diſcernment, in diſtinguiſhing thoſe perſons, who, though they bear the ſame appellation, are yet ſo different in point of character.' 'Good God!' ſaid the niece, 'that your worſhip ſhould be ſo learned, that even, if need were, you might mount the pulpit, or go a preaching in the ſtreets, and yet remain in ſuch woeful blindneſs and palpable folly, as to perſuade the world that you are a valliant and vigorous righter of wrongs, when you are old, feeble, and almoſt crippled with age; but, above all things, to give yourſelf out for a knight, when you are no ſuch thing; for, though rich gentlemen may be knighted, poor gentlemen, like you, ſeldom are.'

'There is a good deal of truth in what thou haſt obſerved, couſin,' replied Don Quixote; 'and I could tell thee ſuch things, concerning families, as would raiſe thine admiration; but theſe I ſuppreſs, that I may not ſeem to mix what's human with what's divine. Take notice, however, my friends, and be attentive to what I am going to ſay: all the families in the world may be reduced to four kinds, which are theſe; one that, from low beginnings, hath extended and dilated to a pitch of power and greatneſs; another, that from great beginnings hath continued to preſerve and maintain its original importance; a third, that from vaſt beginnings hath ended in a point, diminiſhing and decaying from its foundation, into an inconſiderable point like that of a pyramid, which, in reſpect of its baſe, is next kin to nothing; a fourth, and that the moſt numerous, had neither a good foundation, nor reaſonable ſuperſtructure, and therefore ſinks into oblivion, unobſerved; ſuch are the families of plebeians and ordinary people. The firſt, that from low beginnings hath mounted to power and greatneſs, which it preſerves to this day, is exemplified in the houſe of Ottoman, that from an humble ſhepherd, who gave riſe to it, attained that pinnacle of grandeur on which it now ſtands: the ſecond ſort of pedigree, that without augmentation hath

preſerved

preserved its original importance, is exhibited in the persons of many princes, who are such by inheritance, and support their rank without addition or diminution, containing themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions: of those who, from illustrious beginnings, have dwindled into a point, there are a thousand examples in the Pharaohs and Ptolemeys of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the tribe, if they may be so called, of our Median, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Barbarian princes, monarchs, and great men. All these families and states, together with their founders, have ended in a very inconsiderable point; since, at this day, it is impossible to trace out one of their descendants; or, if we could, he would be found in some base and low degree. I have nothing to say of the plebeians, who only serve to increase the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or panegyrick. From what I have said, I would have you infer, my precious wise-acres, that there is a great confusion of pedigrees; and that those only appear grand and illustrious, whose representatives abound with virtue, liberality, and wealth: I say, virtue, liberality, and wealth; because the vicious great man is no more than a great sinner; and the rich man without liberality, a mere covetous beggar; for happiness does not consist in possessing, but in spending riches; and that not in squandering them away, but in knowing how to use them with taste. Now a poor knight has no other way of signalizing his birth, but the practice of virtue, being affable, well-bred, courteous, kind, and obliging; a stranger to pride, arrogance, and slander; and, above all things, charitable; for, by giving two farthings chearfully to the poor, he may shew himself as generous as he that dispenses alms by sound of bell: and whosoever sees him adorned with these virtues, although he should be an utter stranger to his race, will conclude that he is descended of a good family. Indeed, it would be a sort of miracle to find it otherwise; so that praise is always the reward of virtue, and never fails

to

to attend the righteous. There are two paths, my children, that lead to wealth and honour: one is that of learning, the other that of arms; now I am better qualified for the laſt than for the firſt; and (as I judge from my inclination to arms) was born under the influence of the planet Mars; ſo that I am, as it were, obliged to chuſe that road, which I will purſue in ſpite of the whole univerſe: you will therefore fatigue yourſelves to no purpoſe, in attempting to perſuade me from that which Heaven inſpires, fortune ordains, reaſon demands, and, above all things, my own inclination dictates: knowing, as I do, the innumerable toils annexed to knight errantry, I am alſo well acquainted with the infinite benefits acquired in the exerciſe of that profeſſion. I know the path of virtue is very ſtrait, while the road of vice is broad and ſpacious. I know their end and iſſue is different: the wide extended way of vice conducts the traveller to death; while the narrow toilſul path of virtue leads to happineſs and life—not that which periſheth, but that which hath no end; and I know, as our great Caſtilian poet obſerves,

'By theſe rough paths of toil and pain,
Th' immortal ſeats of bliſs we gain,
Deny'd to thoſe who heedleſs ſtray
In tempting pleaſure's flow'ry way.'

'Ah! woe is me!' cried the couſin, 'my uncle is a poet too! he knows every thing, and can do every thing: I'll lay a wager, if he ſhould turn bricklayer, he could build a houſe like any cage.' 'I do aſſure thee, niece,' replied Don Quixote, 'if thoſe knightly ſentiments did not wholly engroſs my attention, there is not a thing on earth that I could not make, nor a curioſity that ſhould not go through my hands, eſpecially bird-cages and tooth-picks.'

Here the converſation was interrupted by a knocking at the gate; which, as they found upon enquiry, was made by Sancho; whoſe preſence was no ſooner intimated, than the houſekeeper ran away to hide herſelf, that

that ſhe might avoid the ſight of him whom ſhe abhorred: the niece, therefore, opened the door, and his maſter came out to receive him with open arms; then, ſhutting themſelves up together, another dialogue paſſed, no ways inferior to the former.

## CHAP. VII.

*Of what paſſed between Don Quixote and his Squire; with other ſurpriſing Incidents.*

THE houſekeeper ſeeing that her maſter and Sancho were locked up together, immediately gueſſed the ſubject of their converſation; and imagining, that the reſult of this conſultation would be a third ſally, ſhe put on her veil, and, full of trouble and anxiety, went in queſt of the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, thinking, that as he was a well ſpoken man, and her maſter's new friend, he might perſuade him to lay aſide ſuch an extravagant deſign: accordingly, ſhe found him taking a turn in his own yard, and fell upon her knees before him, in a cold ſweat, occaſioned by her vexation. Carraſco ſeeing her appear with ſuch marks of ſorrow and conſternation, ſaid, 'What is the matter, Mrs. Houſekeeper? what hath befallen you? ſomething ſeems to have harrowed up your very ſoul!' 'Nothing at all, dear Mr. Sampſon,' cried the houſekeeper, 'only my maſter is breaking out; he is certainly breaking out!' 'How breaking out?' ſaid Sampſon; 'is any part of his body unſound?' "Where ſhould it break out?' replied the other, 'but through the gate of his madneſs? My meaning, dear batchelor of my ſoul! is, that he is going to make another ſally, (and that will be the third,) ſearching up and down the world for what he calls adventures, though I cannot imagine why they ſhould have that name*: the firſt time he returned ſo battered and bruiſed, that they were fain to lay him acroſs an aſs, like a ſack of oats, becauſe he could not ſit upright; the ſecond time, he was brought home in a waggon,

* The original, *ventura*, ſignifies good luck as well as adventures.

a waggon, ſtretched and cooped up in a cage, in which he imagined himſelf inchanted, in ſuch a woful plight, that he could ſcarce be known by the mother that bore him, ſo lank and meagre, with his eyes ſunk into the loweſt pit of his brain; ſo that before I could bring him to any tolerable degree of ſtrength, I expended more than ſix hundred new-laid eggs, as God and all the world know, as well as my hens, that will not ſuffer me to tell a lye.' 'That I verily believe,' ſaid the batchelor; 'your hens are ſo good, plump, and well-bred, that they would rather burſt than ſay one thing, and mean another. Well, then, Mrs. Houſe-keeper, nothing elſe hath happened, neither have you met with any other misfortune, but the apprehenſion of what your maſter Don Quixote will do?' 'Nothing elſe,' ſaid ſhe. 'Give yourſelf no trouble then,' reſumed the batchelor, 'but go home a-God's name, and get ready ſomething hot for my breakfaſt; and in your way, repeat St. Apollonia's prayer, if you can; I will follow in a little time, and then you ſhall ſee wonders.' 'Dear heart!' cried the houſe-keeper, 'St. Apollonia's prayer, ſay you? that I ſhould repeat if my maſter had the tooth-ach; but, lack-a-day! his diſtemper lies in his ſkull.' 'I know what I ſay,' anſwered Sampſon: 'take my advice, Mrs. Houſekeeper, and do not pretend to diſpute with me; for I would have thee to know that I am a batchelor of Salamanca; there's no higher batcheleering than that.' She accordingly moved homeward, while Sampſon went to communicate to the curate that which will be in due time diſcloſed.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were cloſetted together, there paſſed between them a converſation which the hiſtory recounts with great punctuality and truth. 'Signior,' ſaid the ſquire, 'I have at length traduced my wife to conſent that I ſhall attend your worſhip whereſoever you pleaſe to carry me.' 'Say reduced, and not traduced, Sancho', replied the knight. 'I have once or twice, if my memory ſerves me,' ſaid Sancho,

'intreated

'intreated your worſhip not to correct my words, if you underſtand my meaning; and when you can't make it out, I deſire you would ſay, 'Sancho,' or 'devil, I don't underſtand thee:' then if I fail in explaining myſelf, you may correct me as much as you pleaſe; for I am ſo foſſile.' 'I do not underſtand thee now', cried Don Quixote, 'nor can I comprehend what thou wouldſt be at, in ſaying I am ſo foſſile.' 'So foſſile!' ſaid the ſquire; 'that is, whereby as how I am juſt ſo. 'Nay, now thou art more and more unintelligible,' replied the knight.' 'If your worſhip does not underſtand me now,' anſwered Sancho, 'I know not how to expreſs it; for I am already at my wit's end, and Lord have mercy upon me.' 'O! now I conceive thy meaning,' ſaid the knight; 'thou wouldſt ſay that thou art ſo docile, gentle, and tractable, as to comprehend every thing I ſay, and retain whatſoever I ſhall teach thee.' 'I'll lay a wager,' ſaid the ſquire, 'that from the beginning, you knew my meaning by my mumping, but wanted to confound me by leading me into a thouſand more blunders.' 'It may be ſo,' ſaid the knight; but in reality, what ſays Tereſa?' 'Tereſa,' anſwered Sancho, 'ſays I muſt be ſharp with your worſhip. Faſt bind, faſt find; he that ſhuffles does not always cut; and that, a bird in the hand is worth two in the buſh: now I know that a wife's counſel is bad, but he that will not take it is mad.' 'So ſay I,' replied Don Quixote; 'proceed, friend Sancho, you ſpeak like an oracle to-day.' 'Why then the caſe is this,' reſumed Sancho; 'your worſhip very well knows we are all mortal, here to day, and gone to-morrow; for the lamb goes as faſt as the dam; and no man in this world can promiſe himſelf more hours of life than God is pleaſed to grant him; becauſe death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door of life is always in a hurry, and will not be detained either by fair means or force, by ſceptres or mitres, as the report goes, and as we have often heard it declared from the pulpit.' 'All this is very true,' ſaid the knight; 'but I cannot gueſs what

you drive at.' 'What I drive at,' anſwered Sancho, 'is, that your worſhip would appoint me a certain monthly ſalary for the time I ſhall ſerve you, to be paid out of your eſtate; for I do not chuſe to depend upon recompences that come late, or ſlow, or never. God will protect me with my own. In ſhort, I would know what I have to truſt to, whether little or much; for, the hen clucks though but on one egg; many littles make a mickle; and, he that is getting aught, is loſing nought. True it is, if it ſhould happen, which I neither believe nor expect, that your worſhip can give me that iſland you have promiſed me ſo long; I am not ſo greedy or ungrateful, but that I will ſuffer my rent to be appraiſed, and my ſalary deducted in due portion *.' 'To be ſure, friend Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'all portions ought to be proportioned.' 'I underſtand you,' replied the ſquire; 'I ſhould have ſaid proportion inſtead of portion; but that is of no ſignification, ſince my meaning is comprehended by your worſhip.' 'Aye,' and ſo thoroughly comprehended,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that I have penetrated into the inmoſt receſſes of thy thoughts, and perceive the mark at which thoſe innumerable ſhafts of thy proverbs are aimed. Look you, Sancho, I would appoint thee a ſalary, if I could find in any hiſtory of knights-errant, one precedent, by which I might diſcover, or have the leaſt glimpſe of what they uſed to give monthly or yearly; but I have carefully peruſed all, or the greateſt part of thoſe hiſtories, and cannot remember to have read, that any knights-errant ever paid a certain ſalary to his ſquire. I only know that all of them truſted to favour, and when it was leaſt in their thoughts, provided their maſter's chanced to be fortunate, they found themſelves rewarded with an iſland, or ſomething equivalent, and at leaſt were honoured with rank and title. If with theſe hopes and expectations you are willing to return to my ſervice, do it a-God's name; but if you think



* I have ſubſtituted this play upon the word proportion, in lieu of Sancho's blundering on *rata*.

think I will unhinge and deviate from the ancient cuſtoms of chivalry, you are grievouſly miſtaken: wherefore, friend Sancho, you may go home again, and declare my intention to your wife Tereſa; and if ſhe is pleaſed, and you are willing to depend upon my favour, *bene quidem*; if not, let us ſhake hands and part: while there are peas in the dove-houſe, I ſhall never want pigeons; and remember, my child, that it is better to be rich in hope than poor in poſſeſſion; and that a good claim is preferable to bad pay. I talk in this manner, Sancho, to ſhew that I can pour forth a volley of proverbs as well as you; and finally, I muſt and will give you to underſtand, that if you do not chuſe to ſerve me on thoſe terms, and ſhare my fortune, whatſoever it may be, I pray God may proſper and make a ſaint of you; for my part, I ſhall not want ſquires more obedient and careful, though leſs troubleſome and talkative than your worſhip.'

When Sancho heard this firm reſolution of his maſter, the ſky began to lour, and down flagged the wings of his heart in a moment: for he had believed that the knight would not ſet out without him for all the wealth in the world. While he thus remained penſive and dejected, in came Sampſon Carraſco, followed by the niece, who was very deſirous to hear with what arguments he would diſſuade her uncle from going again in queſt of adventures. Sampſon, who was a notable wag, no ſooner entered, than embracing the knight, as at firſt, he pronounced with an audible voice, 'O flower of knight-errantry, reſplendent ſun of arms, thou glory and mirror of the Spaniſh nation! may it pleaſe the Almighty, of his infinite power, that if any perſon or perſons ſhall raiſe any impediment to obſtruct thy third ſally, they may never extricate themſelves from the labyrinth of their deſires, or accompliſh what they ſo unjuſtly wiſh!' Then turning to the duenna, 'Mrs. Houſekeeper,' ſaid he, 'you need not now repeat St. Apollonia's prayer; for I know it is the preciſe determination of the ſtars, that Signior Don Quixote

ote ſhall again execute his new and lofty plan: and I ſhould greatly burden my conſcience if I forbore to intimate, and deſire, that this knight will no longer withhold and detain the force of his valiant arm, and the virtue of his heroic ſoul; becauſe, by his delay he retards the righting of wrongs, the protection of orphans, the honour of maidens, the favour of widows, the ſupport of wives, with many other things of that nature, which regard, concern, depend upon, and appertain, to the order of knight-errantry. Courage! Signior Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; may your worſhip and grandeur ſet out before to-morrow morning; and if any thing be wanting to forward your expedition, here am I, ready to make it good with my perſon and fortune; and, if need be, to ſerve your magnificence in quality of ſquire; an office, in the execution of which I ſhould think myſelf extremely happy.'

Don Quixote hearing this proffer, turned to Sancho, ſaying, 'Did not I tell thee, Sancho, that I ſhould not want for ſquires? Take notice who it is that offers to attend me; who, but the unheard-of batchelor Sampſon Carraſco; the perpetual darling and delight of the court-yards belonging to the Salamancan ſchools; ſound of body, ſtrong of limb, a ſilent ſufferer of heat and cold, hunger and thirſt, and endued with all thoſe qualifications which are requiſite in the ſquire of a knight-errant: but Heaven will not permit me, for my own ſatisfaction, to break and demoliſh this pillar of learning, this urn of ſciences, and to hew down ſuch an eminent branch of the liberal arts. No, let this new Samſon ſtay at home, and honour the place of his nativity, together with the grey hairs of his ancient parents; while I make ſhift with any ſort of ſquire, ſince Sancho will not vouchſafe to go along with me.'

'Y—yes, I do vouchſafe!' cried Sancho, blubbering; 'it ſhall never be ſaid of me, dear maſter, that when the victuals were eaten up, the company ſneaked off; I am not come of ſuch an ungrateful ſtock; for all the

the world, and eſpecially my own townſmen, know what ſort of people the Panzas were, of whom I am deſcended; beſides, I have perceived, and am ſenſible, by many good works, and more good words, that your worſhip is actually inclined to do for me; and if I have haggled more than enough about my wages, it was to pleaſe my wife, who, if ſhe once takes in hand to perſuade me to any thing, no cooper's adze drives the hoops of a barrel as ſhe drives at her purpoſe, until ſhe hath gained it; but, after all, a man muſt be a man, and a woman a woman: now I being a man every inch of me, when or whereſoever I pleaſe to ſhew myſelf, (that I cannot deny) I am reſolved to be maſter in my own houſe, in ſpite of the devil, the world, and the fleſh; and therefore your worſhip has no more to do but prepare your will, with the codicil, ſo as that it cannot be rebuked; and then let us take our departure, that we may not endanger the ſoul of Mr. Sampſon, whoſe conſcience, he ſays, prompts him to perſuade your worſhip to make a third ſally through the world; and here I promiſe again to ſerve your worſhip faithfully and lawfully, as well as, and better than, all the ſquires that ever attended the knights-errant, either in paſt or preſent time.'

The Batchelor was aſtoniſhed at hearing the manner and concluſion of Sancho's ſpeech; for although he had read the firſt part of his maſter's hiſtory, he never believed him ſo diverting as he is there repreſented; but now, hearing him talk of the will and codicil that could not be rebuked, inſtead of revoked, he was convinced of the truth of what he had read, and confirmed in the opinion of his being one of the moſt ſolemn ſimpletons of the preſent age; ſaying, within himſelf, two ſuch madmen as the maſter and his ſquire are not to be paralleled upon earth. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho were reconciled, and embraced each other; and, in conſequence of the opinion and aſſent of the great Carraſco, whom they looked upon as an oracle, it was determined that they ſhould depart in three days, during which they

would

would have time to provide themſelves with neceſſaries for the journey, and find a complete helmet for the knight, who inſiſted upon carrying one along with him into the field. Sampſon, accordingly, undertook to accommodate him, ſaying he could command an helmet that was in the poſſeſſion of a friend of his; though the brightneſs of the metal was not a little obſcured by the ruſt and mould which it had contracted.

Innumerable were the curſes which were vented againſt the batchelor by the houſekeeper and niece, who tore their hair, and ſcratched their faces; and, like the hired mourners, formerly in uſe, lamented the departure as if it had been the death of their maſter. But Sampſon's view in perſuading him to another ſally, was to execute a deſign which he had concerted with the curate and barber, as will appear in the ſequel. In ſhort, during thoſe three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furniſhed themſelves with every thing they thought they ſhould have occaſion for; the ſquire pacified his wife, the knight appeaſed his niece and houſekeeper; and on the evening of the fourth day, without being perceived by any living ſoul but the Batchelor, who inſiſted upon accompanying them half a league out of town, they ſet out, and took the road to Toboſo; Don Quixote mounted on his truſty Rozinante, and Sancho throned upon his old friend Dapple, with a pair of bags well lined with belly-timber, and a purſe of money, which his maſter depoſited in his hands, in caſe of accidents in their expedition.

Sampſon, embracing the knight, entreated him to write an account of his good or evil fortune, that he might congratulate or ſympathize with him, as the laws of friendſhip require. Don Quixote aſſuring him he would comply with his requeſt; the Batchelor returned to the village, and the other two purſued their way towards the great city of Toboſo.

## CHAP. VIII.

### *An Account of what happened to Don Quixote in his Journey to visit his Mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.*

'BLESSED be the Almighty Ala,' saith Cid Hamet Benengeli, in the beginning of this chapter; and this benediction he repeats three times, in consequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in the field again; observing, that the readers of this agreeable history may assure themselves that, from this period, the exploits of the knight and his squire begin. He therefore persuades them to forget the former adventures of our sage hero, and fix their attention upon those which are to come; and which now begin in the road to Toboso, as the others took their origin in the field of Montiel; and truely his demand is but reasonable, considering the fair promise he makes. Thus, therefore, he proceeds.

Scarce had Sampson left Don Quixote and Sancho by themselves, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray most melodiously; a circumstance which was looked upon by both our adventurers as a fortunate signal and most happy omen; though, to deal candidly with the reader, the brayings of the ass exceeded in number the neighings of the horse; from whence Sancho concluded, his fortune would surmount and overtop that of his master. But whether or not he founded his belief on his knowledge in judicial astrology, I cannot determine, the history being silent on that subject; yet certain it is he had been heard to say, when he stumbled or fell, that he wished he had not stirred over his own threshold; for nothing was to be got by a stumble or fall but a torn shoe or broken bone; and truly, simple as he was, he had some reason for making that observation.

'Friend Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'the night is so far advanced, that we shall not be able to reach Toboso by day-light; yet thither I am determined to go, before I engage in any other adventure, that I may receive the benediction and good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, by the help of which I shall certainly atchieve,

chieve, and happily perform, the moſt perilous exploits; for nothing in this life exalts the valour of knights-errant ſo much as the favour of their miſtreſſes.' 'I am of the ſame way of thinking,' replied the ſquire; 'but I believe your worſhip will find ſome difficulty in ſeeing her in a proper place for courtſhip, or indeed for receiving her bleſſing, unleſs ſhe throws it over the pales of the yard through which I ſaw her for the firſt time, when I carried the letter that gave an account of the folly and mad pranks I left your worſhip committing in the heart of the brown mountain.' 'Didſt thou then actually imagine,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that thoſe were the pales of a yard, over or through which thou ſaweſt that paragon of gentleneſs and beauty? Certainly they could be no other than galleries, arcades, or corridores, ſuch as belong to rich and royal palaces.' 'It may be ſo,' anſwered Sancho; 'but either my memory fails me very much, or to me they ſeemed no better than the pales of a farmer's yard.' 'Be that as it will,' reſumed Don Quixote, 'thither we will go, and at any rate get ſight of her: for be it through pales, windows, crannies, or the rails of a garden, ſo the leaſt ray of that ſun of beauty reach mine eyes, it will enlighten my underſtanding, and fortify my heart in ſuch a manner, that I ſhall remain the unequalled phœnix of valour and diſcretion.' 'Truly, Sir,' ſaid the ſquire, 'when I ſaw that ſame ſun of my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, it was not ſo bright as to ſend forth any rays at all; but the caſe was, the wheat that her ladyſhip was winnowing, as I told you before, raiſed ſuch a cloud of duſt about her, as quite darkened her countenance.' 'Wilt thou ſtill perſiſt, Sancho,' replied the knight, 'in ſaying, thinking, believing, and affirming, that my miſtreſs Dulcinea was employed in ſuch a mean office, ſo wide of all that is or ought to be practiſed by perſons of rank, who are created and reſerved for other exerciſes and amuſements, that denote their quality at the diſtance of a bow-ſhot? Thou ſeemeſt to forget, O Sancho! thoſe verſes of our poet, in which he paints the

labours

labours that in the chrystal bowers engroſſed the four nymphs, who, raiſing their heads above the waves of their beloved Tagus, ſat down to work in the verdant meadow thoſe rich and ſilken webs, which, as the ingenious poet deſcribes, were with gold and pearls adorned and interweaved. In this manner my miſtreſs muſt have been employed when thou ſaweſt her; but ſome wicked enchanter, envious of my happineſs and fame, converts and perverts every thing that yields me pleaſure, into ſhapes and figures different from its real appearance; and in that hiſtory of my atchievements which they ſay is printed, if the author be ſome ſage who is an enemy to my ſucceſs, I am afraid he hath confounded one thing with another, and clogged every fact with a thouſand falſhoods; ſtraying from his ſubject, to recount actions quite foreign to the ſkilful detail of a true hiſtory! O envy! thou root of infinite miſchief, and canker-worm of virtue! The commiſſion of all other vices, Sancho, is attended with ſome ſort of delight; but envy produces nothing in the heart that harbours it but rage, rancour, and diſguſt.' 'So ſay I, maſter,' anſwered Sancho: 'and I ſuppoſe, in this legend or hiſtory of us, which Batchelor Carraſco ſays he has ſeen, my reputation goes like a jolting hackney-coach, and is toſſed above, as the ſaying is, like a tennis-ball; though, in good faith, I never ſpoke an ill word of any enchanter whatſomever; nor am I rich enough to ſtir up envy in any living ſoul: true it is I am a little waggiſh, and have a ſmall ſpice of knavery, at bottom; but all this is crowned and covered with the broad cloak of my ſimplicity, which is always natural, and never affected; and if there was nothing elſe but my believing, as I always do firmly and ſincerely, in God, as well as in all that is owned and believed by the holy Roman catholic church, and my being a mortal enemy, as I certainly am, to the Jews, the hiſtorians ought to have mercy upon me, and uſe me tenderly in their writings: but let them ſay what they will, I naked was born, and naked remain; and if I loſe nothing,

as little I gain: though, provided I ſee myſelf mentioned in a book, and circulate through the world from hand to hand, I don't value what they ſay to me a fig's end.'

'That obſervation,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'puts me in mind of what happened to a famous poet of this age, who having compoſed a ſevere ſatire againſt the court ladies, omitted to inſert one in particular, by name, ſo that it was doubtful whether or not ſhe was implied in any part of the performance. The lady, thus neglected, complained to the poet, aſking what he had ſeen in her character unworthy of being deſcribed among the reſt, and deſired him to enlarge the ſatire, that ſhe might be included in the ſupplement, or look to himſelf. The author complied with her requeſt, laſhing her in terms not fit to be named; and ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied with the fame of being infamous. Of a piece with this ambition was that reported of the ſhepherd, who ſet fire to the celebrated temple of Diana, reckoned one of the wonders of the world, with no other view than to render his name immortal; and although there was a ſevere edict, prohibiting all perſons whatever from making mention of his name, either by word or writing, that he might not accompliſh his aim, it is very well known at this day, that his name was Eroſtratus. This likewiſe bears an affinity to that occurrence which paſſed at Rome, between that great emperor Charles the Fifth and a certain knight. The emperor went to viſit the famous temple of the Rotunda, which was of old called the Pantheon, but is now more happily named the Church of All-Saints, the moſt entire edifice that remains in heathen Rome, and which moſt of all evinces the grandeur and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the ſhape of half an orange, of a vaſt extent, and very well lighted, though it has but one window, or rather a round lanthorn at its top, from whence the emperor conſidered the inſide of the ſtructure, being attended by a Roman knight, who deſcribed the excellence and ingenious contrivance of that vaſt and memorable work;

work; and, after they had deſcended, ſaid to him, "Sacred Sir, a thouſand times was I ſeized with an inclination to claſp your majeſty in my arms, and throw myſelf down from the lanthorn, in order to eternize my name." "I thank you," replied the emperor, "for having reſiſted ſuch a wicked ſuggeſtion, and henceforward will never give you an opportunity of repeating ſuch a proof of your loyalty: avoid my preſence, and never preſume to ſpeak to me again." But, notwithſtanding this ſevere command, he conferred upon him ſome extraordinary favour. My meaning, Sancho, is, that the deſire of fame is a moſt active principle in the human breaſt. What doſt thou imagine was the motive that prevailed on Horatius to throw himſelf from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the river Tyber? what induced Mutius to burn his hand and arm? what impelled Curtius to dart himſelf into the flaming gulph which opened in the midſt of Rome? what prompted Cæſar to paſs the Rubicon, in ſpite of all the unfavourable omens that appeared? and, to give you a more modern inſtance, what conſideration bore the ſhips, and left on ſhore, encompaſſed with enemies, thoſe valiant Spaniards in the new world, under the conduct of the courteous Cortez? All theſe, and many other great and various exploits, are, were, and ſhall be performed, in conſequence of that deſire of fame, which flatters mortals with a ſhare of that immortality which they deem the merited reward of their renowned atchievements: although we catholick Chriſtian knights-errant ought to pay greater attention to that glory which is to come, and eternally ſurvives within the etherial and celeſtial manſions, than to the vanity of that fame, which is obtained in this preſent periſhable ſtate, and which, conſidered in its longeſt duration, muſt end at length with the world itſelf, which hath its appointed period. Wherefore, Sancho, our works muſt not exceed the limits preſcribed by the Chriſtian religion which we profeſs. We muſt, in ſlaying giants, extirpate pride; get the better of envy by benevolence and virtue;

refift anger with patience and forbearance; conquer gluttony and floth by temperance and watchfulnefs; luxury and lewdnefs by our fidelity to thofe whom we conftitute miftreffes of our inclination; and idlenefs by travelling through all parts of the werld in queft of opportunities to evince ourfelves not only Chriftians, but, moreover, renowned knights. Thus, Sancho, thou feeft the means of acquiring that fuperlative praife which produces fame and reputation.'

'All that your worfhip hath hitherto faid,' replied the fquire, 'I underftand perfectly well; but, for all that, I wifh you would diffolve me one doubt, which hath this moment ftruck me in the noddle.' 'Thy meaning is refolve, Sancho,' faid the knight: 'in good time, out with it, and I will give thee fatisfaction, as far as my own knowledge extends.' 'Tell me, then, Signior,' proceeded Sancho, 'where now are all thofe Julys and Augufts, and adventurefome knights, who died fo long ago?' The Heathens,' anfwered Don Quixote, 'are doubtlefs in hell; and the Chriftians, if they were good catholicks, either in purgatory or in heaven.' 'Right,' faid the fquire: 'let us next enquire, if the tombs that contain the bodies of that fort of gentry are lighted with filver lamps; or the walls of their chapels adorned with crutches, winding-fheets, periwigs, legs, and eyes, made of wax; if not, pray in what manner are they adorned?' To this queftion Don Quixote anfwered, that the fepulchres of the heathen heroes were, for the moft part, fumptuous temples; the afhes of Julius Cæfar were placed upon the top of a ftone pyramid, of vaft dimenfions, ftill to be feen at Rome, under the name of St. Peter's obelifk; the emperor Adrian's tomb was a building as large as a good village, formerly called Moles Adriani, but at prefent the Caftle of St. Angelo; and Queen Artemifia buried her hufband Maufolus in a monument, that was accounted one of the feven wonders of the world; but none of thefe fepulchres, nor any other belonging to the heathens, were adorned with fhrouds, offerings, or marks, to de-

note the ſanctity of the perſons there buried. 'So I perceive,' ſaid Sancho; 'and now tell me, whether it be more meritorious to ſlay a giant, or raiſe up the dead to life again?' 'The anſwer is plain,' replied the knight; 'it is more meritorious to re-animate the dead.' 'Then I have caught you fairly,' cried the ſquire; he who revives the dead, reſtores ſight to the blind, ſtraightens the crooked, heals the ſick; before whoſe tomb the lamps continually burn, whoſe chapels are filled with devout people, who adore his relicks upon their knees; I ſay, he ſhall have more fame in this world, and that which is to come, than all the heathen emperors and knights-errant that ever lived have left or will leave behind them.' 'I am very ſenſible of the truth of what you alledge,' anſwered the knight. 'Now this fame, this grace, this prerogative, or what you call it,' reſumed the ſquire, 'is veſted in the bodies and relicks of the ſaints; and with the approbation and licence of our holy mother church, they have their lamps, tapers, ſhrouds, crutches, pictures, periwigs, eyes, and legs, whereby the devotion of the people is increaſed, and their own Chriſtian fame promulgated; the bodies and relicks of ſaints are carried upon the ſhoulders of kings, who kiſs the very fragments of their bones, with which they enrich and adorn their moſt precious altars and oratories.' What wouldſt thou have me infer from all this?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'My meaning,' replied Sancho, 'is, that we ſhould turn ſaints immediately, and ſo with the greater diſpatch acquire that fame which we are in ſearch of; and pray take notice, Signior, it was but yeſterday, or t'other day, as one may ſay in compariſon, that they canonized and beatified two bare-footed friars; and people now think it a great happineſs to be allowed to touch and kiſs the iron chains with which they girded and tormented their poor bodies; and which are of greater eſteem than the ſword of Orlando, which, as the report goes, is kept in the armoury of our lord the king, whom God in Heaven bleſs: wherefore, dear maſter, it is better to be an humble friar

of

of any order whatever, than the moſt valiant knight that ever breathed; for, with God, two dozen of diſciplines will more avail than as many thouſand back-ſtrokes, whether they be beſtowed on giants, dragons, or hobgoblins.' 'All this is very true,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'but we cannot all be friars; and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to Heaven. Chivalry itſelf is a religious order, and ſome that were knights are now ſaints in glory.' 'True,' reſumed the ſquire; 'but I have often heard it obſerved, that there are more friars than knights in Heaven.' 'The reaſon,' ſaid the knight, 'is becauſe there is a greater number of monks than of the other order.' 'And yet there are many knights-errant,' replied the ſquire. 'There is, indeed, a good number,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'but very few that deſerve the name.'

In this, and other ſuch diſcourſe, they paſſed that night and the following day, without encountering any thing worthy of being mentioned; a circumſtance that chagrined our knight not a little. Next day, however, in the twilight, they deſcried the great city of Toboſo; at ſight of which Don Quixote's ſpirits were exhilarated, and Sancho's depreſſed, becauſe he did not know where to find the houſe of Dulcinea, whom he had never ſeen; neither had his maſter ever beheld this peerleſs princeſs; ſo that the one ſuffered perturbation from the deſire of ſeeing her, and the other becauſe he had not ſeen her; and, indeed, Sancho could not contrive how to manage the affair, when his maſter ſhould ſend him to Toboſo. In fine, Don Quixote reſolved to enter the city in the dark: and with this view they tarried in a grove of oaks, not far from the gate, till the night was advanced; then entered the town, where they met with things which amount to things indeed.

## CHAP. IX.

*Which contains what you will ſee in the peruſal of it.*

IT was midnight, or thereabout, when Don Quixote and Sancho, leaving their covert, entered the city of Toboſo, which was then in profound ſilence, all it's in-

habitants being aſleep, and lying with outſtretched legs, as the ſaying is. The night was clear, though Sancho wiſhed it otherwiſe, that in the darkneſs he might find an excuſe for his impoſition; and nothing was heard in the whole town but the barking of dogs, which thundered in Don Quixote's ears, and very much diſturbed the heart of Sancho; yet, from time to time, they were ſaluted by the braying of aſſes, the grunting of hogs, and the mewing of cats; which different notes being augmented by the ſtillneſs of the night, were conſidered as ill omens by the enamoured knight, who nevertheleſs ſaid to his ſquire, 'Son Sancho, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea, whom, perhaps, we ſhall find awake.' 'Body of the ſun!' cried Sancho, 'what palace ſhall I lead to? When I ſaw her highneſs ſhe was in a very ſmall cottage.' 'Then ſhe muſt have been retired,' anſwered the knight, 'to ſome ſmall apartment of her caſtle, to divert herſelf with her damſels, according to the uſe and cuſtom of princeſſes and ladies of rank.' 'Signior,' ſaid the ſquire, 'ſince your worſhip, in ſpite of all that I can ſay, will have my lady Dulcinea's houſe to be a caſtle, is this an hour to find the gate open? and will it be decent for us to throw the whole family into confuſion and uproar, by making a racket, and demanding entrance, at this time of night? Do you think we are going to a bawdy-houſe, like your fornicators, who rap and knock, and enter at any hour of the four-and-twenty?' 'Firſt of all, let us fairly find the caſtle,' replied the knight, 'and then I will tell thee what is to be done; and take notice, Sancho, for either mine eyeſight fails me, or that great ſhadowy building before us is the palace of Dulcinea.' 'Advance then', anſwered Sancho; 'perhaps it may be ſo; and yet, though I ſhould ſee it with mine eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it as much as I believe it twelve o'clock at noon.'

Don Quixote, however, proceeded; and having gone about two hundred paces, came up with the building that produced the ſhadow, and perceiving it an high

ſteeple, found it was no caſtle, but in reality the principal church in town. ‘ We are arrived at the cathedral, Sancho,’ ſaid he. ‘ So I perceive,’ replied the ſquire, ‘ and God grant we be not arrived at our graves! for it is no good ſign to be ſtrolling about church-yards at theſe hours; beſides, I have already told your worſhip (if my memory ſerves me right) that my lady's houſe ſtands in a blind alley.’ ‘ The curſe of God light on thee for a blockhead as thou art!’ cried Don Quixote; ‘ where didſt thou ever hear of caſtles and royal palaces built in blind alleys?’ ‘ Signior,’ anſwered Sancho, ‘ every country has its own cuſtoms; and perhaps it is the cuſtom here, in Toboſo, to raiſe palaces and grand edifices in blind alleys; I therefore humbly beſeech your worſhip to let me ſearch all the ſtreets and alleys I ſhall meet with; and who knows but in ſome corner I may light on this ſame caſtle, which I wiſh the dogs had devoured before it had brought us to ſuch perplexity and confuſion?’ ‘ Talk reſpectfully, Sancho, of thoſe things that appertain to my miſtreſs,’ ſaid the knight; ‘ let us ſpend our holiday in peace, and not throw the helve after the hatchet.’ ‘ Well, I will be pacified,’ anſwered the ſquire; ‘ though how can I endure your worſhip ſhould expect that I, who have ſeen my lady's houſe but once, ſhould know it always, and even find it out in the middle of the night, when you yourſelf are at a loſs, though you muſt have ſeen it a thouſand times?’ ‘ You diſtract me, Sancho,’ cried Don Quixote. ‘ Hark ye, heretick, have not I told you a thouſand times, that, in all the days of my life, I never ſaw the peerleſs Dulcinea, nor ever croſſed the threſhold of her palace, being only enamoured by hearſay, and the great reputation of her beauty and diſcretion?’ ‘ I hear your worſhip ſay ſo now,’ replied Sancho; ‘ and tell you in my turn, ‘ that if you have not ſeen her, no more have I.’ ‘ That is impoſſible,’ reſumed the knight; ‘ at leaſt, you told me you had ſeen her winnowing wheat, when you brought back an anſwer to the letter with which I ſent you to her habitation.’

'Truly, Signior, you muſt not depend upon that,' anſwered Sancho; 'for you muſt know, my ſeeing her, and bringing back the anſwer, was alſo upon hearſay; and I am as incapable of giving any account of the Lady Dulcinea, as I am of pulling the moon by the noſe.' 'Sancho! Sancho!' ſaid Don Quixote, 'there is a time for jeſting, and a time when jokes are very unſeaſonable: though I ſay I have never ſeen or ſpoke with the miſtreſs of my ſoul, there is no reaſon for thy making the ſame declaration, which thou knoweſt is ſo contrary to the truth.'

While they thus converſed together, they perceived a perſon paſſing that way with a couple of mules; and by the noiſe of a plough-ſhare, which they dragged along, juſtly concluded that he was a peaſant who had riſen before day to go to labour: they were not miſtaken; it was actually a labourer, who went along ſinging the ballad of Ronſcevalles *; which the knight no ſooner heard, than he exclaimed, 'Let me die, Sancho! if any thing lucky will befal us to night; don't you hear what that peaſant is ſinging? 'Yes,' ſaid Sancho; 'but what has the defeat at Ronſcevalles to do with our affair? If he had ſung the ballad of Calaynos, it would have been the ſame thing with regard to our good or evil fortune.'

Don Quixote ſaid to the peaſant, who was by this time come up, 'Can you tell me, honeſt friend, and the bleſſing of God attend you, in what part of this city ſtands the palace of the peerleſs princeſs Donna Dulcinea del Toboſo?' 'Signior, anſwered the young man, 'I am a ſtranger, and have been but a few days in town, in the ſervice of a rich farmer, whoſe land I till; but in that houſe that fronts you live the curate and ſexton of the pariſh, and either or both can give your worſhip an account of that ſame princeſs, for they keep a regiſter of all the inhabitants of Toboſo; though I believe there is no ſuch thing as a princeſs in the whole place: there are, indeed, many ladies of faſhion, and every

* Like our Chevy Chaſe.

every one may be a princeſs in her own houſe.' 'She whom I aſk for muſt be one of theſe,' ſaid the knight. 'It may be ſo,' anſwered the peaſant; 'but I ſhall be overtaken by the morning.' So ſaying, he drove on his mules, without waiting for any more queſtions.

Sancho, ſeeing his maſter in ſuſpence, and over and above diſſatisfied, 'Signior,' ſaid he, 'day begins to break, and it will not be altogether convenient to let the ſun find us here in the ſtreet: we had better quit the city, and look out for ſome wood in the neighbourhood, where your worſhip may enjoy the cool ſhade; and I will return by day, and ſearch every hole and cranny in Toboſo for this houſe, caſtle, or palace of my lady, and it will be very unfortunate, indeed, if I cannot find it; and if I have the good luck to meet with her ladyſhip, I will tell her where and how I have left your worſhip, in expectation of her contriving ſome means whereby you may viſit her, without any prejudice to her honour and reputation.' 'Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, 'thou haſt uttered a thouſand ſentences within the compaſs of a few words; the counſel thou haſt given me I reliſh, and moſt willingly receive. Come, my ſon, let us go in queſt of ſome thicket, where I may embower myſelf, while thou ſhalt return to ſeek, ſee, and talk with my miſtreſs, from whoſe courteſy and diſcretion I hope to receive more than miraculous favours.

Sancho burned with impatience to ſee his maſter fairly out of town, that he might not detect the falſhood of the anſwer which he pretended to bring from Dulcinea, while he remained in the Brown Mountain: he therefore preſſed him to depart, and about two miles from the city they found a thicket or wood, where Don Quixote took up his reſidence, while Sancho went back to commune with Dulcinea; and, in the courſe of his embaſſy, met with adventures that demand new credit and freſh attention.

CHAP.

## CHAP. X.

*Gives an Account of the Stratagem which Sancho practised, in order to inchant the Lady Dulcinea; with other Circumstances equally ludicrous and true.*

THE author of this stupendous history, when he comes to relate what is contained in this chapter, says, he would have willingly passed it over in silence, because he was afraid that it would not be believed; for here the madness of Don Quixote soars to the highest pitch of extravagance that can be imagined, and even by two bow-shots, at least, exceeds all credit and conception: yet, notwithstanding this jealousy and apprehension, he has recounted it in the same manner as it happened, without adding to the history, or detracting one tittle from the truth, undervaluing the risk he runs of being deemed apocryphal: and surely he was in the right; for truth may bend, but it will never break, and always surmounts falshood, as oil floats above water. Wherefore he proceeds in the narrative, saying—

Don Quixote having taken his station in the forest, grove, or wood, near to the great city of Toboso, ordered Sancho to go back to town, and not return to his presence before he should have spoken to his mistress; and begged, in his name, that she would be pleased to grant an interview to her captive knight, and deign to bestow upon him her blessing, through which he might expect the most happy issue to all his attempts and enterprizes.

The squire, having undertaken to execute this command, and to bring back as favourable an answer as he had brought the first time; 'Go, my son,' said the knight, 'and be not confounded when you find yourself beamed upon by that resplendent sun of beauty, which is the object of your enquiry: happy thou, above all the squires that ever lived! Be sure to retain in thy memory every circumstance of thy reception; observe if she changes colour, while thou art delivering my message; if she is discomposed, and under confusion at the

the mention of my name; whether ſhe ſinks upon her cuſhion, or happens at the time to be ſeated under the rich canopy of her authority: if ſhe be ſtanding, take notice whether or not ſhe ſometimes ſupports herſelf on one foot, ſometimes on the other; and if ſhe repeats her anſwer more than once, changing it from kind to harſh, from ſour to amorous; and if ſhe lifts up her hand to adjuſt her hair, although it be not diſordered: finally, ſon, mark all her geſtures and emotions; and if thou bringeſt me an exact detail of them, I ſhall be able to divine her moſt abſtruſe ſentiments, touching the concerns of my paſſion: for know, Sancho, if thou art ſtill to learn, among lovers, the leaſt geſticulation in their external behaviour, while the converſation turns upon their amours, is, as it were, a meſſenger that brings a moſt certain account of what paſſes within the ſoul. Go, friend, and enjoy thy fate, ſo much more favourable than thy maſter's; and return with much more ſucceſs than that which I dread and expect in this cruel ſolitude, where I now remain.' 'I go,' replied Sancho, 'and will return in a twinkling; therefore, good your worſhip, do encourage that little heart of yours, which, at preſent, muſt be no bigger than a hazle-nut; and conſider, as the ſaying is, a ſtout heart flings misfortune; where you meet with no hooks, you need expect no bacon; and again, the hare often ſtarts where the hunter leaſt expects her. This I obſerve, becauſe, though we did not find the palace and caſtle of my lady in the night; now, that it is day, I hope to ſtumble upon it, when I leaſt expect to ſee it; and if ſo be I once catch it, let me alone with her.' 'Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'God grant me better fortune in my deſires than you have in the application of the proverbs you utter.'

This was no ſooner ſaid, than Sancho, ſwitching Dapple, quitted the knight, who remained on horſeback, reſting his legs upon his ſtirrups, and leaning upon his lance, his imagination being engroſſed by the moſt melancholy ſuggeſtions. Here let us leave him, and proceed with Sancho Panza; who, parting from his

maſter,

maſter, in equal perplexity and confuſion, no ſooner found himſelf clear of the wood, than looking back, and perceiving that Don Quixote was not in ſight, he alighted from his aſs, and ſitting down at the root of a tree, began to catechiſe himſelf in theſe words: 'Brother Sancho, be ſo good as to let us know where your worſhip is going: are you in ſearch of ſome ſtray beaſt?' 'No, truly!' 'What then is your errand?' 'Why, really, I am going in ſearch of a thing of nought, a princeſs, God wot! and in her, the ſun and the whole heaven of beauty.' 'And, pray, where may you expect to meet with this that you mention, Sancho? 'Where, but in the great city of Toboſo.' 'Well, and by whoſe order are you going upon this enquiry?' 'By order of the renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, the righter of wrongs, who gives thirſt to the hungry, and food to thoſe that are dry.' 'All this is mighty well; but do you know the houſe, Sancho?' 'My maſter ſays, it muſt be ſome royal palace, or ſtately caſtle.' 'But have you never once ſeen this ſame princeſs?' 'Neither I nor he ever ſet eyes on her.' 'And do you think it will be well beſtowed, if the inhabitants of Toboſo, getting notice that you are come with an intention to wheedle away their princeſſes, and diſturb their dames, ſhould break every bone of your ſkin, and grind your ribs to a paſte, with pure cudgelling?' 'Verily they would not be much to blame, unleſs they conſidered, that I do nothing but execute my maſter's command, and being only a meſſenger, am not in fault.' 'Never truſt to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and will not ſuffer themſelves to be tickled by any perſon whatever. Ecod! if you are once ſmoaked, you will come but ſcurvily off.' 'Bodikins! ſince that be the caſe, why ſhould I plague myſelf, ſeeking a cat with three legs, for another man's pleaſure?' 'Beſides, you may as well ſeek for a magpye in Rabena, or a batchelor in Salamanca, as for Dulcinea in Toboſo.' 'The devil, and none but the devil, has ſent me on this fool's errand.' The

The reſult of this ſoliloquy was another, that broke out in theſe words : ‘ There is a remedy for every thing but death, under whoſe yoke we muſt all paſs, will we nill we, when this life is at an end. This maſter of mine, as I have perceived by a thouſand inſtances, is mad enough to be ſhackled among ſtraw ; and truly I am not much behind him in folly ; nay, indeed, I am more mad than he, ſeeing I ſerve and follow him, if there be any truth in the proverb that ſays, tell me your company, and I will tell you your manners : and the other, not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are fed. Now he being, as he certainly is, a madman ; aye, and ſo mad as for the moſt part to miſtake one thing for another, affirming white to be black, and black to be white ; as plainly appeared when he took the windmills for giants, the mules of the friars for dromedaries, the flocks of ſheep for oppoſite armies, and a great many other things in the ſame ſtile ; I ſay, it will be no difficult matter to make him believe the firſt country wench I ſhall meet with to be his miſtreſs Dulcinea ; and if he boggles at ſwallowing the cheat, I will ſwear luſtily to the truth of what I affirm ; and if he ſwears alſo, I will ſwear again ; and if he is poſitive, I will be more poſitive ; ſo that, come what will, my obſtinacy ſhall always exceed his. Perhaps, by this ſtubborn behaviour, I ſhall get rid of all ſuch troubleſome meſſages for the future, when he finds what diſagreeable anſwers I bring ; or perhaps, which I rather believe, he will think that one of thoſe inchanters, who, he ſays, bears him a grudge, hath tranſmogrified her ſhape, in order to vex and diſquiet him.’

Sancho having found out this expedient, was quite calm and ſatisfied in his mind ; and thinking he had brought the buſineſs to a good bearing, remained where he was till the evening, that Don Quixote might think he had ſufficient time to execute his orders, and return. Every thing ſucceeded ſo well to his wiſh, that when he got up to mount Dapple, he deſcried three country wenches riding from Toboſo, towards the place where he ſtood, upon three young he or ſhe aſſes, for the author

does

does not declare their ſex; though in all likelihood they were of the female gender, as your village maidens commonly ride upon ſhe-aſſes; but this being a circumſtance of ſmall importance, we ſhall not give ourſelves any trouble to aſcertain it.

In ſhort, Sancho no ſooner perceived the wenches, than he rode back at a round trot to his maſter, whom he found ſighing bitterly, and pouring forth a thouſand amorous complaints. The knight ſeeing him arrive, 'Well, friend Sancho,' ſaid he, 'is this day to be marked with a white or black ſtone?'—'Your worſhip,' anſwered the ſquire, 'had better mark it with red ochre, like the titles on a profeſſor's chair, that it may be ſeen the better by thoſe who look at it.' 'At that rate,' replied Don Quixote, 'thou bringeſt me good news.' 'So good,' anſwered Sancho, 'that your worſhip has nothing to do but to mount Rozinante, and gallop into the plain, where you will ſee my Lady Dulcinea del Toboſo and two of her damſels coming this way to pay you a viſit.' 'Gracious God!' cried the knight, 'what is that you ſay, friend Sancho? Take care how you deceive me! endeavouring, by feigned joy, to enliven my real ſadneſs.' 'What ſhould I get by deceiving your worſhip?' ſaid the ſquire. 'Beſides, you can eaſily be ſatisfied of the truth of what I ſay. Make haſte, Signior; come and ſee our miſtreſs the princeſs, arrayed and adorned; in ſhort, as ſhe ought to be; her damſels and ſhe are all one flame of gold; all covered with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and brocade, more than ten hands deep; their hair flowing looſe about their ſhoulders, like ſo many ſun-beams waving with the wind; and moreover they are mounted on three pied belfreys, that it would do one's heart good to ſee them.' 'Palfreys, you mean, Sancho,' ſaid the knight. 'There is no great difference,' anſwered the ſquire, 'between palfreys and belfreys; but, be that as it will, they are the fineſt creatures one would deſire to ſee, eſpecially my Lady Dulcinea, who is enough to ſtupify the five ſenſes.' 'Come, then, my ſon,' replied

plied Don Quixote; 'and, as a gratuity for bringing this piece of news, equally welcome and unexpected, I bestow upon thee the spoils of the first adventure I shall atchieve; and if thou art not satisfied with that recompense, I will give unto thee the foals that shall this year be brought forth by my three mares, which thou knowest we left with young upon our town common.' 'I stick to the foals,' cried the squire; 'for as to the spoils of our first adventure, I question whether or not they will be worth accepting.'

By this time they were clear of the wood, and in sight of the three country-maidens; when the knight lifting up his eyes, and surveying the whole road to Toboso, without seeing any thing but them, began to be troubled in mind, and asked Sancho if the ladies had got out of town when he left them. 'Out of town!' said Sancho. 'What! are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you don't see them coming towards us, glittering and shining like the sun at noon?' 'I see nobody,' replied the knight, 'but three country wenches, riding upon asses.' 'God deliver me from the devil!' cried the squire: 'is it possible that three belfreys, or how-d'ye-call-ums, white as the driven snow, should appear no better than asses in your worship's eyes? By the Lord! I'll give you leave to pluck off every hair of my beard if that be the case.' 'Then I tell thee, Sancho,' said his master, 'they are as certainly he or she asses as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza; at least, so they seem to me.' 'Hold your tongue, Signior,' replied Sancho, 'and never talk in that manner, but snuff your eyes, and go and make your reverence to the mistress of your heart, who is just at hand.'

So saying, he advanced towards the damsels, and alighting from Dapple, seized one of their beasts by the halter; then fell upon his knees before the rider, to whom he addressed himself in this manner: 'Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, will your highness and greatness be pleased to receive into grace and favour your captive knight, who sits there stupified to stone,

utterly

utterly confounded and deprived of pulſe, at ſeeing himſelf in preſence of your magnificence. I am Sancho Panza his ſquire, and he is the perplexed and down trodden knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, alias the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'

By this time Don Quixote having placed himſelf on his knees, by Sancho, gazing with ſtaring eyes and troubled viſion, upon the object which the ſquire called queen and princeſs; and perceiving nothing but a country-wench's viſage, and that none of the moſt agreeable, for it was round and flat-noſed; he remained in the utmoſt confuſion and ſurprize, without daring to open his lips. The other two damſels were equally aſtoniſhed at ſeeing a couple of ſuch different figures kneeling before their companion, whom they had detained; but ſhe, breaking ſilence, pronounced, in a moſt ungracious and reſentful manner, 'Get out of the way, and let us paſs, for we are in a hurry.' To this apoſtrophe Sancho replied, 'O princeſs and univerſal Lady of Toboſo! do not your magnificent bowels yearn, to ſee upon his marrow-bones before your ſublimated preſence, the very pillar and prop of knight-errantry!' One of the other two hearing this pathetick remonſtrance, bawled aloud, 'Would I had the currying that aſs's hide of thine: mind, forſooth, how your ſmall gentry come and paſs their gibes upon us country-folks; as if we could not give them as good as they bring. Go about your buſineſs, friend, and leave us to mind our'n; and ſo God b'w'ye.'

Here the knight interpoſing, ſaid, 'Riſe, Sancho: I can plainly perceive that fortune, not yet tired of perſecuting me, hath barred every avenue by which any comfort could arrive at the miſerable ſoul that this carcaſe contains: and thou! the eſſence of every thing that is deſirable in nature, thou ſum of human perfection, and ſole remedy of this afflicted heart, by which thou art adored! although that malicious enchanter, my inveterate enemy, hath ſpread clouds and cataracts before mine eyes, to them and them only changing and

transforming thy unequalled beauty into the appearance of a poor country-wench; if he hath not alſo altered my figure into that of ſome frightful ſpectre, horrid to thy view, deign to look upon me with complacency and love; becauſe thou mayeſt perceive, by this ſubmiſſive poſture I have aſſumed, even before thy perſon thus diſguiſed, the humility with which my ſoul adores thy charms.' 'You may go kiſs my grannam,' cried the damſel. 'I am a fine madam, truly, to hear ſuch gibberiſh: we ſhould be more obliged to you if you would get out of our way, and let us go about our own affairs.'

Sancho accordingly quitted his hold, leaving her free to go whither ſhe would, and highly pleaſed with the iſſue of his ſtratagem. The ſuppoſitious Dulcinea no ſooner found herſelf at liberty, than pricking her palfrey with a goad which was in the end of a ſtick ſhe had in her hand, the creature galloped acroſs the field with great ſpeed, and feeling the application more ſevere than uſual, began to plunge and kick in ſuch a manner, that my lady fell to the ground. Don Quixote perceiving this accident, ran with great eagerneſs to raiſe her up, and Sancho made haſte to adjuſt and gird on the pannel, which had got under the aſs's belly. This affair being ſet to rights, the knight went to lift his enchanted miſtreſs in his arms, and place her on her ſeat again; but ſhe, ſtarting up from the ground, ſaved him that trouble; for, retreating a few paces backwards, ſhe made a ſmall run, and clapping both hands upon the crupper, leaped upon the pannel as nimble as a falcon, ſeating herſelf aſtride like a man.

'By St. Roque!' cried Sancho, 'my lady miſtreſs is as light as a hawk, and can teach the moſt dextrous horſeman to ride; at one jump ſhe has ſprung into the ſaddle, and, without ſpurs, made her palfrey fly like any zebra: and truly, her damſels are not a whit behind; for they go ſcouring along as ſwift as the wind.' This was actually true; for Dulcinea was no ſooner remounted than the other two trotted after her, and at

laſt diſappeared, after having gone more than half a league, at full ſpeed, without once looking behind them.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes until they vaniſhed; then turning to his ſquire, 'Sancho,' ſaid he, 'thou ſeeſt how I am perſecuted by enchanters, and mayeſt perceive how far the malice and grudge they bear me extends; ſeeing they have deprived me of the pleaſure I ſhould have enjoyed at the ſight of my miſtreſs in her own beauteous form. Surely, I was born to be an example of miſery; the very mark and butt for all the arrows of misfortune: nay, thou art alſo to obſerve, Sancho, that thoſe traitors were not contented with a ſimple metamorphoſis of my Dulcinea, but have transformed and changed her into the baſe and homely figure of that country-wench; robbing her, at the ſame time, of that which is ſo peculiar to ladies of faſhion, I mean, that ſweet ſcent which is the reſult of their living among flowers and perfume; for know, my friend, when I went to lift Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as thou ſayeſt it was, though to me it ſeemed neither more nor leſs than a ſhe-aſs, I was almoſt ſuffocated and poiſoned with a whiff of undigeſted garlick!'

'O ye miſcreants!' cried Sancho, 'O ye malicious and miſchievous enchanters! would to God, I could ſee you all ſtrung by the gills, like ſo many haddocks! much you know, much you can, and much more will you ſtill be doing. Was it not enough, ye knaves, to change the pearls of my lady's eyes into a couple of cork-tree galls, and her hair of ſhining gold into the briſtles of a red cow's tail; and, in ſhort, ſo tranſmography every feature of her countenance; without your meddling with the ſweetneſs of her breath, by which they might have diſcovered what was concealed beneath that bark of homelineſs? Though, to tell the truth, I ſaw not her homelineſs, but beauty, which was exceedingly increaſed by a mole upon her upper lip, ſomething like a whiſker, conſiſting of ſeven or eight red hairs, like threads of gold, as long as my hand.'—'According

to the correfpondence which the moles of the face have with thofe of the body,' faid Don Quixote, 'Dulcinea muft have juft fuch another on the brawney part of her thigh, of the fame fide; but hairs of fuch a length are, methinks, rather too long for moles.' 'I do affure your worfhip,' anfwered Sancho, 'they feemed as if they had come into the world with her.' 'I very well believe what you fay, my friend,' replied the knight; 'for nature hath beftowed nothing on Dulcinea but what is perfectly finifhed; wherefore, if thou hadft feen an hundred fuch moles, in her would they be fo many moons and refplendent ftars: but tell me, Sancho, that which you adjufted, and which to me feemed a pannel, was it a plain pad or a fide-faddle?'—'It was a great fide-faddle,' anfwered the fquire, 'fo rich that half the kingdom would not buy it.'—'And why could not I fee all this!' faid the knight. 'I fay again, Sancho, and will repeat it a thoufand times, that I am the moft unfortunate of men.'

The rogue Sancho, finding his mafter fo dextroufly gulled, and hearing him talk in this mad ftrain, could fcarce refrain from laughing in his face: in fine, a great deal more of this fort of converfation having paffed between them, they remounted their beafts, and took the road to Saragoffa, where they expected to arrive time enough to be prefent at the folemn feftival yearly celebrated in that famous city; but, before they accomplifhed their journey, they met with adventures, which, for their variety, novelty, and greatnefs, deferve to be read and recorded, as in the fequel.

## CHAP. XI.

### *Of the ftrange Adventures which befel the valiant Don Quixote, with the Cart or Waggon containing the Parliament of Death.*

DON QUIXOTE jogged along exceedingly penfive, his thoughts being engroffed by the fcurvy trick which the enchanters had played him, in transforming his miftrefs Dulcinea into the difagreeable figure of

of a country wench; and he could not conceive what remedy he ſhould find for reſtoring her to her former ſhape. So much was he abſorbed in this reflection, that he inſenſibly dropped the reins upon the neck of Rozinante, who, being ſenſible of the liberty he enjoyed, at every two ſteps turned aſide to take a pluck at the inviting paſture with which thoſe fields abounded. At length Sancho Panza rouſed him from this fit of muſing, ſaying, 'Signior, melancholy was not made for beaſts, but for men; and yet if men encourage melancholy too much, they become no better than beaſts: good your worſhip, be contented, mind what you're about, take hold of Rozinante's reins, rouze up, awake, and ſhew that gaiety which all knights-errant ought to have. What the devil is the meaning of all this faint-heartedneſs? Sure you don't know whether we are here or in France! Let Satan rather run away with all the Dulcineas upon earth; for the health of one ſingle knight is of more value than all the enchanted perſons or tranſformations that ever were known.'—'Peace, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, with a voice that was none of the fainteſt; 'Peace, I ſay; and utter not ſuch blaſphemies againſt that enchanted lady, of whoſe diſgrace and miſfortune I am the ſole cauſe: for, from the envy of my wicked foes her miſchance hath ſprung.'—'So I ſay,' anſwered Sancho; 'for, He that hath ſeen her before, let him look at her now, and her fortune deplore.'—'Well mayeſt thou make that obſervation, Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'ſeeing that thou ſaweſt her in the full perfection of her beauty; as the enchantment did not extend ſo far as to diſturb thy viſion, or conceal her charms from thy view. No! againſt me alone, and my longing eyes, was the force of its poiſon directed! Yet, nevertheleſs, Sancho, I cannot help obſerving, that you made but an indifferent picture of her beauty; for, if I rightly remember, you likened her eyes to pearls: now, eyes reſembling pearls are more peculiar to dead whitings than to living beauties; and, in my conjecture, Dulcinea's muſt be rather like green emeralds,

arched

arched over with two celeſtial rainbows: thoſe pearls, therefore, muſt be compared to her teeth, which, without doubt, you have miſtaken for her eyes.'—'Nothing more likely,' anſwered the ſquire; 'for I was as much confounded by her beauty, as your worſhip by her uglineſs: but let us recommend this whole buſineſs to God, who fore-ordains every thing that is to happen in this vale of tears, in this evil world of ours, where ſcarce any thing is to be had without a mixture of falſhood, knavery, and ſin. One thing, dear Sir, of all others, gives me the greateſt pain; and that is, to think what method is to be fallen upon, when your worſhip, after having vanquiſhed ſome giant or knight, ſhall command him to go and preſent himſelf before the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea, where will this poor giant, or this poor miſerable object of a vanquiſhed knight, find out the perſon to whom he is ſent? Methinks I ſee them ſtrolling up and down, and gaping about through the ſtreets of Toboſo, in queſt of my Lady Dulcinea; and if they ſhould ſtumble upon her in their way, they would no more know her than they would know my father.'—'Sancho,' reſumed Don Quixote, 'perhaps the enchantment will not extend ſo far as to diſguiſe Dulcinea to the eyes of thoſe vanquiſhed giants and knights who ſhall preſent themſelves before her; and in one or two of the firſt whom I ſhall conquer and ſend thither, we will make the experiment, commanding them to return, and give me an account of what ſhall happen to them with regard to that affair.'—'Truly, Signior,' ſaid Sancho, 'I heartily approve of your worſhip's ſcheme; becauſe, by this artifice, we ſhall ſoon learn what we want to know; and if ſo be that ſhe is only concealed from your worſhip, you are the moſt unfortunate perſon of the two; for as my Lady Dulcinea enjoys good health and ſatisfaction, we will comfort ourſelves, and make the beſt of a bad bargain, going about in queſt of adventures, and leaving the reſt to time, who is the beſt phyſician for theſe and other greater calamities.' Don

Don Quixote would have replied, but was prevented by the appearance of a ſort of waggon that croſſed the road, full of the ſtrangeſt figures that can be imagined, and conducted by a frightful dæmon that drove the mules. The cart being altogether open, without tilt or cover, the firſt figure that ſtruck the eyes of Don Quixote, was Death itſelf in human ſhape; next to which appeared an angel with broad painted wings: on one ſide ſtood an emperor with a crown (ſeemingly) of gold upon his head; and hard by Death, was the god Cupid, with his bow, quiver, and arrows, but without the bandage on his eyes: there was likewiſe a knight armed cap-a-pee, except that he wore neither helmet nor head-piece, but a hat adorned with a plume of variegated feathers. Beſides theſe, there were other perſonages of different countenance and dreſs; ſo that the whole groupe appearing of a ſudden, diſcompoſed our hero a little, and filled the heart of Sancho with fear; but Don Quixote ſoon recollected himſelf, and rejoiced, becauſe he looked upon it as ſome new and perilous adventure. On this ſuppoſition, and with an effort of courage capable of encountering the greateſt danger, he placed himſelf before the wain, and, with a loud and threatening voice, pronounced, 'Driver, coachman, devil, or whatſoever thou art, tell me ſtraight whither thou art going, and who thoſe people are whom thou driveſt in that carriage, which looks more like Charon's bark than any modern vehicle.' The devil, ſtopping his waggon, very courteouſly replied, 'Signior, we are players belonging to the company of Angulo el Malo, and have, this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Chriſti, been repreſenting, in a village on the other ſide of yon hill, the piece called The Parliament of Death, which we are going to act over again this very evening, in that other village now in ſight; we therefore travel in our habits, to ſave ourſelves the trouble of undreſſing and dreſſing anew. This young man plays the part of Death; that other repreſents an angel; the woman, who is the author's

wife,

wife, acts the queen; he with the plume of feathers is our hero; the emperor you may diſtinguiſh by his gilded crown; and I am the devil, which is one of the beſt characters in the performance, for I myſelf am the chief actor of this company. If your worſhip is deſirous of knowing any thing elſe concerning our affairs, queſtion me freely, and I will anſwer with the utmoſt punctuality; for being a devil, I underſtand every thing.'

'By the faith of a knight-errant!' ſaid Don Quixote, 'when I firſt deſcried the waggon, I thought myſelf on the eve of ſome great adventure; and now I affirm, that a man ought to examine things with more ſenſes than one, before he can be aſſured of the truth. Proceed, my honeſt friends, a God's name, in order to exhibit your entertainment; and if I can ſerve you in any reſpect, you may command my endeavours, which ſhall be heartily and freely exerted for your advantage; for, from my childhood, I have been a great lover of maſques and theatrical repreſentations."

While this converſation paſſed between them, they chanced to be overtaken by one of the company, dreſſed in motley, hung round with a number of morrice bells, with a pole in his hand, to the end of which were tied three blown ox bladders. This merry-andrew advancing to Don Quixote, began to fence with his pole, beating the ground with his bladders, and ſkipping about, ſo that his bells rung continually; till at length Rozinante, being diſturbed at the uncommon apparition, took the bridle between his teeth; and the knight, being unable to reſtrain him, began to gallop acroſs the plain with more nimbleneſs than could have been expected from the bones of his anatomy. Sancho, ſeeing his maſter in danger of falling, leaped from Dapple, and ran with all diſpatch to give him all poſſible aſſiſtance; but before he came up, the knight was overthrown cloſe by Rozinante, who had come to the ground with his lord; and this was the uſual end and conſequence of all his frolickſome adventures. Scarce had Sancho quitted his beaſt, to run to the aſſiſtance of his maſter, when the

the bladder-ſhaking devil jumped upon Dapple, and began to belabour him with his rattle; ſo that being frightened at the noiſe, rather than with the ſmart of the application, he took to his heels, and flew towards the village where they intended to perform. Sancho ſeeing, at the ſame time, the career of Dapple, and his maſter's fall, ſcarce knew which of theſe misfortunes he ought firſt to remedy; but at length, as became a loyal ſervant and truſty ſquire, his love for his maſter prevailed over his tenderneſs for the beaſt; though every time he ſaw the bladders raiſed aloft, and diſcharged upon Dapple's buttocks, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and would rather have received every thwack upon the apple of his own eye, than have ſeen it fall upon the leaſt hair of his aſs's tail.

In this ſtate of perplexity and tribulation, he arrived at the place where Don Quixote lay in a very indifferent plight, and helping him to mount Rozinante, 'Signior,' ſaid he, 'the devil has run away with Dapple.'—'Which devil?' cried the knight. 'He with the bladders,' anſwered the ſquire. 'I will retrieve him,' replied Don Quixote, 'even if he ſhould conceal him in the darkeſt and deepeſt dungeon in hell. Follow me, Sancho; the waggon moves ſlowly, and the mules ſhall atone for the loſs of Dapple.'

'There is no occaſion for putting ourſelves to that trouble,' ſaid the ſquire: 'good your worſhip, be pacified! for I ſee the devil has quitted my aſs, and returned to the reſt of his crew.'

This obſervation was actually true; Dapple and his new rider had come to the ground, in imitation of the knight and Rozinante; upon which the devil trudged on foot to the village, and the aſs returned to his right owner. 'For all that,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'it will not be amiſs to puniſh the troop for that devil's incivility, though it ſhould be in the perſon of the emperor himſelf.'—'I hope your worſhip's imagination will harbour no ſuch thoughts,' anſwered Sancho; 'take my advice, and never meddle with players, who are a ſet

of people in ſuch high favour with the public, that I have known an actor taken up for two murders, and yet 'ſcape ſcot-free: your worſhip muſt know, that being the miniſters of mirth and pleaſure, they are favoured, protected, aſſiſted, and eſteemed, by every body; eſpecially if they belong to the king's company, or to ſome grandee; in which caſe all, or moſt of them, look like princes in their manners and dreſs.'—'Nevertheleſs,' replied the knight, 'that farcical devil ſhall not eſcape unpuniſhed, or applaud himſelf for what he has done, though all mankind ſhould appear in his favour.'

So ſaying, he rode towards the waggon, which was by this time pretty near the village, and called aloud, 'Stay, my merry men; halt a little, and I will teach you how to treat the aſſes and cattle belonging to the ſquires of knights-errant.'—Don Quixote hallooed ſo loud as to be heard and underſtood by the people in the waggon, who judging, by his words, the intention of the ſpeaker, Death inſtantly jumped out of the cart, and was followed by the Emperor, the Devil-driver, and the Angel, with the Queen and Cupid in their train: in ſhort, the whole company armed themſelves with ſtones, and, drawing up in order of battle, ſtood without flinching, to receive the aſſailant at point of pebble.

The knight perceiving them arranged in ſuch a formidable ſquadron, their arms lifted up in a poſture that threatened a powerful diſcharge of ſtones, checked Rozinante, and began to conſider in what manner he ſhould attack them with leaſt hazard to his perſon. During this pauſe, Sancho came up, and ſeeing him bent upon aſſaulting ſuch a well-compacted brigade, 'It will be the height of madneſs,' ſaid he, 'to attempt any ſuch adventure. Conſider, dear Sir, that there is no kicking againſt the pricks; and that there is no armour upon earth ſufficient to defend your body from ſuch a ſhower, unleſs your worſhip could creep into a bell of braſs: you ought alſo to remember, that it ſavours more of raſhneſs than of true valour, for one man to attack a whole army, in which Death and Emperors fight in

perſon,

person, being aided and assisted both by good and evil angels; and if that consideration will not prevail upon you to be quiet, you ought to be diverted from your purpose, by knowing certainly, that, among all those enemies in the appearances of kings, princes, and emperors, there is not so much as one single knight-errant.' 'Now, indeed,' cried Don Quixote, 'thou hast hit upon the sole reason that can and ought to dissuade me from my determined design; I neither can nor ought to draw my sword (as I have told thee on many other occasions) against any person who hath not received the honour of knighthood: to thee, Sancho, it belongs if so thou art inclined, to take vengeance for the injury done to Dapple, while I from hence will assist and encourage thee with salutary advice.'—'Signior,' answered the squire, 'there is no occasion to take vengeance of any person whatever; for it is not the part of a good Christian to revenge the wrongs he hath suffered: besides, I will prevail upon my ass to leave the affair to my inclination, which is to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall grant me in this life.'—'Since that is thy determination,' replied the knight, 'honest Sancho, discreet Sancho, christian and sincere Sancho, let us leave these phantoms, and go in quest of adventures more dignified and substantial; for this country seems to promise a great many, and those very extraordinary too.'

He accordingly turned his horse; and Sancho went to catch Dapple; while Death, with his whole flying squadron, returned to their waggon, and proceeded on their journey. Thus was the dismal adventure of the waggon of Death happily terminated by the wholesome advice which Sancho Panza gave to his master; who next day met with another equally surprising, in the person of an enamoured knight-errant.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XII.

*Of the ſtrange Adventure that happened to the valiant Don Quixote, in his Encounter with the Knight of the Mirrours.*

THE night that followed the rencounter with Death, Don Quixote and his ſquire paſſed among ſome tall and ſhady trees: the knight, by Sancho's perſuaſion, having eaten of what was found in the ſtore that Dapple carried. During this meal, Sancho ſaid to his maſter, 'What a fool ſhould I have been, Signior, if I had choſen, by way of gratification, the ſpoils of your worſhip's firſt adventure, inſtead of the three foals? Verily, verily, a bird in hand is worth two in the buſh.' 'But, for all that,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'hadſt thou ſuffered me to attack them, as I intended, thou wouldſt have enjoyed among the ſpoils the emperor's golden crown, with Cupid's painted wings, which I would have ſtripped off againſt the grain, and put into thy poſſeſſion.' 'The ſceptres and crowns of your ſtage emperors are never made of pure gold, but of tin or tinſel,' replied the ſquire. 'True,' ſaid the knight, 'the ornaments of comedy ought not to be rich and real, but feigned and artificial, like the drama itſelf, which I would have thee reſpect, Sancho, and receive into favour, together with thoſe who repreſent and compoſe it; for they are all inſtruments of great benefit to the commonwealth, holding, as it were, a looking-glaſs always before us, in which we ſee naturally delineated all the actions of life; and no other compariſon whatever repreſents to us more lively what we are, and what we ought to be, than comedy and her attendants: for example, haſt thou never ſeen a play acted, in which kings, emperors, popes, knights, ladies, and many other characters, were introduced? One acts the ruffian, another the ſharper, a third the merchant, a fourth the ſoldier, a fifth the deſigning fool, and a ſixth the ſimple lover; but the play being ended, and the dreſſes laid aſide,

aside, all the actors remain upon an equal footing.' 'Yes, I have seen all this,' answered Sancho. 'Then the very same thing,' said the knight, 'happens in the comedy and commerce of this world, where one meets with some people playing the parts of emperors, others in the characters of popes; and, finally, all the different personages that can be introduced in a comedy; but when the play is done, that is, when life is at an end, Death strips them of the robes that distinguished their stations, and they become all equal in the grave.' 'A brave comparison!' cried Sancho, 'though not so new but I have heard it made on divers and sundry occasions as well as that of the game of chess, during which every piece maintains a particular station and character; and when the game is over, they are all mixed, jumbled, and shaken together in a bag, like mortals in the grave.' 'Sancho,' resumed the knight, 'every day you become less simple and more discreet.' 'Yes,' said the squire, 'some small portion of your worship's discretion must needs stick to me; as lands which are, in their own nature, sapless and barren, being well dunged and cultivated, come to yield excellent fruit. My meaning is, that your worship's conversation hath fallen like dung upon the barren desart of my understanding, which being cultivated by the time of my service and communication, will, I hope, produce blessed fruit, such as shall not disgrace nor stray from the path of that good breeding which your worship hath bestowed on my narrow capacity.'

Don Quixote could not help smiling at the affected terms with which Sancho delivered himself, though what he said of his own improvement was actually true: for at certain times he talked to admiration; and yet, when he attempted to argue, or speak in a polite stile, his efforts always, or for the most part, ended in precipitating himself from the pinnacle of simplicity to the depth of ignorance; his chief talent laying in his memory, which never failed to furnish him with proverbs that he lugged into his discourse, whether they were pat

to

to the purpoſe or not, as may be ſeen and obſerved through the whole courſe of this hiſtory.

In this, and other ſuch converſation, the greateſt part of the night elapſed, when Sancho began to be inclined to let fall the portcullices of his eyes, as he termed it, when he wanted to go to ſleep: he therefore unpannelled Dapple, to let him graze among the rich paſture with which the place abounded; but Rozinante's ſaddle he would not remove, in conſequence of his maſter's expreſs order, which was never to unſaddle his ſteed while they were in the field, or did not ſleep under cover; being an ancient eſtabliſhed cuſtom, obſerved by all knights-errant, in theſe caſes, to take the bridle out of the horſe's mouth, and hang it upon the pummel of the ſaddle, but to leave the ſaddle itſelf untouched. This expedient was accordingly performed by Sancho, who turned Rozinante looſe with Dapple; and between theſe two animals ſuch a ſtrict reciprocal friendſhip ſubſiſted, that, according to tradition from father to ſon, the author of this true hiſtory wrote particular chapters on this very ſubject; but, in order to preſerve the decency and decorum which belongs to ſuch an heroick compoſition, omitted them; though ſometimes he ſeems to neglect this precaution, and writes, that theſe two friends uſed to approach and ſcrub each other moſt lovingly; and after they had reſted and refreſhed themſelves, Rozinante would ſtretch his head more than half a yard over Dapple's neck, while the two were wont to ſtand in this poſture, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, three whole days together; at leaſt, till they were parted, or compelled by hunger to go in queſt of ſuſtenance: nay, it is confidently reported, that the author had compared their mutual attachment to the friendſhip of Niſus or Euryalus, or that which ſubſiſted between Pylades and Oreſtes. If this be the caſe, we may with admiration conceive how firm the fellowſhip of thoſe two pacific animals muſt have been; to the utter confuſion of mankind, who ſo little regard the laws of friendſhip and ſociety, according to the common ſaying,

'there is no truſt in profeſſion; the ſtaff will turn into a ſpear *; and, as the ſong goes, 'the modes of the court ſo common are grown, that a true friend can hardly be met.' Let no man imagine the author went out of his road, in comparing the friendſhip of brutes with that of the human ſpecies; for men have received valuable hints, and learned many things of importance, from beaſts; ſuch as the clyſter from ſtorks, gratitude and the uſe of vomits from dogs, vigilance from the crane, foreſight and frugality from the ant, honeſty from the elephant, and loyalty from the horſe.

In fine, Sancho went to ſleep at the root of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote began to ſlumber under an oak; but being in a very little time awaked by a noiſe behind him, he ſtarted up, and employing both eyes and ears to diſtinguiſh whence it proceeded, he perceived two men on horſeback, one of whom, letting himſelf drop, as it were, from the ſaddle, ſaid to the other, 'Alight, my friend, and unbit the horſes; for this place ſeems to abound with paſture for them, and with ſilence and ſolitude, which are the neceſſary food of my amorous thoughts.' He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than he threw himſelf upon the ground, and his armour rattled as he fell, furniſhing Don Quixote with a manifeſt proof of his being a knight-errant: he therefore approached Sancho, who was aſleep, and ſhaking him by the arm, with no ſmall difficulty brought him to himſelf; ſaying, in a low voice, 'Brother Sancho, here is an adventure.' 'God grant it may be a good one,' anſwered the ſquire; 'and pray, Signior, whereabouts may her ladyſhip be?' 'Where?' ſaid Don Quixote: 'turn thine eyes this way, and behold lying upon the graſs a knight-errant, who, by what I have already obſerved, cannot be over and above eaſy in his mind; for I ſaw him throw himſelf upon the ground with evident marks of vexation, and heard his armour clatter in his fall.' 'But how has

* As the original quotation is a fragment that will not complete the ſenſe, I have taken the liberty to make the alluſion altogether Engliſh.

has your worſhip found that this is an adventure?' replied the ſquire. 'I will not poſitively ſay that it is altogether an adventure,' anſwered the knight, 'but rather the beginning of one; for thus they uſually commence: but hark! he ſeems to tune a lute or rebeck, and, by his hawking and hemming, I ſuppoſe he is going to ſing.' 'In good faith, it is even ſo,' ſaid Sancho, 'and he muſt be ſome knight-errant in love.' 'All knights errant are ſo,' reſumed Don Quixote; 'but let us liſten, and, by the thread of his ſong, diſcover the clue of his thoughts; for, from the abundance of the heart the tongue ſpeaketh.'

Sancho would have made ſome reply, but was prevented by the voice of the Knight of the Wood, which was neither very ſweet nor diſagreeable; and, liſtening with ſurprize, they heard him ſing the following ſong:

I.

'SUBJECTED to thy ſov'reign will,
'Ah, cruel maid! my fate decree;
'The ſentence, tho' inhuman, ſtill
'Shall never be declin'd by me.

II.

'Say, that my death thy joy would move,
'My breath with freedom I'll reſign—
'Or wouldſt thou liſten to my love,
'The God himſelf ſhall whiſper mine.

III.

'This heart, thy vaſſal whilſt I live,
'Like ductile wax, and di'mond hard,
'Thy ſtamp will yieldingly receive,
'And keep th' impreſſion unimpair'd.'

The Knight of the Wood finiſhed this complaint with an 'Ah!' that ſeemed to be heaved from the bottom of his ſoul, and ſoon after exclaimed, in a ſorrowful tone, 'O thou moſt beautiful and ungrateful woman upon earth! is it poſſible that the moſt ſerene

Casildea de Vandalia has doomed this her captive knight to consume and exhaust himself in continual perigrinations, in harsh and rugged toils? Is it not enough that I have established the fame of thy beauty above all comparison, by the extorted confession of all the knights of Navarre, Leon, Tartesia, Castile, and finally of La Mancha?'

'Not so, neither,' cried Don Quixote, interposing; 'for I, who am of La Mancha, never made any such acknowledgment; neither could I, or ought I, to make a confession so prejudicial to the beauty of my own mistress: therefore, Sancho, this knight must certainly be disordered in his judgment; but let us listen, perhaps he will explain himself.' 'Very like,' answered the squire; 'he seems to be in the humour of complaining for a whole month.'

But this was not the case; for the Knight of the Wood, hearing people talk so near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but starting up, called with a courteous and sonorous voice, 'Who is there? Are you of the number of the happy or afflicted?'—'Of the afflicted,' replied Don Quixote. 'Come hither, then,' resumed the stranger, 'and depend upon it you will find the very essence of sorrow and affliction.'

Don Quixote hearing him speak in such civil and pathetic terms, went towards him, with Sancho at his back, when the complaining knight took him by the hand, saying, 'Sit down, Sir Knight; for that you are one of those who profess knight-errantry, I am convinced by finding you in this place, accompanied by solitude and the dews of night, which are the peculiar companions of those who belong to our order.'

To this address Don Quixote replied, 'I am a knight of that order you mention; and though melancholy, mischance, and misfortune, have taken up their habitation in my soul, they have not been able to banish from it that compassion which I feel for the unhappy. From the soliloquy you just now uttered, I gather that your misfortunes are of the amorous kind; I mean, that

they

they proceed from the paſſion you entertain for that beautiful ingrate whom you named in your complaint.' While this converſation paſſed, they ſat down together upon the graſs, with all the marks of amity and good fellowſhip, as if at break of day they had not been doomed to break each other's head. 'Perchance, Sir Knight,' ſaid the ſtranger, 'you are in love?' 'By miſchance I am ſo,' anſwered Don Quixote; 'though the vexation that proceeds from well-placed affection ought rather to be deemed a benefit than misfortune.' 'True,' ſaid the Knight of the Wood, 'if our judgment and reaſon are not diſturbed by diſdain, which, if exerted ſeverely, ſeems a-kin to revenge.' I never was diſdained by my miſtreſs,' replied Don Quixote. 'No, indeed,' (cried Sancho, who ſtood hard by,) 'my lady is as meek as a lamb, and as ſoft as butter.'

The ſtranger knight aſked if that was his ſquire; and the other anſwering in the affirmative, 'I never ſaw a ſquire,' ſaid he, 'that, like him, durſt intrude upon his maſter's converſation; at leaſt, I can ſay ſo much for mine, who, though as tall as his father, was never known to open his lips when I was engaged in diſcourſe.' 'In good faith!' cried Sancho, 'I have ſpoke, and will ſpeak again, before as good a man as— but let that reſt—the more you ſtir it, the more it will——.'

Here the other ſquire took hold on Sancho by the arm, ſaying, 'Let you and I go ſomewhere, and talk our bellies full, in our own way, and leave our maſters at liberty to recount their amours; for ſure I am, the night will be ſpent before they are done.' 'With all my heart,' replied Sancho; 'and I will tell your worſhip who I am, that you may ſee whether or not I am qualified to be ranked among your talking ſquires.' They accordingly retired together, and between them paſſed a converſation every bit as merry as that of their maſters was grave.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIII.

*In which is continued the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood; with a ſage, uncommon, and agreeable Dialogue that paſſed between the two Squires.*

THE knights and their ſquires being thus parted, the firſt entertained each other with the ſtory of their loves, while the laſt indulged themſelves with a reciprocal account of their own lives: but the hiſtory firſt of all records the converſation of the domeſticks, and then proceeds to relate what paſſed between the maſters. The ſquires, therefore, having choſen a ſituation at a convenient diſtance from the knights, he of the wood accoſted Sancho in theſe words: 'Signior, this is a troubleſome life that we ſquires to knights-errant lead; in good ſoothe, we earn our bread by the ſweat of our brows, which is one of the curſes that God denounced againſt our firſt parents.'—'It may alſo be ſaid,' replied Sancho, 'that we earn it with the froſt of our bodies; for no creatures on earth ſuffer more heat and cold than the miſerable ſquires of knight-errantry; and even that would be more tolerable, if we had any thing good to eat; for, Hearty fare lightens care, as the ſaying is; but we often paſs a whole day, nay, ſometimes two, without ever breaking our faſt, except upon the winds of heaven.' 'All this,' ſaid the other, 'may be endured, with the hope of reward: for if the knight-errant is not extremely unfortunate, his ſquire muſt, in a very little time, ſee himſelf recompenſed with the handſome government of ſome iſland, or with the poſſeſſion of a profitable earldom.' 'For my own part,' anſwered Sancho, 'I have already told my maſter, that I ſhould be ſatisfied with the government of an iſland, which he has been ſo noble and generous as to promiſe me divers and ſundry times.'—'And I,' ſaid the ſtranger, 'am contented with a canonſhip, which my maſter has already beſpoke for me, on account of my faithful ſervices.' 'It ſeems, then, your maſter muſt be an eccleſiaſtical knight,' replied Sancho, 'ſeeing he

he can provide for his ſquire in the church: but as for mine, he is a mere layman; though I remember that certain very wiſe perſons (and yet I believe not very honeſt at bottom) adviſed him to procure for himſelf an archbiſhoprick; but he would be nothing but an emperor: and I was then in a grievous quandary, for fear he ſhould take it in his head to be of the church; in which caſe, I ſhould not have been qualified to hold a benefice; for your worſhip muſt know, though I look like a man, I am no better than a beaſt at church matters.' 'Verily,' ſaid he of the wood 'your worſhip miſtakes the matter quite; your governments of iſlands are not at all deſirable; ſome are vexatious, ſome are beggarly, others attended with much melancholy and fatigue; in ſhort, the moſt creditable and orderly brings along with it a load of care and inconvenience, that lies heavy on the ſhoulders of the unhappy perſon whoſe lot it is to bear it: it would be abundantly better for us to forego this accurſed ſlavery, to return to our own homes, and there amuſe ourſelves with more agreeable paſtime; ſuch, for example, as hunting or fiſhing; for what ſquire is there on earth, ſo poor as to want a horſe, a couple of hounds, and a fiſhing rod; wherewith to entertain himſelf at his own habitation?'

For my own part,' anſwered Sancho, 'I want none of theſe conveniencies. True it is I have not a horſe, but then I am in poſſeſſion of an aſs, which is worth my maſter's ſteed twice over. God let me never ſee a joyful Eaſter, if I would truck with him for four buſhels of barley to boot: you may laugh, if you will, at the price I ſet upon Dapple, (for that is the colour of my beaſt:) then I ſhould never be in want of hounds; for there are plenty, and to ſpare, in our town; and you know nothing is ſo reliſhing as to hunt at another's expence.' 'Really and truly, Signior Squire,' reſumed the ſtranger, 'I am fully reſolved and determined to quit theſe knights-errant, with all their crazy pranks, and betake myſelf to my own town, where I will bring up my children, for, thank God I have three, like as many

many oriental pearls.' 'And I have a couple,' ſaid Sancho, 'that may be preſented to the pope in perſon; eſpecially my daughter, whom I breed up to be a counteſs, by the bleſſing of God, though it be contrary to her mother's inclination.' 'And of what age may this young lady be, whom you are breeding for a counteſs?' ſaid the ſquire of the wood. 'Fifteen years, or thereabouts,' anſwered Sancho; 'but ſhe is as tall as a ſpear, freſh as an April morn, and ſtrong as a porter.' 'Theſe are qualifications not only for a counteſs, but even for the nymph of the green wood-tree,' ſaid the other: 'Ah, the whoreſon baggage! what a buxom jade ſhe muſt be.' Sancho, nettled at this epithet, replied, 'She is no whore, neither was her mother before her; nor ſhall either of them be ſo, an pleaſe God, whilſt I live: ſo I think you might talk more civilly: for, conſidering your worſhip has been bred among knights-errant, who are, as it were, courteſy itſelf, methinks your words might be better choſen.' 'How little are you acquainted with the nature of commendation, Signior Squire!' anſwered he of the wood. 'Don't you know, that when any cavalier, at a bull-feaſt, wounds the bull dexterouſly, or when any perſon behaves remarkably well, the people exclaim, 'How cleverly the ſon of a whore has done it!' and that which looks like reproach, is on ſuch occaſions a notable commendation. Take my word, Signior, you ought to renounce all children, if their behaviour does not entitle the parents to ſuch praiſe.' 'I do renounce them,' anſwered Sancho: 'at that rate, and for that reaſon, your worſhip may call my wife and daughter as many whores as you pleaſe; for both in word and deed, they richly deſerve the name; and that I may ſee them again, I beſeech God to deliver me from this mortal ſin, which will be the caſe, if he delivers me from this dangerous employment of ſquire, which I have incurred a ſecond time, being ſeduced and inticed by a purſe of one hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midſt of the Brown Mountain; and the devil continually

continually ſets before mine eyes, here and there and every where, a bag full of doubloons, which at every ſtep, methinks I have faſt in my clutches, hugging it in my arms, and carrying it home to my own houſe, where I purchaſe mortgages and eſtates, and live like any prince; and while I pleaſe myſelf with theſe notions, I bear, without murmuring, all the toils and fatigues I undergo, in the ſervice of the wiſeacre my maſter, who, I know, is more of a madman than a knight.'

'So that, according to the proverb,' replied the ſtranger, 'Covetouſneſs burſts the bag. But if you talk of wiſeacres, there is not a greater in the univerſe than my maſter, who is one of thoſe concerning whom people ſay, He is burdened like an aſs with another man's load; for truly he is turned mad, that another knight may turn wiſe, and is going about in queſt of that which, when he hath found it, may hit him in the teeth.' 'And pray is he in love?' ſaid Sancho. 'Yes,' replied the other; 'he is enamoured of one Caſildea de Vandalia, the moſt fickle dame that ever was ſeen; but her cruelty it not the foot that he halts upon at preſent; he has got other crotchets of greater importance grumbling in his gizzard, which ere long will more plainly appear.' 'There is no road ſo ſmooth,' reſumed Sancho, 'but you'll meet with rubs and hollows in it. Other people uſe beans, but I boil whole kettles full. Madneſs is always more accompanied and followed after than diſcretion: but if it be true, as it is commonly alledged, that company in affliction leſſens the weight of it, I ſhall comfort myſelf by reflecting that your worſhip ſerves a maſter who is as diſtracted as mine.' 'Diſtracted, I grant you,' ſaid he of the wood, 'but valiant, and ſtill more miſchievous than valiant or diſtracted.' 'That is not the caſe with my maſter,' replied Sancho; 'he has nothing at all miſchievous about him; on the contrary, is as dull as a beetle, and knows not what it is to harm man, woman, or child, or to harbour the leaſt malice, but ſeeks to do good unto all mankind. A child may perſuade

him

him that it is night at noon; and indeed, for that very ſimplicity, I love him as my own bowels, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, notwithſtanding all the mad pranks he is guilty of.' 'But for all that, Signior, and brother of mine,' ſaid the ſtranger, 'if the blind lead the blind, they are both in danger of falling into the ditch. We had much better retire fair and ſoftly, and return to our own habitations; for they who go in ſearch of adventures do not always find them to their liking.'

About this time Sancho began to hawk a kind of dry ſpitting; which being obſerved by the charitable ſquire of the wood, 'Methinks,' ſaid he, 'we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths; but I have got ſomething that will agreeably moiſten them at my ſaddle-bow.' He accordingly got up, and going aſide to his horſe, ſoon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pye half a yard long: and this is really no exaggeration; for it contained a whole fed rabbit, ſo large, that when Sancho felt it, he took it for a whole goat, or a large kid at leaſt, crying, as ſoon as he perceived it, 'How! does your worſhip uſually carry ſuch proviſions as this about with you?' 'What d'ye think?' anſwered the other; 'd'ye take me for a hackney ſquire *? I carry a better cupboard on my horſe's crupper than e'er a general on his march.'

Sancho fell to, without ſtaying for entreaty, and ſwallowed, in the dark, huge mouthfuls, with as much eaſe as if it had been flummery, ſaying between whiles, 'Yes, indeed, your worſhip is a true and loyal ſquire, well dammed and grifted, as the ſaying is, grand and magnificent withal, as plainly appears from this banquet, which, if it did not come hither by the art of inchantment, at leaſt ſeems ſo to have done; this is not the

* Literally, 'a ſquire of wool and water;' an alluſion to a cuſtom among the Spaniards, who ſometimes have domeſticks to attend them to maſs, and ſprinkle them with holy water: theſe are generally ſhabby fellows, who have very poor appointments.

the case with such an unlucky poor devil as me, who carry nothing in my bags but a piece of cheese hard enough to knock out a giant's brains, accompanied by three or four dozen of carrobes, and as many hazle-nuts; thanks to the niggardliness and opinion of my master, and the rule he observes, by which knights-errant must maintain and support themselves with nothing but dried fruits, and the herbs of the field.' 'In good faith, brother!' resumed he of the wood, 'my stomach was not made for your sweet thistle, wild pear, and mountain roots; let our masters please themselves with their own opinions and rules of chivalry, and live according to their meagre commands; for my own part, I always carry some cold pasty, happen what will, and this bottle hanging to my saddle-bow, which I love so devoutly that I kiss and embrace it almost every minute.' So saying, he handed it to Sancho, who lifting it up to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars a whole quarter of an hour; and when his draught was out, he hung his head on one side, pronouncing with a long sigh, 'Ah, whoreson! how catholic it is!' 'You see now,' said he of the wood, hearing Sancho's whoreson, 'how you have praised the wine by giving it such a title.' 'I am sensible,' replied Sancho, 'and confess that it is no disparagement to any body to be called the son of a whore, when it is understood in the way of commendation: but tell me, Signior, by the life of what you best love, is not this wine from Cividad Real?'

'You have an excellent taste,' answered he of the wood; 'it comes from no other part, I'll assure you; and has, moreover, some good years over its head.' 'Let me alone for that,' said Sancho; 'you'll never catch me tripping in the knowledge of wine, let it be never so difficult to distinguish: is it not an extraordinary thing, Signior Squire, that I should have such a sure and natural instinct in the knowledge of wine, that give me but a smell of any kind whatever, and I will tell you exactly its country, growth, and age, together with the changes it will undergo, and all other circum-

stances

ſtances appertaining to the myſtery? But this is not to be wondered at; for, by my father's ſide, I had two kinſmen who were the moſt excellent taſters that La Mancha hath known for theſe many years; as a proof of which, I will tell you what once happened to them. A ſample of wine was preſented to them out of a hogſhead, and their opinions aſked concerning the condition and quality; that is, the goodneſs or badneſs of the liquor to which it belonged: one of them taſted it with the tip of his tongue, the other did no more than clap it to his noſe: the firſt ſaid the wine taſted of iron, the other affirmed it had a twang of goat's leather: the owner proteſted that the pipe was clean, and the contents without any ſort of mixture that could give the liquor either the taſte of iron, or the ſmell of goat's leather: nevertheleſs, the two famous taſters ſtuck to the judgment they had given: time paſſed on, the wine was ſold, and when the pipe came to be cleaned, they found in it a ſmall key, tied to a leathern thong. By this your worſhip may perceive, whether or not one who is deſcended from ſuch a race may venture to give his opinion in caſes of this nature.'—'Therefore, I ſay,' replied the ſtranger, 'that we ought to quit this trade of going in queſt of adventures, and be contented with our loaf, without longing for dainties: let us return to our own cottages, where God will find us, if it be his bleſſed will.'—'I will ſerve my maſter till he arrives at Saragoſſa,' ſaid Sancho, 'and then we ſhall come to a right underſtanding.'

In fine, the two honeſt ſquires talked and drank ſo copiouſly, that ſleep was fain to tie up their tongues, and allay their drought, which it was impoſſible to remove; each, therefore, graſping the bottle, which by this time was almoſt empty, fell aſleep, with the morſel half chewed in his mouth. In this ſituation we will leave them for the preſent, and relate what happened between the knight of the wood, and him of the rueful countenance.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIV.

### *Wherein the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood is continued.*

IN the courſe of the converſation that paſſed between the two knights, the hiſtory relates, that he of the wood ſaid to Don Quixote, 'Finally, Sir Knight, you muſt know, my deſtiny, or rather my choice, led me to place my affection on the peerleſs Caſildea de Vandalia. I call her peerleſs, becauſe ſhe has no equal, either in point of ſtature, quality, fortune, or beauty. Now this lady, in return for all my virtuous inclination and amorous deſires, like the ſtepmother of Hercules, employs me in many various toils and dangers, promiſing, at the concluſion of each, that with the next my cares ſhall be finiſhed: but thus ſhe goes on, ſtringing one labour to another, without number, and I know not which will be the laſt that is to produce the accompliſhment of my wiſhes. At one time ſhe commanded me to go and challenge that famous gianteſs of Seville, called Giralda *, who is ſo valiant and ſtrong, (her body being made of braſs,) and who, without ſhifting her ſtation, is the moſt changeable and fickle female in the whole world. I came, ſaw, and conquered; fixing her motionleſs to one point; for, during a whole week, the wind blew from the north. Another time, ſhe ordered me to weigh the ancient figures called the Valiant Bulls of Guiſando †; an enterpriſe more ſuitable to porters than to knights: nay, ſhe even commanded me to throw myſelf headlong into the gulph of Cabra, an adventure equally new and dangerous, and bring to her a particular account of what is contained in that dark and deep abyſs. I fixed the inconſtant Giralda, weighed the bulls



* A braſs ſtatue on a ſteeple at Seville, ſerving for a weathercock.

† Theſe are ſtone ſtatues of bulls, erected by the Romans at Guiſando, a town in Caſtile: all the inſcriptions are effaced, except the name of A. Quintus Cæcilius, Conſul II.

of Guiſando, precipitated myſelf into the gulph, and brought to light the ſecrets of its abyſs; and yet my hopes are dead: ah, how dead! while her cruelty and diſdain are ſtill alive; ah, how much alive! In ſhort, to conclude, ſhe ordered me to traverſe all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight-errant in the kingdom to confeſs that ſhe is preferable, in point of beauty, to all the women upon earth; and that I am the moſt valiant and amorous knight in the world. In conſequence of this command, I have travelled over the greateſt part of Spain, and vanquiſhed many knights who have preſumed to contradict my aſſertion: but I value and applaud myſelf chiefly for having conquered, in ſingle combat, that ſo renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, and made him confeſs that my Caſildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea. Now, in that ſingle conqueſt, I deem myſelf ſuperior to all the knights in the univerſe; for that ſame Don Quixote hath vanquiſhed all his cotemporaries; and I, in conquering him, have transferred and conveyed to my own perſon all his honour, glory, and reputation; the victor being always honoured in proportion to the fame of his vanquiſhed foe; wherefore, the innumerable atchievements of the ſaid Don Quixote are placed to my credit, as if they were the effects of my own perſonal proweſs.'

Don Quixote was aſtoniſhed at hearing the knight of the wood talk in this manner, and was a thouſand times tempted to give him the lye; nay, 'You lye', was at the very tip of his tongue; but repreſſing his indignation as well as he could, that he might make the ſtranger's own tongue convict him of falſehood, he replied very calmly, 'That your worſhip, Sir Knight, may have vanquiſhed the greateſt part of the knights-errant in Spain, and even in the whole world, I do not pretend to queſtion; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de La Mancha, I doubt very much; perhaps it might be another who reſembles him, though there are few ſuch.'—'How! not conquer him?' cried he of the wood; 'now, by yon canopy of Heaven, under which

which we fit, I engaged, overcame, and fubjected that very individual Don Quixote: he is a tall, meagre, long-legged, lanthorn-jawed, ftalking figure; his hair inclining to grey, his nofe hooked and aquiline, with long, ftraight, black muftachios: in his excurfions he affumes the name of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; and is attended by a peafant called Sancho Panza, who ferves him in quality of fquire; he preffes the loins, and governs the reins, of a famous fteed hight Rozinante; and, in fine, he avows, as the miftrefs of his heart, one Dulcinea del Tobofo, formerly known by the name of Aldonza Lorenzo: in like manner, my own miftrefs, whofe name is Cafildea, being a native of Andaloufia, is now diftinguifhed by the appellation of Cafildea de Vandalia. If all thefe proofs are not fufficient to evince my veracity, here is my fword, which fhall make a convert of incredulity itfelf.'

'Have a little patience, Sir Knight,' faid Don Quixote, 'and give ear unto what I am going to fay. You muft know, that fame Don Quixote, you mention, is the deareft friend I have upon earth; fo that I may fay, I love him as well as my own individual perfon: now your defcription of him is fo punctual and exact, that I fhould never doubt but he is actually the perfon you have vanquifhed, did I not fee with my eyes, and, as it were, feel with my hands, the impoffibility of the fact; and yet, as divers enchanters are his enemies, particularly one who perfecutes him inceffantly, fome one among them may have affumed his figure, and allowed himfelf to be overcome, in order to defraud the knight of that fame which his gallant exploits has collected and acquired through the whole known world: in confirmation of this conjecture, I muft alfo tell you, that about two days ago, thofe perverfe enchanters transformed the fhape and perfon of the beautiful Dulcinea del Tobofo into that of a mean and plebeian country-wench; fo that Don Quixote muft have alfo undergone a transformation. And if all this is not enough to afcertain the truth of what I fay, here is Don Quixote

himſelf, who will maintain it by force of arms, on horſeback or on foot, or in any ſhape you pleaſe.'

So ſaying, he ſtarted up, and graſping his ſword, ſtood waiting for the reſolution of the Knight of the Wood, who with great deliberation replied; 'A good paymaſter needs no pawn, Signior Don Quixote: he who could vanquiſh you when you was transformed, may well hope to reduce you in *propria perſona*; but as it is unſeemly for knights to perform their exploits in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for day, that the ſun may ſhine upon our works; and let this be the condition of our combat, that the vanquiſhed ſhall comply with the will of the victor, and do every thing that he ſhall deſire, provided his commands be ſuch as a knight-errant can decently obey.'

Don Quixote aſſured him, that he was extremely well ſatisfied with the condition and proviſo; upon which they went in queſt of their ſquires, who were found ſnoring in the very ſame attitudes in which ſleep had ſurprized them. They wakened, and ordered them to get their horſes ready; for by ſun-riſe they intended to engage in a moſt unparalleled and bloody ſingle combat. Sancho was aſtoniſhed and confounded at this piece of news; deſpairing of his maſter's ſafety, when he recollected what the other ſquire had told him concerning the valour of the knight of the wood. The two ſquires, however, without pretending to make any words, went to look for their cattle, and found the three ſteeds, with Dapple, (for they had ſmelled each other out,) very ſociably met together. While they were thus employed, 'Brother,' ſaid he of the wood to Sancho, 'you muſt know that it is cuſtomary with your warriors of Andalouſia, when they are godfathers in any quarrel, not to ſtand idle, with their arms acroſs, while their godſons are engaged. This I hint, by way of apprizing you that, while our maſters are at it, we muſt exchange a few dry blows too.'—'That cuſtom, Signior Squire,' anſwered Sancho, 'may paſs current with thoſe ruffians and warriors you mention; but that it

it prevails among the ſquires of knights-errant, I can by no means believe; at leaſt, I have never heard ſuch a cuſtom mentioned by my maſter, who knows all the ordinances of chivalry by rote. Beſides, granting it to be fact, and expreſsly ordained, that the ſquires muſt go to loggerheads while their maſters are engaged; I will by no means comply with it, but pay the penalty incurred by peaceable ſquires, which I am ſure cannot exceed a couple of pounds of wax; and that will not coſt me ſo much as the pence I ſhall expend in the cure of my head, which I ſhould lay my account with having ſplit and divided into two halves; and moreover, it is impoſſible that I ſhould fight, becauſe I have got no ſword, and never wore one in my born days.'—'I know a very good remedy for that inconvenience,' ſaid the ſtranger: 'here are a couple of linen bags, of the ſame ſize; you ſhall take one, and I the other, and play away upon each other with equal arms.'—'With all my heart,' anſwered Sancho; 'that ſort of exerciſe will ſerve to duſt our jackets, without hurting our ſkins.'—'Not quite ſo neither,' reſumed the other; 'for that the bags may not flap in the air, we will clap into each half a dozen clear ſmooth pebbles, of equal weight and magnitude; ſo that we may thwack one another without hurt or damage.'—'Body of my father! cried Sancho, 'mind what ſable furs and flakes of carded cotton he would line the bags withal, to prevent them from grinding our ſkulls, and making a paſte of our bones! Hark ye, maſter of mine, I'll have nothing to do with them, though they were ſtuffed with balls of ſilk: let our maſters fight as they ſhall think proper, but for our parts, let us drink and live quietly; for old father Time will take care to rid us of our lives, without our ſeeking occaſions to throw them away before the appointed ſeaſon, at which, being ripe, they drop off of their own accord.'

'But, for all that,' replied he of the wood, 'we muſt have a bout, if it ſhould not laſt half an hour.'—'By no means,' ſaid Sancho: 'I ſhall not be ſo un-

civil and ungrateful as to have any difference, let it be never so small, with a person at whose cost I have both eaten and drank: besides, who the devil do you think can fight in cool blood, without any sort of anger or provocation?'—'I know how to remove that objection,' resumed the stranger: 'before we begin the battle, I will come up fair and softly, and give your worship two or three such hearty boxes on the ear, as will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it should sleep sounder than a dormouse.'—'Against that expedient,' answered Sancho, 'I know another twice as good: for I will lay hold on a good cudgel, and, before your worship comes to awaken my choler, give your own such a lullaby of dry beating, that it shall never wake but in the next world, where you'll have reason to know that I am not a man who will suffer his nose to be handled by any person whatsomever; wherefore, let every one look to his own affairs. Though it would be the wisest course for every man to let his own choler lie still and sleep: for nobody knows the heart of his neighbour, and some who go out for wool, come home quite shorn. God himself bestowed his blessing upon peace, and curse upon contention; for if a cat, that is confined, provoked, and persecuted, turns into a lion, the Lord knows what I, who am a man, may turn into. I therefore, Signior Squire, give your worship notice, that all the mischief and damage which shall proceed from our quarrel, must be charged to your account. 'Mighty well,' replied the stranger; 'we shall see what is to be done, when God sends us morning.'

Now a thousand kinds of painted birds began to warble from the trees, and in their various and sprightly notes seemed to welcome and salute the fresh and joyous morn, which already, through the gates and balconies of the east, disclosed her beauteous visage; while from her hair distilled an infinite number of liquid pearls, in which delicious liquor the herbs being bathed, seemed to sprout and rain a shower of seed pearl upon the earth,